STORY CENTRAL(SC)

(MARRIED TO THE DEVILS SON))

Title - Married to the devils son
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Chapters - 1 to 63
Genre - Action, Adventure and suspense filled

Summary
The story is all about a princess who have been indoor all her life and once she came off age she was married to a prince rumored to be the devils son.. Would this marriage work? Is this truly he devils son? Why is he called the devils son?

Well all this you will find out as you read on...
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Chapter 1: Chapter 1

My entire life, I had been preparing for this day. I always knew that I was never going to be able to choose whom to marry because I am a woman and a princess. I don't have the right to choose. Hell, I don't have any rights at all. My opinions and feelings don't matter to anyone, not even my own family.
In fact, my father sees me as a tool to gain more power, to create an alliance with the Kingdom of Decresh - a very powerful Kingdom - by marrying me off to one of their princes.

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"For a prince and princess, the kingdom comes first," Father said. "Your desire for something comes after."
Yeah right, it could for a prince, but not for Princess. If a prince married for alliance and didn't like his wife he could just marry another. Usually, most of them had several wives and mistresses, but for a princess the story was different. There's nothing she can do. She just had to please her husband and watch as he marries other women when he gets bored with her. I felt my blood boil, but now was not the time to get angry.

Leaving all the bad thoughts behind me, I studied myself in the mirror. My maids had spent hours preparing me, making me look more beautiful than I was. I was wearing a white and golden dress, my brown hair was combed back beautifully with golden hairpins in the shapes of flowers and leaves. The makeup was perfect, the only problem was the jewelry. They were beautiful but heavy, now that I was wearing a lot of them. I was already feeling weak because of nervousness, or was it fear? I didn't know, but I was feeling sick. There was a knot in my stomach that refused to go away no matter how hard I tried to calm down.

"My lady, don't you like the dress?" Lydia asked.
Lydia and Ylva, my handmaids, have been taking care of me since I was a little girl. They were the only ones I could talk to. I would miss them once I left.
"No, I love it. It's beautiful." I tried to smile but failed.
Lydia could see the fear on my face.

"Everything will be alright," She told me. "Don't listen to the rumors, they are nothing but just that. Maybe your husband is a nice man," She tried to sound positive but I could hear the doubt in her voice.

Not that I believed the rumors, but they did affect me. I wasn't scared because people said that he was the devil's son, they couldn't be speaking literally. They were probably referring to his personality, that he maybe was a liar, a tempter, a murderer, manipulative or that he was just pure evil and that's what scared me.

A knock on the door interrupted my thoughts, and shortly after a court lady came in.
"My lady, it's time." She informed.

I descended the stairs, careful not to fall or stumble, but it was hard with the long dress and the heavy jewelry. I was relieved when there were only a few steps left, but just then I stepped on my dress and stumbled forward, almost falling before a strong arm came around my waist and saved me ruining myself on my wedding day.

Straightening myself I looked up to see who it was. Who had dared to touch a princess like that? Not that I minded, I was just curious.
Looking up, my eyes met a pair of golden eyes. No, wait! Not golden, they had the color of flames or the lava from a volcano. I had never seen eyes like that before.

"Are you alright My Lady?" Asked the man in front of me with a frown.
If I had knots in my stomach before, now suddenly I had butterflies as I gazed into his eyes.
Who was this man? I had never seen him before. He was tall, broad-shouldered and his thick raven black hair fell over his shoulders down to his waist. You could tell from the clothes that he was royalty. Could he be one of the royalties who came to attend my wedding?

"Yes, yes... I am... I am fine My Lord." I replied.
"My Lady," He bowed elegantly before turning around and leaving.
"That's one good looking man." Ylva pointed as I stared at his back while he walked away.
Yes, I thought to myself. Very good-looking but I was getting married and didn't have the luxury to look at other men.

"Shall we?" I asked but Lydia and Ylva were too occupied to hear what I said. They kept following him with their gaze until he was out of sight. 1
I snapped my finger in front of their face to wake them up. "Yes, yes, My lady. Let's go." They hurried to say. 1
The ceremony would begin with a greeting exchange between the bride and the groom and their families. I gave the guard a nod, and he informed my presence, then motioned for me to enter.

Lydia and Ylva gave me a reassuring smile before I left them behind to walk inside. Now I was all on my own.

Taking a deep breath, I strode into the hall carefully, and immediately all heads turned to look at me. I walked with my head high but kept my gaze low, only looking at the floor until I reached the throne where my father was sitting with my mother next to him. While greeting them, I felt my legs tremble.

Mother smiled at me nervously but my father just gestured for me to sit down at a table nearby. He was unbothered by the fact that he was marrying me off to a prince rumored to be the devil's son.
Ignoring my father I smiled at my mother then went to my seat. I could feel everyone's eyes on me, some stared at me with pity and others with repulsion as if it was my fault I was getting married to whoever I was getting married to. They should blame my father not me.

After a while, the guard informed the groom's presence and everyone turned their attention from me to the door. The room went quiet as the guests waited for the groom to enter. I, on the other hand, looked down quickly and rubbed my hands together nervously as I felt the knots in my stomach return. I wanted to look up, but I was afraid.

What if I didn't like what I saw? What if the rumors were true? Would he have red eyes and long nails and maybe even black horns on his head? Don't be ridiculous, I told myself and decided to take a look.
Slowly I glanced at the door as my heart hammered inside my chest and almost gasped when the groom entered.
Wait!

This was the man from earlier with the golden eyes. He couldn't be the groom, could he?
The guests stared at him surprised as well and began to whisper hysterically into each other's ears. They must have been expecting someone with black horns to enter the room and not some tall, elegant looking man.

Not the least bothered by the whispers or stares he walked gracefully toward my father, taking each step with confidence.

"Your Majesty," he said bowing slightly.

I dropped my jaw, so did the guests. No one bowed slightly to the king. This man was truly fearless and being disrespectful toward my father. I already got a bad feeling about him. Not because I thought my father deserved any kind of respect but because he was so daring with his actions already.

He must have noticed people's reactions; it was so obvious, but he didn't seem to care. My father, on the other hand, didn't react, he just gestured toward me.
As I saw him turn to me I looked down quickly, then heard the clicking sound of his footsteps as he neared before sitting on the other end of the table, facing me.
He didn't utter a word. Wasn't he supposed to greet me or at least tell me his name? I don't think father ever told me his name but I don't think I gave him the chance either. I had fought and cried the day father told me he was marrying me off to some stranger, but my father was stubborn and had already made up his mind.

"Today I gather us to celebrate my daughter's wedding to the prince of the Decresh," Father spoke once everyone was seated. He raised his golden wine cup, "Let the ceremony begin, and enjoy yourselves."
People clapped while dancers and musicians walked in to entertain the guests. People seemed to enjoy themselves. I, of course, couldn't see since I was supposed to keep my gaze down, because 'that's what a lady should do'. Well then, I hate being a lady.
"Don't you like the music?" He finally asked breaking the awkward silence. I peeked through my long lashes, but once I gazed into his eyes, it was hard to look away. They were captivating.
"I do Your Highness," I replied.

"What do you have in store for the tea ceremony?"
Oh no! The tea ceremony! That was the traditional part of the royal wedding where the bride has to show one of her talents to entertain the guests and impress the groom. Hell with impressing. I didn't want to impress anyone, especially not this man.

"It is a surprise, Your Highness," I said, sending him a staged smile.
I was sitting in a chair in the middle of the room, everyone's attention directed at me. It was time for the tea ceremony. The guests would sit and enjoy their tea while I would have to entertain them.

I took up my flute before lightly putting it on my lips and started playing. Soon my nervousness disappeared. I loved playing the flute, loved the sound of it. Closing my eyes, I let the sound take me far away, to a peaceful place. Now and then I would hear some people praising me through my haze and then they applauded when I was done.

Opening my eyes, I found him staring directly at me. He wasn't applauding but there was a hint of a smile on his face.
Now it was time for the gift exchange. We exchanged our gifts, and then it was time for me to go to my new home. The knot in my stomach returned with such intensity that I felt like throwing up.
Mother came up to me while father spoke to my husband. Husband? The word sounded strange in my head. She took my hands in hers. "Everything will be fine," she said, "just remember what I told you".
Yes, I remembered very clearly our mother and daughter talk. To be a good wife, to listen to your husband and to not make him angry.

"Yes, I will," I said, enveloping her in a tight hug. I wasn't supposed to, but right now I didn't care because I might never see her again.

The carriage was waiting outside. The prince, or should I say, my husband led the way. I looked behind me one last time and found Lydia and Ylva standing on the balcony, their cheeks wet with tears.
"I will miss you too," I whispered.

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Married To The Devils Son.

Chapter 2: Chapter 2

We rode home in silence. I hated it because it made me nervous, and gave me time to think of what was waiting once we arrived. The wedding consummation. I had never even touched a man before, father made sure of that, and now I would... I shook my head. You're scaring yourself, I scolded myself. Maybe he would spare me tonight if he had someone else to be with.

"Your Highness?"

"Yes?"

"Do you have another wife, Your Highness?" I asked.

I shouldn't have. It was none of my business. Mother had told me to be careful not to ask a prince such questions, but I didn't care. I needed to know what was waiting for me once we reached home. 1
He turned his gaze to me and narrowed his eyes. Did he get angry?

"No, I don't." He answered slowly.

I was surprised that I felt relieved when I shouldn't have. This would only mean that I would have to spend the night with him. I shivered at the thought.

"But I have many mistresses." He finished.

Oh, of course. Why didn't I think about it? He was an attractive man and a prince. I wanted to curse, but he suddenly laughed.

"You don't seem to like that," He drawled.

Why would I? But I couldn't say that, indeed.

"It's not for me to like or dislike, Your Highness," I stated simply.

He didn't say anything to that.
I wondered what his name would be.

"Your Highness?"

"You may call me Lucian when we are alone".

Lucian. I repeated the name in my head. I liked the sound of it.

After a while, the carriage stopped, and then a guard informed us that we had arrived. Lucian stepped out of the carriage and offered me his hand. I took it, and he helped me down.

The castle was grand and the garden even more luxurious, with green bushes and colorful flowers. The castle was made of ivory walls and several tall, square towers. The towers were connected by large bridges and small windows covered its walls along with gaps for archery and artillery.

There was a big fountain in the middle of the garden surrounded by grass and bushed in all kinds of shapes. Different range of flowers were symmetrically scattered across the garden. It was truly a beautiful sight.

"Lucian?" someone called and I turned my head to see who.

Four men in royal robes approached us from a distance.

"We came to welcome you and your bride," One of them spoke as they neared.
"Is that so?" Lucian asked.
"Of course, we are brothers after all!" The other behind him smirked.

Brothers?

"Why don't you and your bride join us for dinner?" He suggested. "We would like take a closer look at your bride," and then he shot me a glance.

Lucian walked up to his brother, standing only a few inches away from him. It looked like he was trying to intimidate him which clearly worked because suddenly his brother's guards grabbed their weapons as if ready to attack.

Lucians guards reached for their weapons as well and there was suddenly tension in the air.

What was happening? I thought they were brothers or did I hear wrong?
"Thank you brother, but I must decline," Lucian said in a polite tone, that didn't match the menacing look in his eyes.

Turning his back to his brother, he took my hand, gripping it hard he dragged me through the halls of the castle. He was angry.

"Won't we greet your parents, Your Highness?" I asked.
Lucian came to a halt and his grip on my hand loosened. "My mother is dead," he said his voice void of any emotion, "and the King, do not worry about him, he does not matter," he added then started walking again, only this time he didn't drag me. As we strode through the halls with Lucian still holding my hand two maids appeared in front of us.

"Your Highness," they greeted with a bow. "With your permission, we would like to prepare Her Highness." They inquired.
Prepare me for what? Preparing is what I have been doing my entire life.

At first, Lucian didn't let go of my hand, but when the maids gave him a pleading look he released me and left without a word.

The maids motioned for me to follow them and led me to a dressing room where they helped me get out of my wedding dress and slip into a beautiful white nightgown with its matching robe, both made of silk. They took out the pins in my hair and let it fall in waves. After putting some scents onto my skin, they served me tea.

"What's this?" I asked.
"It's a herb tea that will help you relax and decrease the pain, Your Highness."
"What pain?" I said, but then realized what they were talking about.

They must have seen the horror on my face because I could see pity on theirs. Why did they pity me? Was he going to be rough with me? Well, he didn't seem like the gentle type from the way he gripped my wrist earlier. It was as if his hand was made of steel.

"I don't need it," I said and stood up straight. "Just take me to the chamber".

They hesitated but then followed my orders and led me to our private chamber where they sat me down on the bed. Adjusting my hair and gown they took one last look to see if everything was perfect.

"We will inform His Highness that you are ready," they informed and left.

The worst scenarios appeared in my head and my heart pounded so hard in my chest that it was getting difficult to breathe. My hands started to sweat and my head began to spin. I waited for what seemed like hours but was likely just minutes.

After the long wait, the door finally opened and Lucian stepped inside. Closing the door behind him he just stood there for a while, studying me with those odd eyes of his before approaching me slowly.

"Aren't you tired?" he asked standing a few steps away.
"I am, Your Highness."
"Lucian," he corrected.
"Lucian," I repeated, in barely a whisper.

"Then we should go to sleep," he said and lay down on the bed next to where I sat. "I am tired too."

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Lucian looked at the woman in front of him. She looked so frightened. He wondered if she was scared for the obvious reasons, or if she was scared because she had heard the rumors about him.

Either way, he didn't blame her. Most people feared him, even his own father. He never dared to look his son in the eyes. Lucian always wondered what he had done to make his father fear him. 8
He always knew that he was different. He had even scared himself when he was a little boy, when he had discovered what he could do.

When he, for the first time, moved an object with just a thought, or when he had wished his brother could burn, and then suddenly his brothers' clothes were on fire. Everyone rushing to help him get out of the flaming clothes. That day he had been terrified. Running to his room he had cried in a corner, wishing he could talk to

someone about it. But who? His father feared and hated him; he would just scare him even more, and his mother was dead. He wondered how she would react.

His brothers used to play with him at first, but then when they got older and started their training, they noticed he was faster, stronger and a better fighter. He was also a very skilled swordsman; his teachers always praised him. But his brothers, they mocked him, telling him to stop cheating. ′Cheating is what the Devil does,′ they would say.

The maids had mixed feelings about him. They were as attracted to him as they were scared. Some of them liked the thrill, the danger. The young ones would give him seductive glances, but the older maids would warn them. 'Be careful,' they would say, 'tempting people and making them sin is what he does.' Some would listen some wouldn't.
The only people who didn't fear him or hate him were his men. His soldiers. They were tough men who didn't believe in rumors. They respected him. Still, they weren't his family; he could only talk business with them.

Lucian looked at the woman now laying beside him. The woman who was his family now. She was laying so far out on the edge he was afraid she would fall from the bed. She didn't even move, she was so stiff. Even though he told her to sleep, he could still hear her heart beating wildly inside her chest.

She had surprised him earlier with her bold questions. He liked her so far; she amused him. Lucian remembered the look on her face when he told her that he had mistresses. She was probably the jealous type. I guess I like jealous, he thought, smiling to himself. And when she played the flute, and when she had whispered his name.

Now she was as timid as a rabbit. That, he didn't like.

Married To The Devils son.

Chapter 3: Chapter 3

That night I had a dream. I was running, terrified. I was running for my life, and something was chasing me. Something dark. Something with intent to kill. I couldn't see it but I could feel its presence. It wanted me. It was hungry and angry and it wouldn't stop hunting me until it caught me. I ran so fast that I stumbled on my own feet and fell. It was close now; it would catch me.

A dark figure slowly appeared from the shadows. It had red eyes and horns. Black horns, curling like the devils. It stretched its hands toward me. I could see its nails that looked more like claws. They were coming closer. I shrieked a high, panicked sound. It had caught me, and now it was shaking me.

"My Lady! My Lady!" a gentle voice urged. I shot my eyes open with a gasp and found Lucian looming over me.

"You're ok," He assured, brushing something away from my face. "It was just a dream."

I was panting and sweat dripped down my face. I was scared and confused. Lucian pulled me to his chest. He held me in his arms and stroke my hair.

"It's alright." He whispered softly. "Relax and sleep." 1
Eventually, as I lay in his arms, my heartbeat returned to a steady rhythm and I fell asleep once again.

When I woke up a few maids were already in the room but there was no sign of Lucian. I remembered last night while the maids helped me get prepared. I was surprised at the fact that I was still untouched. He hadn't even tried. He must have been tired from the long journey, but tonight there was no escape. Maybe I should talk to him and tell him that I wasn't ready yet, I thought. The question was how.

I got out of the bed and the maids helped me bathe and get dressed.

"His Highness wants you to join him for breakfast, My Lady," One of the maids informed when she was done with my hair.

"Lead the way," I said.

The maid led me to the garden just outside the room. There Lucian was standing with his back toward me and his arms crossed behind his back.

"Your Highness?"

He turned around and I couldn't understand why my heart skipped a beat. "My Lady, did you have a good night's sleep?"

"I did, Your Highness. How about you?" He probably didn't, but it felt courteous to ask. I must have disturbed him with my dream.
"I have slept well. Do you mind having breakfast with me?" I didn't expect him to be so polite.

"I would love to," I answered with a smile.

The breakfast smelled and looked delicious. There were several dishes and their food wasn't much different from ours back home. But because of the knots in my stomach that still refused to go away, I couldn't eat much. Instead, I would glance at the garden now and then. It was beautiful. There was a gorgeous range of flowers; roses, daisies, daffodils.

Carved hedged depicted strange shapes all around the space.

We had a beautiful garden back home too, but it was nothing compared to this.

Suddenly Lucian stood up from his seat and walked over to me, holding his hand out for me to grasp.

"Walk with me," he said and I blushed. He must have noticed me ogling the garden, but how could I not. Back home I rarely went outside because of my fathers' strict rules and now I was walking through the most beautiful garden I have ever seen.

"You never go out?" he asked, with a curious expression.
"No, my father would not allow it."

"So you have always been at home?"

"Yes," was my short reply.
"Well, you can walk around here anytime. It's our personal garden" He said with a charming smile.

"Really?" My voice was colored with excitement and surprise. He nodded.

After walking for a while in silence, I decided now was the best time to bring up the consummation.

"Your Highness?"
"Yes?"
"About the wedding consummation, I...I'm not ready yet." I looked down quickly, afraid to meet his gaze. My heart pounded in my ears as I waited for an answer.

A laugh, an angry exclamation, anything.
"I know, it's alright," he said gently. I looked up in surprise and breathed out in relief.

"I could just go to one of my mistresses to satisfy my needs." He added.

The smile on my face died and I clenched my fists. Why was I getting angry? He could go wherever he wanted and fool around with whoever he wanted. He could go to hell. Suddenly he laughed. What was so funny?

"If you don't want me to go, then tell me." He said leaning closer.

"I don't want you to go" I repeated.

Shocked at my own outburst, I put a hand over my mouth. He laughed again. Eventually, he stopped laughing. "Hazel," he said stepping closer and gazing into my eyes.

He knew my name.
Of course. Men got always more informed about their spouses than women. Unfair.

"I promise you one thing and I will stand by my word. I will treat you well." He then took my hand in his and kissed my knuckles, his flaming eyes never leaving mine. My heart fluttered inside my chest.

Dropping my hand, "I have to go, make yourself at home." He said before walking away.

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A maid showed me around. The castle had several quarters. Every prince and his family had their own quarters and their own household staff, including servants, cooks, and guards. I had already looked around our personal garden and I especially liked the white swing with a ceiling, surrounded by white and pink roses in a half-circle.

We then went through the halls that led to several smaller halls. The smaller halls had several doors that led to different rooms. One hall led to the kitchen, the pantry, and the storeroom.

Another hall led to the guest room and the dining room, and another one led to the library and study. There were several other halls, but we went through the hall that led to our private chamber and the bathrooms.

Inside our chamber, there were doors that led to other rooms. The maid opened one of them and I went inside. It was the dressing room from yesterday.

"This is the boudoir. It's your personal room when you want to be alone, My Lady." She explained.

"His Highness has one too." She continued gesturing to the door at the other end of the room. I decided to take a look once the maid left but the door was locked. Why did he lock his room?

As I walked out of the chamber, a little boy bumped into my leg and fell backward. He stood up quickly. "I am sorry, My Lady," he said, wide-eyed.

"It's Alright" I smiled. He had short blonde hair and his big brown eyes stared innocently at her. "Who are you?"

"I am Prince Pierre's son. My name is Levi, My lady." I couldn't help but smile at his cuteness. "I am looking for uncle Lucian." He called him by his first name. They must be very close I thought.

"His Highness is not here," I said with a gentle smile. "Do you want to leave a message for him? I am his wife."
"Can I wait for him here?" He asked with a hopeful look in his eyes.

"Yes, of course. Come," I said and led him to the garden. "I am having lunch soon; are you hungry?"
He nodded.

"Sit down," I urged. The maids served us lunch - including baked potatoes and grilled chicken with vegetables.
"Please don't tell my father I have been here, My Lady." He pleaded. "Father doesn't like me being here."

"Why not?" I asked curiously.
"He says Uncle Lucian is a bad man."
Bad man? Why would his brother say something like that about him?
"Then why don't you listen to your father? Why don't you stay away?" I asked, treading carefully.

"Because I like being with uncle Lucian. He is nice to me even though he's not nice anymore." He said timidly.
"Why not?"

"I don't know, he just tells me I shouldn't be here, he tells me to go away." He looked hurt.
"What about the rest of your uncles? Why don't you accompany them?"

"I just like uncle Lucian."
"Levi!" someone shouted and shortly after a woman barged in. The maids behind her wore an apologetic look on their face.

I stood up from my seat, and the woman looked me up and down.

"Mother," Levi said stiffly, standing up.
"Come here!" She ordered, and he walked up to her. She put a hand on his shoulder. "I told you not to come here," She scolded him. "Go now."
Levi left running away quickly. Poor child, I thought.
The woman then turned to me. "I am Princess Elsa, the Crown Prince's first wife," She said straightening her shoulders and neck as if challenging me with her superiority.

"It's nice to meet you, Princess Elsa. I am Princess Hazel," I replied courteously, trying my best to not offend her. I didn't want conflict this early on.

"My son won't disturb you anymore," she said, with finality. "Feel free to visit if you ever feel alone, my quarter is next to yours."

"Maybe I will," I said, and then she turned around elegantly with a high chin and left.

After having my lunch I went to the white swing in the garden and lay down while looking up the sky. I had many questions and thoughts that bothered me. Why would Lucian's brother say something like that about him? Yesterday, they looked as though they were willing to attack each other. I remembered the menacing look in Lucian's eyes, so different from the soft look he gave me today when he kissed my hand.

My heart fluttered at the memory.
"What makes you smile so?" A familiar voice came from nearby.
"Your Highness." I inclined my head. He had surprised me. I moved over to create a space for him on the seat. He took a seat beside me and put one arm over the seatback.

"How was your day?"
"It was fine Your Highness...I mean Lucian." I corrected myself.
He just smiled.
"Your nephew was here," I added.

His only reply was a short 'hmm'.

"He said his father wouldn't be happy to know he was here."

"Yes, my brothers don't like me," Lucian replied, devoid of emotion.
"Why?"
"Haven't you heard the rumors? that I'm the 'devil's son.'"
"But you're not...?" I trailed off, confused.

He just looked at me for a while before finally replying; "I don't know."

Married To The Devils Son.

Chapter 4: Chapter 4

All princes and their first wives were invited to have dinner with the King. When we arrived, the King welcomed us and we greeted him in turn, then we greeted one another amongst ourselves. While the princes chatted and laughed, except Lucian, the princesses just glared at each other. There was some kind of hostility between them.

Lucian didn't go up to his brothers, he just stood beside me. None of them seemed to care about him, either. He had told me earlier that they didn't like him because he was the devil's son. I wondered if they really believed that kind of blasphemy.

And why did he say that he didn't know if he actually was the devil's son? I was confused.

Before my head imploded with questions, dinner was served and we sat down in our assigned places. Each prince sat beside his wife. The Crown Prince was sitting next to the King, they were talking about something animatedly, waving their hands around wildly. His wife Elsa looked at me now and then. I wondered if she had any problem with me. But I had to admit she was a beauty. Possibly the most beautiful of all the princesses, with her curly blonde hair and sky blue eyes.

Lucian and I ate our dinner in silence; he seemed uncomfortable as though he was forced to be here.

A guard came in and whispered something into the King's ear and shortly after the king stood up from his seat. "I have a few things to take care of, but enjoy your dinner."He said guardedly, and with that, he left.

As soon as the King left the Crown Prince rose from his seat holding his wine glass delicately in one hand and a spoon on the other. He tapped the spoon on the glass to grab everyone's attention.

"First, we shall welcome or little brother's bride," he began, "and then.." he continued, clearly not fit to form complete sentences in his intoxicated state.

"And then," the prince next to him picked up where his brother had left off. "We shall tell embarrassing stories about our little brother to his bride."

Lucians brothers laughed. They may have been speaking of this as a joke, but something was off. Their laughs weren't genuine and sounded evil to my ears. I could feel Lucian shifting uncomfortably beside me.

The Crown Prince walked along with the table and stood behind the prince and his wife who were sitting in front of us.

"You must have heard the rumor about our brother, about him being the son of the devil. What do you think about that?" He asked, cruel mirth clear in his tone. I could see Lucian clenching his fists under the table.

"It's as you said Your highness, just a rumor" I replied. I didn't know why I defended Lucian, but I felt a strange protectiveness over him.
The crown prince sent me a scrutinizing glare, but he wasn't willing to give up. He was probably thinking of other ways to insult his brother. He had no right!

"So you don't believe them?" He looked at me skeptically.
"Should I, Your Highness?" I said in a challenging tone, mock sweetness coloring my voice.

Clearly, the crown prince was not succeeding with his insults so he got some help from his brother sitting in front of us.
"Even his mother didn't want him after she gave birth to him," he added.

I couldn't believe my ears. How could he say something so cruel to his own brother?
Beside me, Lucian's entire body tensed up, ready to spring at the brother sending cruel taunts to the both of us. I quickly reached out under the table and gently laid my hand atop his, willing him to stop and consider his actions.

Lucian stilled. He raised his incredulous gaze up to my eyes, clearly surprised by my contact. I gave him a reassuring smile, and by intuition, I could tell he had calmed down significantly. Turning to his brothers, I was furious. I hadn't known Lucian for that long, and I hadn't chosen to be married to him, but now he was my husband and I couldn't change that. I had only one option: to make this marriage work.

His brother looked at me, calculating. He must have guessed what I was thinking.
"Well, I hope he treats you well," he said slowly, backing off.
"Well is an understatement of how he treats me," I said stiffly and his brothers sent me a disappointed look.
Lucian intertwined his fingers with mine under the table, as though he approved of me defending him.

****

For his entire life, no one has ever stood up for him like this beautiful woman had done today. This woman, his wife who barely knew him, had surprised him with her touch and melted his heart with her words and smile. She hadn't believed the rumors about him, that even he sometimes believed about himself.

Once they arrived at their chamber Lucian noticed that Hazel had a frown on her face.
"Is everything alright?" He asked.
"Yes," She said her gaze slowly turning to the window. "Can I go outside to the garden?"

Lucian noticed that she liked being outside, so he decided to take her not only outside the room but outside the castle. Her eyes twinkled when he told her about it.

In the courtyard stood the stables, and he led her inside to show her his own horse, a beautiful chestnut with a white star on his flank.

"Can you ride?" He asked her.
"No" she replied, embarrassed.
"Then you should ride with me." He suggested.
Hazel nodded.
Lucian helped her up and she sat behind him on the horse. "Hold on."
She seemed to hesitate, but then ever so slowly she put her arms around his waist and held him lightly, almost not touching. But as soon as they started riding, her grip tightened, pressing her soft and warm body against his back.

"Is it too fast?"
"No," she replied but her tight hold around his waist said otherwise. Either way, he didn't slow down; he liked the feeling of her arms around him.

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Married To The Devils Son

Chapter 5: Chapter 5

He took her to his secret place, a beautiful lake located in the woods. Hazel looked happy walking on the grass with her bare feet, then dipping her foot in the water flicking the cool liquid with her toes. The water must've been cold but she didn't seem to care.

Lucian just stood there staring at her from afar. She was beautiful with her long reddish-brown hair and chocolate brown eyes. Her dress clung to her body in all the right places, showing off her beautiful figure.
He still couldn't believe that he was married. When his father suggested the marriage he had said yes, hoping that it would bring them closer, but unfortunately, his father still treated him like a stranger.

Suddenly, he heard a shrill yell of pain as he was lost in his thoughts.
"Hazel!!"
She wasn't in the water anymore; she was sitting on the ground beside it holding her knee. He rushed to her side.

"What happened?"
"Nothing much, I just fell," she said.
Her dress was torn and her knee bleeding.
"Come on, let's take you home," he said, helping her up.
Lucian aided me in getting off the horse, but as soon as I shifted my weight onto my leg, my knee started to ache. Not wanting to draw attention, I didn't say anything, but Lucian must have known, because he put his strong arms behind my knees and my back, and lifted me with ease.

"What are you doing?" I asked embarrassed.
"Carrying you," He stated simply.
"I know that, please put me down I can walk," I said, my face and neck flushing red.
"Wife, if I was to let you walk, we wouldn't reach the room even after sunrise and I would like to get some sleep."

Did he just call me wife? I liked the sound of it.
As we moved through the halls, the maids and servants looked down quickly as soon as they caught sight of us and I was thankful for that.
He stopped for a while and told a maid to bring something to clean the wound before walking again.

Upon arrival at our chambers, he put me down on the bed gently as a maid came in with things to clean the wound. He took the kit from her and dismissed her shortly. Taking a seat beside me on the bed, he lifted my dress up above my knee.

"Uh...it's fine I can clean it myself." I stuttered nervously.
"Just sit still," He ordered.
He put one hand on the back of my leg, his hand cold yet his touch hot. I wondered how such a strong and tall man could touch so gently. Strangely, his touch made me yearn for more and I found myself imagining how it would feel like if he ran his hand down my leg or if he...
A burning pain interrupted my thoughts and I hissed.
"It will burn a little," he said then continued cleaning my wound.

I bit my lower lip because the burning was too much and I didn't want to complain. As if sensing my pain he paused and then blew on my wound. When his hot breath touching my skin made me shiver and curl my toes.
Good Lord, he was doing things to my body without doing almost nothing.
"Feel better?" He asked.
"Yes," I whispered, "thank you."
When he was done he pulled my dress back down over my leg.
"You should change," he said standing up "Do you want me to call a maid for you?"
"No, I can manage," I said.
Walking with an aching knee I went into the dressing room and slipped into my nightgown and a robe and then walked back into the chamber.

Only a few candles were lit now. Lucian was laying down on the bed looking up the ceiling. His shiny black hair was spread across the pillow and his golden eyes glowed in the dim light.
When I walked up to the bed he turned his head.
"You should take your robe off. It's very hot in here at night." His observation was completely innocent, but it made my heart beat faster, and suddenly it felt really hot in the room.

I opened my robe and let it slide down my arms. His eyes followed my every movement. I then laid down on the bed, facing the other way. Even though he told me he could wait to consummate the wedding, I still felt nervous.
I felt him shift on the bed and stiffened.
"Hazel," he whispered his voice a soft brush on my back.
"Yes?" I struggled to keep my voice neutral.

"Turn around!" he said with a commanding voice. I found myself turning around to face him.

"I promised to treat you well; you don't have to be afraid."
"I am not," I whispered.
He didn't say anything for a while. He probably knew I was lying.
"Goodnight," he finally said.
"Goodnight," I whispered back feeling more relaxed until I eventually fell asleep.
I woke up and tried to shift in the bed, but then realized that a strong arm around my waist was restricting my movement. Lucian!
My back was pressed against his hard chest and I could feel his hot breath on my neck and some strands of his soft hair on my shoulder. He smelled good. He had a spicy scent, and somehow I found myself melting in his embrace. I liked it, liked the warm and secure feeling it gave.

Suddenly, he slid his arm away and sat upon the bed startling me.
"What is it?" I asked, sitting as well.
He seemed to be listening to something. I looked around and strained my ears, but couldn't hear anything. Climbing down he put his robe on.
"We have a problem," he said walking to the door.
I quickly put my robe on and went after him.
Some maids and guards were gathered in the hall arguing about something. They fell silent as soon as they saw us.
"Your Highness," they said and bowed.
"What is the problem?" Lucian asked.
They had a look of fear in their eyes. One maid, in particular, was trembling with her hands behind her back.

"What do you have there?" Lucian asked.
She was shaking now. Lucian went up to her and took the hidden thing from behind her back. It was a golden hairpin, my hairpin. One of the guards quickly came to the front and fell to his knees in front of Lucian.
"I am sorry, Your Highness, it will never happen again; you can punish me instead" he begged. "Please spare her, she is just a child."
She did look quite young. The white-faced maid fell to her knees too, shaking as much as before.

"No, please, it was my fault! Don't punish my brother. He didn't know" she cried. I had no idea what Lucian would do to them. For that, I both pitied and feared for them. They might get executed, or if they had luck they would get their hands cut off. I didn't know which one sounded worse.

Stealing was of course not okay, but I didn't think anyone should die for it. I hoped Lucian would have mercy on them.
"Since you stole from my wife, I should let her decide the punishment for you," he said, walking behind me and placing his hands on my shoulders. I froze for a moment unsure of what to do.
"How do you want me to punish them for you?" he asked.
I looked at the young maid sitting on her knees crying and shaking violently. I went up to her.

"Why did you do it?" I asked in a gentle voice.
"I am sorry, Your Highness. I didn't want to, but my mother is sick and her treatment costs a lot," she said, crying hysterically.
"Get up!" I ordered them both. They got up to their feet.
"What's your name?" I asked her.
"Lisa, Your Highness," she said meekly.

"Lisa, you can have the hairpin but you need to promise me that you will never steal again. There are more honest ways to find money, besides putting your life at risk wouldn't help your mother in any way."

Everyone looked at me wide-eyed. They clearly didn't expect to be left alive. Lisa was in shock, she just stared at me.
"Do you promise me?" I repeated.
"I...I promise you...I promise Your Highness" she said. "Thank you so much...thank you" she began to cry again, but this time tears of relief.
"Thank you, Your Highness" her brother repeated. His eyes were also glistening with unshed tears of gratitude.

"Now everyone can go back to work," I said relieved that the situation ended well. They walked away. Lisa was hugging her brother crying and he was scolding her. " Never do that again!" I found myself smiling. I wish I had a brother like that. My brothers were spoiled brats.

Turning around to go back I found Lucian standing there, his arms crossed behind his back. He looked at me with what seemed like admiration but I wasn't sure.

Crossing the distance between us he wrapped his arm around my waist and pulled me into his embrace.
"Let's get back to bed."

Married To The Devils Son.

Chapter 6: Chapter 6

His voice, his scent, the warmth of his body, all filled my senses and made me unable to think clearly. Before I knew he was carrying me to our chamber, and then laid me down on the bed. Bed? Wait, no!

He lay down next to me and when I tried to get up, he put an arm around my shoulders and held me down.

"Lay still and let me hold you," he said, taking his arm away from my shoulders and putting them around my waist instead.

"Why?"

"Because I like holding you and you like it when I do that" he replied.

"And how would you know?" I said, a teasing lilt to my voice.

"What? You don't like it?" I was afraid that if I said I liked it he would want to take it to the next level, but I didn't want to lie either.

"It's... alright," I said cautiously, a shy smile making its way to my face. He grabbed my chin and made me turn around to face him.
"Is my touch just alright?"

He let go of my chin and traced with his fingers down my neck and up my shoulder, removing my robe from one side. My pulse quickened and my skin tingled where he had touched. He leaned closer.

"I don't think so," he whispered.
"You... you promised not to do anything," I said.
"No, I didn't. I promised to treat you well." Oh god! That was true. He never promised to not consume the wedding and who knows what treating well means to him. I pulled myself away from his grasp and climbed down from the bed.

Clearing my throat "I am hungry," I said, "Aren't you?"

He smiled a devilish smile "Oh, I am very hungry" he said scanning me with eyes that showed hunger for something other than food. My heart skipped a beat, but I ignored it.

"Then we should go and eat," I said, turning around and walking away before he could say anything.

****

Lucian tried to ignore the burning need in his body and tried to focus on eating his breakfast. He glanced at his wife the same time she glanced at him. Their eyes met and she looked down quickly, her cheeks turning a light pink. He wanted to reach for her from across the table but stood up from his seat instead.

"I have some work to do," he said and strode out of the room before he lost control.

What was wrong with him? Why was his body burning and his heart beating in his ears? He had never felt like this before.

He came a bit late to the meeting with his father and brothers. His father didn't bother to look at him, and his brothers shot him angry glances. He took a seat and listened to how his father planned to take over other kingdoms. His greed had no end.

"That's all for today. I expect all of you to fulfill your duties," the king said, looking at each of his sons except Lucian, he then walked out of the room.
His brothers turned to him most of them looking angry and irritated while Pierre had a smirk on his face. He was the cruelest.

"Your wife seems very fond of you," Pierre said. Lucian knew his brother was trying to pick a fight with him, as usual, so he ignored him, walking away. Pierre grabbed him by the shoulder to stop him from going.

"I am talking to you, Lucian! Don't you dare ignore me. I am the crown prince, and in the future, I will be your king so you should be careful to get on my bad side."

Lucian chuckled darkly. "As if I am already not on your bad side," he said "and you know what? Even when you become a king, you will never become my king."

His brother laughed "I will become your king and when I do," he leaned closer, "I will get rid of you and make your beautiful wife my concubine."

That was what finally tipped Lucian over the edge. He punched and kicked Pierre before his other brothers got involved and tried to hold him, but to no avail. He was too angry and nothing could stop him now. He sat atop his brother and started punching him, the rest of his brothers unable to hold him away. He was too strong for them. He took some time to knock down some of them before he continued with his punching. Guards came into the room and grabbed his arms.

"Hold him down for me," one of his brothers said. Even though they were many they had a hard time holding him down.
"What are you doing?" Someone yelled from the door. Everyone froze.
"Your Highness, we were just..."

"Enough!" It was the king "You are not children anymore, and you dare to fight? Prepare for your punishment."

"Your Highness." A maid came running to the garden. "His Highness is in trouble."

"What trouble?" I asked, worried.

"He is getting whipped."

"What?" I shrieked in panic. What on earth could he have done?
We ran through the hall to the main garden. Several men were handcuffed on their knees, leather whips repeatedly being brought down across their backs. I looked for Lucian, and my heart dropped at the sight of him. He was handcuffed too, although he still stood, unlike the other men. His shirt was torn to rags with blood steadily soaking through it. One whip landed on his back, and I almost screamed but he didn't make a sound. He didn't even grimace. He was staring at something. I looked to see his brothers standing on the other side and watching.

"He is a prince. Why is he getting whipped?"
"His highness didn't accept someone to get his punishment," the maid explained. "He had a fight with his brothers."

I looked back at Lucian. While the other men were almost falling to their knees he was still standing steadily. It was as if the whipping didn't affect him at all, but I knew it did. He just didn't want to give his brothers the satisfaction of seeing him get hurt. Another whip landed on his back and I felt a hand grasp my wrist.

"Your Highness, you shouldn't get involved. It was the king's order." I didn't realize that I was trying to get to him.
Please God, make this stop.

God must have heard my prayers because they started to uncuff his hands. As soon as they uncuffed him, he fell on his knees. I ran toward him, but some guards got to him before me and helped him up.
Once we reached the chamber he pushed the guards away.

"Leave!"
"But Your Highness you need..."
"I. said. leave!" he shouted savagely, and the guards hurried away. He sat down on the bed.

"You should leave too," he said lowering his voice.

"Then who will clean your wounds? Now take off what remains of your shirt and lay on your stomach," I ordered, grabbing a bowl of water and a piece of the cloth that the maid had brought, but he didn't move.
"Do you need help?" I said grabbing his shirt to help him get out of it. He grabbed my wrist to stop me.

"I told you to go," he said with clenched teeth.
"I don't want to. How can I leave when you're hurting?"
"I'm not, so leave."
"No, I won't" I insisted stubbornly, then everything happened in a second. He grabbed me by the neck and pinned me to the wall, his face only an inch from mine. His eyes not golden anymore, the flames in them burning with intensity.

"Don't make me break my promise," he growled.

Married To The Devils Son

Chapter 7: Chapter 7

"You are not the only one who wants to treat someone well," I said, ignoring the pain his grip caused. He looked at me for a while. The flames in his eyes slowly dying and their color becoming golden again. He let go of my neck and looked down as if regretting what he had just done.
"You should... take your shirt off," I said.

Walking back to the bed, he ripped his shirt open, showing a perfectly toned stomach and chest. The muscles in his arm twitched as he lay down on the bed.

"Are you just going to stare?" he asked. Embarrassed I hurried to the bed, sat down, and started cleaning his wounds.

This was horrible. The wounds seemed deep and they would probably leave scars on his back. It must have hurt a lot. Was his family always so cruel to him? And I had thought my family were too cruel. I wondered what his childhood was like.

Was he always like this? Rejected by his family, bullied and punished? He must have been so lonely.

"Why are you crying?" A tear fell down my cheek. Am I crying? Why? He sat up, facing me. "What is it?" he asked softly.

"Why did you take the punishment?"
"Because I can't let someone else get punished for what I did," he said, wiping a tear away from my cheek.

"Why did you even fight in the first place? Look what happened to you now. It must hurt a lot and you will get a lot of scars. I don't like seeing you get hit and I don't like your brothers." I said more tears falling down my cheeks. I hated this, it wasn't right.

"Are you crying for my sake now? You really confuse me, one time you are scared of me and the other one you cry because I am hurt, even though I hurt you just now."

To be honest, I was confused myself, but I just didn't like to see him like this.
"Hazel," he said, adopting a softer tone and wiping away more tears with his thumb "What are you doing to me?"

"What?" I said, confused but he grabbed my waist and pulled me down on the bed with him on top of me. He laid so our bodies were perfectly aligned, but most of his weight was held by his arms as to not crush me.

He leaned closer as if to kiss me, and I shut my eyes tightly and pressed my lips into a thin line. I don't know why I reacted that way, but instead of feeling his lips on mine, I felt them on my neck. My body went rigid, surprised by the heat that blossomed inside of me at the feeling of his lips on my skin.

When he kissed right under my ear, a moan escaped my lips and I dig my fingers into his back. He hissed in pain but continued kissing me in the same place. I felt wetness on my fingers. Blood. His wounds. I put my hands on his chest and pushed him away lightly.

"Is something wrong?" he asked.
"I..I never finished cleaning your wounds," I said.

"You don't have to. It doesn't hurt anymore," he said, pressing his lips on my neck again making me all dizzy. "Just let me have you." 1

"Lucian.." I tried to push him away again but he grabbed my wrists and pinned them down. I started panicking. He was losing control. What if he doesn't listen to me? As if sensing my fear he stopped and let go of my wrists. He sat up on the bed, looking hurt.

"You can continue," he said softly.
After I finished cleaning his wounds in silence, I walked out of the chamber to let him rest. The guards were waiting outside and looked terribly worried.

"His Highness is fine," I told them and then walked away. I went to the garden and sat on the swing. Even though I was outside in the cold breeze, I still felt hot. I touched my neck where he had kissed me. I didn't know that a kiss could affect someone so much. Ylva and Lydia would sometimes tell me about their passionate night with their husband, how only a touch could make them weak and wild. I always loved hearing their crazy stories. If it weren't for them, I would have been so lonely.

I don't know how long I was sitting, immersed in my own memories, but eventually, the sound of footsteps nearby broke my reverie.

"Lucian? What are you doing here? You are supposed to rest," I scolded.
"I'm fine," he said, sitting down next to me. "It felt uncomfortable to sleep in the bloody sheets so I told the maids to clean them. Why are you looking sad?"

"I'm not."
"Is it because I hurt you?" He inquired. I didn't know what to say.
I was a bit hurt that he hurt me, but I didn't want him to feel guilty now that he was already hurting.

"I am sorry," he said with a slight grimace. By the way, he said it, I could tell it was something he didn't often say.

"It's alright. I wasn't sad because of you. It's just that sometimes when I am alone I miss my maids. Anyways, you should go back to bed. I am sure the maid is done." I stood up.

"It's fine. I won't be sleeping here tonight, I have somewhere else to be," he said as he too rose from his chair.

"Somewhere else to be at night? When you are hurt? You are not thinking of going to your brothers fighting again are you?"
He chuckled "If I am, what will you do to stop me?" I knew he was playing around.

"I think.." he said, walking around me and standing behind me "I should go and spend some time with my mistress," he whispered near my ear. A sudden rage filled me. This may be a joke to him, but not to me. I walked away from him, ignoring him as he called after me.

I went to my personal room and shut the door, waiting for him to come after me and say something, but he never came. He didn't come the whole night. I knew it would be like this, but I had just hoped he would be different, I thought he would be different, but he wasn't. He was just like any other man.

As I tried to sleep, I heard someone call my name. I sat up in the deathly silence, trying to hear the imperceptible noise again. It came again, but then I realized with a jolt that it was coming from inside my head. It was Lucian.

Married To The Devil's Son

Chapter 8: Chapter 8

"Hazel! Hazel!" Lucian called, his voice filled with pain and agony. Was he in pain? No, he couldn't be. I couldn't be hearing this, but I heard my name again "Hazel". Maybe all this wasn't in my head, maybe he was calling for me. I climbed down from the bed, put my robe on, and stalked out of the room.

"Where is His Highness?" I asked two guards walking through the hall.
"I am sorry Your Highness, but we can't tell you. He doesn't want to be disturbed."

Disturbed? So I would disturb him?

Of course, he was having fun with his mistress, and here I am worried about him for nothing. I decided not to worry or care anymore and went back to bed.

Opening my eyes with a yawn I scanned my surroundings. Lucian was sitting in front of the mirror and a maid was combing his hair. Her fingers caressed his cheek and neck when she tried to gather some strands of his hair. I could see that she didn't touch him accidentally, she was doing it on purpose. Disturbed by her action I climbed down from the bed.

When she saw my reflection in the mirror she turned around. "Good morning, Your Highness," she said, bowing deeply.

"Good morning," I said although I had the urge to ignore her but being rude was just not my thing. "I will help His Highness; you may leave." She glanced at Lucian, waiting for him to give her a sign that she could leave, but he didn't move a muscle. Hesitating, she walked out of the room.

I went up to Lucian and stood behind him, staring at his reflection. He didn't look back at me or greet me like he does every morning. He just stared down at the book he held in his hand. Why was he behaving like this?
"Won't you comb my hair since you dismissed the maid?" He asked, still looking at the book. I got the urge to pull his hair and mess it up. Maybe I should. He deserves it for the way he was treating me right now.

"Of course," I said with the softest voice I could muster. I knew how to fix hair and many other things that princesses usually don't have to know, because I was often bored, and I would tell Lydia and Ylva to teach me.

The thing is I wasn't planning on fixing his hair but playing with it. I took the brush and started brushing his hair. It was softer and thicker than my own. How could a man have such beautiful hair? It was not the time for admiring, it was time for

messing around I reminded myself. I made a few braids here and there, not caring how they looked.

"I am done," I said eagerly waiting to see his reaction. He closed the book and looked at his reflection. He frowned as I fought the urge to laugh. There was one braid in the middle, three on one side, and two on the other side. The braid in the middle is what made him look funniest. I couldn't hold it in anymore and let loose a loud peal of laughter.

Lucian got up from his seat, a serious look on his face as he turned around. He grabbed my arm and yanked me close.

"Are you playing with me now wife? You shouldn't play with fire; you will get burned," he said with a low voice. He was intimidating but he chuckled when he saw the terrified look on my face.

"No need to be scared, wife. I am just joking. Do you think you are the only one who can play around?" I pushed him away.

"That wasn't funny."
"Then is this funny?" he asked, pointing at his head and I couldn't help but laugh again.

"You shouldn't be laughing at me when your hair looks like that," he said pointing at my head. I looked myself in the mirror and gasped. I was so angry and occupied with him I didn't even look at myself. My hair looked like a bird's nest. I tried to straighten it with my hands before Lucian wrapped his arms around my waist from behind and hugged me to him.

"Still, you look beautiful," he said near my ear, "and I like the sound of your laughter. It's the first time I've heard you laugh." I wanted to give in. I wanted him to hold me and hear all those sweet things, but no. I couldn't just forget how coldly he had treated me last night. Breaking away from his hold, I crossed my arms, a defiant look on my face.

"Did you have fun last night?"

"Did you?" he asked, irritating me even further. "You seem so reluctant to sleep in the same bed as me, so I bet you slept comfortably last night." Comfortably? When he was with another woman?

"You are cruel," I said and stalked out of the room into my personal room and closed the door. This time he at least came after me.
"Hazel, open the door," he said, knocking loudly. I ignored him and decided to dress up without help.

"Hazel? I said open the door." Who cares what you say? I thought, slipping out of my nightgown.

Looking around for something to do other than open the door, I decided to take a bath, so I
went into my personal bathroom. A hot bath was always prepared every morning. Taking off my towel, I slid into the hot water just as I heard something break. Footsteps ensued. I quickly pressed my knees to my chest and wrapped my arms around my legs as Lucian walked in.

"What are you doing? How can you just walk in like that?"
"You don't leave when I am talking to you," he said flatly.
"You can do what you want, so why can't I?" I snapped. He walked closer to the bathtub and stared down at me. I felt so vulnerable. He crouched down and grabbed a strand of my wet hair in his hand. Something about the way he moved scared me. It was different as if something about him changed.
"Because you don't have the power to do so," he said. Even his voice terrified me at this moment, but I wasn't going to show it.

"What will you do? Beat me? Kill me?" I taunted, trying my best to mask my fear with arrogance.
He leaned in close to my face "How about I burn you?"

A shiver went down my spine. The way he said it and the look in his eyes told me he was serious.
"Why are you shocked? If I can beat you and kill you then why not burn you?"

My throat went dry and I couldn't bring myself to say something. Sighing, he stood up and left without a word.

I didn't see him for the rest of the day. He didn't come for breakfast or lunch and when it was time for dinner I asked one of the guards where he was.
"His Highness went on a business journey, he won't return until tomorrow," He explained.

Even if he was angry, he should have told me. Yet another night I slept alone, but instead of feeling relieved, I felt lonely.

When I woke up in the morning the first thing that came to my mind was Lucian. Was he still on his journey or had he already arrived?
"Has his highness come yet?" I asked the maid while she combed my hair.

"No your highness" I sighed in disappointment. What if he was still angry and decided not to come?
A knock on the door made me jump out of my chair. Lucian!! Maybe a maid has come to inform his arrival but no one opened the door. Strange.
"Come in," I said and the door opened.

"Who are you?" I heard the maid ask. I turned my head and gasped.

"Lydia!! Ylva!!" I yelled running and hugging them like a little girl

"My lady please you shouldn't hug us" Ylva pleaded but I Ignored her.

"What are you doing here? How did you get here?"

"His highness brought us here," Lydia said. Lucian did? "He seems to really care for you" Suddenly I felt bad for fighting with him.

"But it's not allowed. How did father allow that?" I asked confused.

"We really don't know my lady." I wondered what Lucian did to make father let him take his maids. It's something that is never allowed. Anyways I was very happy that I wasn't alone anymore. Dismissing my maid I sat with Lydia and Ylva and told them everything that happened since I came here.

"So you are still a virgin?" Ylva asked shocked. "He must be a nice man if he agreed to wait." He is, sometimes. I didn't tell them about the part where he said he would burn me. I was still confused about what he meant by that.

When it was time for lunch I went to the dining room expecting Lucian to be waiting there but he wasn't. Was he avoiding me? I just lost my appetite. "Where is his highness?" I asked a guard feeling like a desperate wife asking for her husband all the time.

"His highness is in his study and don't want to be disturbed." Ignoring him I went to the study. I opened the door and walked in without knocking. Nobody was inside as I walked in and looked around. My eyes landed on a letter on his desk. Out of curiosity, I opened it but there were only a few words written on it.

'Watch your back. Death is coming.'

Married To The Devil's Son

Chapter 10: Chapter 10

Watch you back. Death is coming.

Is this note written with blood? Oh, God.

"What are you doing here?" suddenly Lucian was in the study.

"What is this note?" I asked.

"It's nothing," he said taking it from me and putting it back.

"Is someone threatening you or is it a joke?" I asked worriedly.

"It's nothing you need to worry about," he said grabbing my wrist and dragging me out of the study. He had a worried look on his face which told me that there was definitely something going on.

"Did you like my present?" he asked before I could ask any further questions.

"Yes, but why? I thought you were angry with me"

"I was and I still am," he said leading the way to the dining room "sit down and let's eat."

I did as he said. He had that aura that signaled danger again. He sat opposite me and when our eyes met I could see flames in them, they weren't calm. Something was definitely different about him, maybe there is something to the rumors.

"How did you bring Lydia and Ylva?" I really wanted to know. Palace maids were never supposed to leave the palace since they can spill secrets of the palace. Once you enter the palace there is no way out, so he couldn't have bought them. He looked up from his plate and stared at me for a while.

"I told the king.... that I would kill you otherwise," he said calmly. I choked on my food. Coughing and breathing for air my hand grabbed the glass of water. Drinking the water slowly I could finally breathe.

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Lucian studied Hazel and waited to see the fear in her eyes even though he hoped she wouldn't fear him but to his disappointment she did. She looked scared and confused. He was already pissed that she just two days ago thought that he would kill her or beat her just because she didn't listen to him and now she looked at him as if he really would kill her. Maybe he was wrong when he thought she would be different. He didn't even know why he went through all trouble to bring her maids.

" I said that because it was the only way to bring them. You don't really think I would kill you, do you?" he said trying hard to control his anger and frustration.

"Then why did you say that you would burn me?" she asked.
"Because...that's what you think about me. You think I am a beast who beats and kills people then you would think that I can burn them as well right?" he said standing up from his seat and hitting the table with his fist which made her jump from her seat and stare at him in shock and fear. He hated that look in her eyes so he strode out of the room not wanting to see her anymore.

Inside his study, he stared at the note.
Watch you back death is coming.

No one would dare play such jokes with him except his brothers. Taking the note he went straight to his brother's quarter. Walking through the halls his brother's guards looked at him with fear and hatred, but that didn't affect him as much as Hazel's fear of him did. Strange he was used to being feared but his wife's fear made him angry.

The young maids stared at him with excitement. He could hear their giggles and whispers.

"He is so tall, so handsome."
"His hair is so beautiful, so are his eyes."
"But he is mine."
"You wish."
"Yes, I wish I worked for him. I would work all day in the kitchen and all night in his bedroom."
And then they giggled. What they didn't know was that he could hear everything they were saying. Reaching the main hall two guards blocked his way.

"Your highness, how can we help you?" they asked politely.
"How about moving out of my way?"
"We can't your highness. We are not allowed to let anyone in"
"Then tell the crown prince to come out and talk to me or I will get in no matter what."

They looked at each other " I am sorry, Your Highness."
"So am I," he said, and before they could think he elbowed one in the stomach and kneed him in the face. The other one tried to swing at him but dodging the swing he went behind him grabbing his neck he hit the guards head on the wall. Leaving the guards on the ground he went on to find his brother. He was not in his study. He grabbed a maid walking through the hall by the arm.

"Where is Pierre?" he hissed.
"His highness is sleeping in his chamber," she replied scared. Letting go of her he made his way to the chamber and swung the door open just to find his brother having fun with a woman.

"What the...." his brother began to yell but stopped when he saw it was Lucian. The half-naked woman brought the sheets up to cover herself.
"Oh brother what a pleasant surprise," Pierre said with a fake tone "You just came on time, how about we share this beautiful lady?" he said caressing the woman's cheek. Her eyes traveled up his body to his face and she gave him an approving smile.

"That's kind of you but this is not so kind," Lucian said holding up the note. Pierre got up from the bed to take a closer look at the note.
"What makes you think I wrote this?" Pierre asked.

"If it's not you then you should know which one of your brothers wrote this"

"And your brothers too" he corrected " I know that no one of them would play such a joke, we are not kids anymore Lucian"

"You better be sure" Lucian threatened.
"It seems you have yet another foe" his brother smirked.

I sat on the bed waiting for Lucian to come after eating dinner without him yet another night. There were a lot of things we needed to talk about but I didn't want to fight with him again.

Because that's what you think about me. You think I am a beast who beats and kills people then you would think that I can burn them as well right?

His voice echoed in my head. I never thought of him as a beast I just thought that he was different. He looked hurt before walking out of the dining room as if he didn't want to see me again and I wondered if he really wouldn't come. Would I have to sleep alone again? I didn't even get the chance to thank him for bringing Lydia and Ylva.

I decided not to sleep alone and go look for him. I looked everywhere but couldn't find him. Where could he be?
"Do you know where I can find his highness?" I asked a guard.
"He is in the barn, Your highness."

I made my way to the barn where I found Lucian feeding his horse. It was dark inside and the only light came from the full moon. As if sensing my presence he looked around until his eyes landed on me.
"I was looking for you," I said walking closer to him.
"Why?" he asked clapping his horse.

"It's just that we have been fighting a lot lately and we never spend time together...I never see you these days and I just...I just.."

"You just what?" he said taking a step closer.
"I just want to spend time with you"
"Why?"

"What do you mean by why?" I said frustrated at his questions.

Grabbing my arm he pulled me closer. "Why means why? why do you want to spend time with me? do you like me? do you miss me? do you want me? you're not scared anymore? that I might kill you, beat you, or burn you?" I could hear the hurt in his voice. 1

"Yes, you scare me sometimes but you treat me well too."

He didn't seem satisfied with my answer but his eyes softened and he let go of my arm " It's late you should go to sleep, I will stay here for a while" he finally said.
"I will stay with you" I insisted.

He opened his mouth to protest but said nothing turning his attention to his horse. I sat down on a haystack nearby where I could still see him and talk to him.
"Thank you for bringing my maids," I said but got no response. I tried to come up with something to talk about while my eyes studied him in the darkness. He looked different as if he belonged to the darkness or was part of it.

"Do you want to go for a ride?" he suddenly asked.
"Yes," I said excited but we were wearing our royal clothes. As if reading my thoughts "there is knitwear right there" he said pointing to the corner of the barn. I saw nothing because it was too dark but walking closer I saw them. How could he see them from far away? Or maybe he already knew they were there. 2
I turned around to ask where I would change but walked almost into his chest.
"You scared me."

"I am sorry. I just thought you would need help getting out of your dress" he explained.
"You don't expect me to change here?"
"Why not? No one is here and it's dark" he smirked. It was true. I couldn't see him clearly.
"I can manage myself"
"Alright, just call for me if you need help," he said and left.

I looked around to see that he wasn't nearby and began to undress, but yes it was really hard to untangle the ropes on the back of my dress and my arms began to hurt.

"Are you sure you don't need help?" Lucian's voice came from behind as he walked closer. "Let me help you" he said and started to untie the back of my dress without waiting for a reply. Now and then his hand would touch my bare skin while untying " I will wait for you outside" he said when he was done.

The clothes were a bit too big for me but it didn't bother me. Lucian was waiting outside with his horse when I came out of the barn.

"Is there any particular place you want to go?" he asked.
"Anywhere is fine," I said.

He helped me up on the horse and we rode off in the night. I have never felt so free before. We went to the market and walked among common people and I was so fascinated by the whole thing because I had never been to a market before and never walked among common people. Then we rode into the woods.

"What are we doing here?" I asked.
"I want to show you something," he said and after a while, we came to a place in the woods where many small yellow lights were flying over the whole place.
"What is this?" I asked while Lucian helped me down.
"It's fireflies. Do you know why they glow?"
"No"

"It's to attract mates or prey." He explained.
I looked at then fascinated. I never knew these things existed.

"They are beautiful," I said.
"Not as much as you are," he said walking right behind me.

I stopped and turned around. Our eyes met and like every time I look into his eyes I felt a force pulling me toward him, making me forget everything else. I wondered if he knew what kind of effect his eyes had on me.

"Your eyes are burning" I whispered when I could finally speak.

He grabbed the back of my head, pulling my face close to his. I could feel his warm breath on my face and butterflies in my stomach.

"Not only are my eyes burning, my whole body is burning with need Hazel," he says as his gaze travels down to my lips.

I open my mouth to fill my lungs with air and my ears get flooded by the pounding sound of my heart. He slowly leans in and presses his lips on mine. The touch is soft and gentle but as soon as our lips touch he pushes me away and takes two long steps back.

Married To The Devil's Son.

Chapter 12: Chapter 12

What just happened? Only a taste of her lips and he could feel his demon wanting to come out. He only felt like that when he was really angry, then his demon would come out to punish whoever enraged him. As time went he had learned to control his anger and keep the demon in check. It has been a long time since his demon wanted to come out so why now?

Take her! She is yours. She belongs to you. The voice inside his head commanded. "Is something wrong?" Hazel asked confused as she walked closer to him.

"Don't come close!" he almost yelled wrapping his arms around his body. He could see hurt in her eyes but he didn't want to hurt her like the time he set his brother on fire. Every time his demon wanted out he did bad things.

Hazel turned around and started to walk away. She was probably angry which he could understand but how could he explain when he himself could not understand. He couldn't even go after her, he needed to calm down his demon first.

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Tears filled my eyes as I walked away. It was my first kiss and he was acting as if it was disgusting. If he didn't like it he could at least hide it. He didn't have to be so rude. I didn't know where I was going but I didn't care. As I walked further into the woods it became darker and darker, feeling scared I turned around to walk back but couldn't find the way. God, I was lost and it was dark. I yelled Lucian's name several times but got no answer.

Always being a sheltered child and never being alone I was petrified and started to panic. Running around in the woods I tried to find my way back without any success. Tired I sat next to a tree. Where was Lucian now when I needed him?

"Hazel!" I turned my head to the side. Lucian was walking toward me "I was looking for you."
"Really? I thought you would be happy if I got lost and you wouldn't have to see me again" I snapped resentfully.

As if he didn't hear me "let's go home" he said.
Standing up "What if I don't want to?" I know I was being childish but I was angry and just wanted an apology or an explanation.

He shot me a hard glare "You better listen to me or you won't like what I will do to you," he muttered under his breath. He was trembling as he spoke. Was he that angry?

"Fine, you better explain to me once we are home."
When we arrived at our chamber I crossed my arms over my chest. "So explain!" I demanded.
"Explain what?"

"Why you are behaving rudely and threatening me by saying that I won't like what you will do to me. What will you do?" I asked in a challenging tone.

Surely he wouldn't beat me, kill me or burn. So what would he do? starve me? Lock me in somewhere?
He looked at me and I saw a glint in his eyes.

"Maybe you will like what I will do to you," he said crossing the distance between us and backing me against the wall.

A devilish smile appeared on his face as he placed his hands above my head on the wall and caged me against it with his much larger body. His spicy scent was like a drug coming off him stronger than before, intoxicating me.

"I want to kiss you, to part your lips with my tongue and slide inside your mouth. I want to pin your naked body underneath mine and feel you tremble while I do all kinds of wicked things a man can possibly do to a woman. I want to hear soft moans of pleasure escape your beautiful lips" he said tracing his thumb over my lips. My breath caught in my throat as he leaned down and brushed his lips against my ear "I want to feel heat radiate from your body."

Lord, I was already aroused by his words and I couldn't breathe. I needed to get away but I felt weak in the knees so I put my hands on his chest to push him away which made him chuckle.

"Why are you doing the opposite of what your body wants?" he asked. I don't know myself I just want to breathe. Maybe I am scared even though I am excited, Maybe I am not ready even though my legs are trembling.

"Fine," he exhales as he lets me push him away "soon you will let me do all these things to you and more." He was behaving differently. Never has he approached me like this before,so straightforward. He was always slow and careful giving me time to think and breathe.

"I'll sleep in my room tonight otherwise I can't promise to behave myself," he said as he walked to his room. "Goodnight wife" and with that, he closed the door leaving me alone.

I lay down on the bed trying to sleep but couldn't. He said he was burning with need so why did he push me away? Then he acted cold, then he told me he wanted to kiss me and do wicked things to me. I was really confused. After a while, I fell asleep.

"My lady, my lady wake up" I heard Ylvas voice.
"Let me sleep," I muttered in a sleepy voice.
"My lady please I need to prepare you and you have slept too long. You are not a child anymore you are a married woman."

"Did she wake up?" what seemed like Lydia's voice asked.

"No. I have been trying to wake her for a while."

I heard the door open and then it became quiet.
Finally!!!

"Leave us. I will wake her up" a deep voice spoke. After a few seconds, a spicy scent invaded my senses and I felt fingers remove the hair from my face placing it behind my ear.

"Hazel..."
"I want to sleep some more" I cut him off.
"You couldn't sleep last night," he seemed to be speaking to himself. "I didn't mean to scare you." 1
You didn't scare me. You made me want you then you hurt me then you made me angry and then aroused. God! I never felt so many emotions in one night before.
"But I meant everything I said" he continued "I do want you and you will eventually admit you want me too"

Married To The Devils Son.

Chapter 13: Chapter 13

I lay in the bathtub as Lydia washed my hair after Lucian had left to let me sleep some more. I knew she wanted to ask something but didn't know if she should, so she was silent.
"He kissed me," I said. Her eyes sparkled.

"Really? Finally!" she said, "How did it feel?"
"It felt..." I remembered when our lips touched the warmth that spread through my body and when our lips separated the emptiness and coldness that came with it. I wanted more, "It felt good," I said.

"But you just kissed nothing more?" she asked.
"No,"
"Don't worry there will be more," she said.
"Lydia?"
"Yes, my lady,"

"How does the first time feel?" I asked. She sensed that I was worried it would hurt and that I wouldn't like it. Just the thought of being naked in front of a man made my cheeks burn.

"Don't worry. I am sure his highness will be gentle since he seems to care for you" she said reassuring me "trust me, no man would have waited so long for the woman to agree. He would have taken you whether you liked it. I was actually worried for you my lady but now that I got to see his highness I am sure he is a good man and will take good care of you."

Everything she said was true. He never denied me anything and treated me well. I should be more understanding toward him and try to get close to him, but why am I afraid? Am I afraid of him? Or afraid of myself around him? It's like I don't have control over my body and mind around him, and his gaze and scent make me feel things I have never felt before.

"And you have to admit your husband is one very good looking man. I can see how the maids drool over him," she smiled "he must have a lot of mistresses," she continued but regretted it when she realized what she had said.

"I am sorry" she whispered with sad eyes, "I didn't mean to..."
"It's fine "I cut her off "It's not like I don't know". This was just my fate as a woman.

After the bath, Ylva came in and helped me dress up. I really missed the way she dressed me and made my hair. She knew my taste and what suited me best so she would always make me look beautiful, but this time she made me look even more beautiful.

"What is the special occasion today?" I asked.
"Nothing my lady. You should always look your best since you have such a good-looking husband," she said, winking at me.
"Thank you," I said as another maid walked in.

"Her highness? where would you like to eat your breakfast?" she asked.

"In the garden" it was my favorite place. Nodding, she walked away. I stood up from my seat to look myself closer in the mirror. I was wearing a wine red dress with long loose sleeves but bare shoulder. It was tight around the waist and up, but loose from the waist down. It had beautiful white patterns on the chest and at the end of the sleeves.

My hair was divided into two half. A straight lower half and a curlier upper half held up by silver hairpins.

"You are amazing, Ylva," I said satisfied with how I looked.
"As long as you are happy, my lady," she smiled.
I went to the garden where breakfast had been served.
"Has Luc..I mean his highness had breakfast?" I asked the maid.

"No, her highness. His highness went to meet the crown prince. The king is unwell," she said. If the king is unwell, I should go too, I thought.

I knew that the quarter next to ours was the crown prince's quarters, so I went over. As I walked in Levi came running to me "My lady" he said with a smile "thank you for the meal last time I never got to thank you." He is such a sweet kid and well behaved. Crouching down to his level, "You are welcome. How old are you?"I asked.

"I am ten. My lady?" his expression suddenly changed.
"Yes"
"Please protect uncle Lucian"
"Why?" I asked curiously.

"Because if the king dies, my father will kill all my uncles." My heart stopped. I knew that to become a king, a prince has to kill all his brothers or exile them. Unfortunately, most of them or almost all killed their brother to eliminate all kinds of threat to the throne. I never liked that idea, but I never thought much of it. Now that Lucian was involved, I felt scared and worried and absolutely hated the idea. How can brothers kill each other?

"My lady" a dark manly voice came from behind. Standing up, I turned around. A soldier who seemed to be a higher rank according to his clothes, maybe a general stood there.
"How can I help you?" he asked.

"I am looking for the crown prince and his highness Lucian" I said.

"The princes have gone to visit the king and I am sorry but no one else is allowed to visit," he said politely. I had a feeling that I have seen him before.
"Have we met before?" I asked.

"Yes, my lady. I am one of his highness Lucians men" he explained, "I brought you here on your wedding day." If he was one of Lucian's men and Lucian wasn't here, what was he doing here? Did he follow me?

"Are you following me?" I asked.
"I apologize, but it's my duty to keep you safe" he said with his deep voice. Was the situation that bad?
"I am commander Lincoln, please let me escort you back, my lady. It's not safe for you to be here."

Lincoln escorted me back to our quarters where many soldiers were gathered, some of them walking back and forth and some speaking in a serious tone. Of the situations were definitely very bad. "Are you sure his highness is fine?"I asked Lincoln.

"Don't worry my lady,I am sure he is fine," he assured.
"Lincoln!" a man called from behind. Turning around a found a young man with long blonde hair and blue eyes walking toward us. He was wearing a military attire and had a smile on his face. Walking closer he looked even much younger maybe seventeen or eighteen.

"My lady" he said and bowed, then he turned to Lincoln and they hugged each other.

"I am glad you are back" Lincoln said.

"Yeah so am I. It's such a pain to be with the other princes, I am happy to be back here and hopefully I will stay here with prince Lucian forever once the king dies" he said simply.

"Be careful" Lincoln warned "he is not dead yet."

"But his condition is very bad. He will either die tomorrow or the day after." I gasped and their gazes turned toward me. Lincoln cleared his throat "This is princess Hazel prince Lucian's wife" he said introducing me.

"I guessed that" the young man said scratching his neck shyly
and his eyes still avoiding me "I am Oliver. I apologize for my way of speaking. I can't keep my mouth shut" he admitted.

"What happens if the kings dies?" I asked still worried about that fact

"Nothing much" Oliver said shrugging his shoulders as if it was not much of a problem" we will fight for prince Lucian to take the throne" he smiled.

"It's not that easy" Lincoln said while my eyes landed on Lucian walking from far away. He was also wearing a military attire with a sword on his left side. He looked taller, stronger, and even more dangerous wearing these clothes. His footsteps made a clicking sound that echoed through the hallway while his hair got blown away by the wind showing an expressionless face.

"Your highness" Oliver smiled as Lucian walked closer and stood in front of us.

"Good, you are back alive," Lucian said patting Oliver's shoulder "Lincoln I will talk to you later but now I need to speak with my wife for a moment," he said as he turned his gaze to me. The men left us alone.

Lucians took some steps back as his gaze traveled down by body and up again. He tilted his head a bit as his eyes glittered with amusement. "Did you dress up for me wife?" 2
Oh God. I had forgotten how Ylva made me look. Was it too much? Maybe I overdid it.

Walking closer he grabbed my chin lifting my head slightly he gazed into my eyes "you look so beautiful you make me forget all of my worries"

Married To The Devil's Son.

Chapter 14: Chapter 14

Lucian gazed down at Hazel as she blushed, and he couldn't help but bring his hand up and caress her pink cheek with his thumb. Heavens knew how much he wanted to lean down and kiss her. She was tempting him with this red dress and her bare neck and shoulders. He had been surprised and relieved that he hadn't forced himself on her last night when his demon was in control. Seems that his demon craves Hazel as much as he does the only difference is that his demon doesn't care about Hazel's feelings while Lucian does.

"Are you alright? I heard that the king is unwell" she asked worried. He had almost forgotten the big problem he had to deal with when he saw her.

"Hazel, I want you to pack some clothes, we will leave the castle". He didn't want for Hazel to stay another minute here. The king could die anytime and he knew that he would be the one to be attacked first, since his brothers hated him. Hazel looked confused at him "I will explain everything on the way" he said "now hurry!".

Once Hazel left Lincoln approached him "Your highness the horses are ready".

"Did oliver get information on what by brother's plan to do?" Lucian asked.

"Yes, your highness. The crown prince is planning on attacking you first once the king dies and he has already pinned your brothers against each other, so that they kill each other and his job becomes easier,". That sounded just like Pierre. Lucian had already expected that from his brother.
"What did he tell them?"

"That I don't know your highness. But your brothers have already begun to travel to gather their allies to help them get the crown. You should do that as well." That

would be the difficult part since not many would want to be his allies and help him because of the rumors about him.

As if Lincoln read his thoughts he said "We should start with Maebeth kingdom." His wife's kingdom was a small kingdom that didn't have much power. Even if they agreed to help him, it wouldn't be that much of a help.

Lydia packed a few clothes for me while Ylva helped me get dressed into more comfortable clothes. Both were worried when I told them about the situation. Just to calm them down "everything is going to be alright" I said even though I myself wasn't sure about that.

I walked out to the garden where Lucian seemed to be busy speaking to some soldiers. I just stood there staring at him. I have never seen him speak much before. He was a man of few words. Until now we never had a conversation that lasted long, and I really wanted our marriage to work.

"My lady" looking to my side, I found a smiling Oliver approaching me. Something about him was different. He didn't look like the usually tough and silent soldier, he looked rather innocent and playful even though he was tall and looked strong.

"Do you prefer a white or a black horse?" he asked. Did he expect me to ride myself? I knew that most princesses know how to ride, it was something a royalty should know but my father never even let me out let alone learn something. I was more a prisoner than a princess back home.

"She will ride with me" Lucian said suddenly, standing next to me and taking my hand in his. Oliver smiled, a smile that reached his eyes. What was he so happy about?
"Fine" he said shrugging his shoulders.

I placed my arms around Lucians waist as we rode off. "Hold on tight, we will ride fast" he had told me, but I didn't expect it would be this fast. Even though I thought this was too fast, many soldiers were riding faster than us, slowing down now and then for Lucian to catch up. That's when I realized he was actually riding slow compared to how fast he usually rides.

"You don't have to slow down because of me," I said, "I am fine."
He chuckled, "are you sure?"
"Yes" I replied.

"Fine, then" he said in a challenging way and suddenly it felt as if I was flying away. The air whipping my face and hair and I got really scared, holding onto Lucian even more. My grip was so hard around his waist I wondered if he could breathe, but he wasn't complaining. Trees, houses, cliffs and lakes were passing by quickly before my eyes and I felt dizzy and sick. I tried to close my eyes and ignore the dizziness and the urge to vomit, but I couldn't fight it for long.

"Please stop" I whispered clutching onto Lucian wondering if he even heard what I said.

Abruptly he stopped, " are you alright?" he asked. I climbed down from the horse fast without any help and ran to the nearest tree, throwing up everything in my stomach. Lucian was already beside me and held my hair away. "Don't.." I began before throwing up again. I didn't want him to see me like this.

"It's alright" he said, massaging my back with one hand as he still held my hair with the other. I was so embarrassed when I turned around and found that all the soldiers stood there looking at me.

Lucian gave me a handkerchief as one of the guards handed him a bottle of water, which he gave to me as well. "Drink" he said as I wiped my mouth still embarrassed "you should have told me to slow down."

I took sips of the water while Lucian watched me intently, as if I would collapse anytime.

"I'm fine, let's continue " I smiled. I didn't want the journey to take longer than usual because of me.

Chapter 15: Chapter 15

We sat leaning against a tree after Lucian told his men that we should rest for a while. I knew he was doing it for me.

"Where are we going?" I asked.

"To Maebeth. To your family." He was going to ask my father to help in this war between brothers. "Will you really kill your brothers?" I asked carefully.
"Yes" he said without hesitation. I shivered at the thought.

"Even your nephews?" he clenched his jaw and closed his eyes, then opened them again.

"I won't have to kill them because my brothers will."
Why? They are just kids. Why kill your family for the throne? That's something I could never understand. Standing up "we should continue" he said. We continued our journey, and I was thankful that Maebeth wasn't far away from Decresh, so we reached there at night, after riding the whole day.

My three brothers were the ones to welcome us. They spoke mostly to Lucian, ignoring me totally. I wasn't expecting more; we were never close. Our family always separated men and women. While men were respected, almost worshipped women were mostly a property that belonged to the men or ready to be sold anytime.

"The king is busy right now but will meet you tomorrow morning. You should eat and rest for now" my brother Harris said as he led us to the guest quarters. Looking at him and the rest of my brothers, I couldn't help but wonder if they would kill each other when father dies.
"What a rude brother you have. It seems you are not close with your brothers either," he said as we entered the guest room.

"True" I said as my gaze landed on the table next to the bed where several food dishes were served covered with white food cover. I thought I would be hungry but my stomach was still upset from the ride so I didn't feel like eating anything.

"Are you hungry?" I asked, my eyes traveling toward Lucian. He had already taken off his military attire and was left wearing a loose shirt that showed off his chest with a pair of pants. It has been three nights since we slept in the same room, so I felt nervousness take over my senses as I remembered what he had told me last night. He wanted to do wicked things to me. Wicked? I had asked Ylva what wicked means, and she had told me it means devilish, sinful.

"What are you thinking about?" Lucian asked laying on the bed leaning his head on his hand, watching me with those captivating eyes.

"Nothing" I said shaking my head, standing stiffly on the same spot.

"Come here" he said, patting next to him on the bed. He wants to do sinful things to me. I urged myself to move and took my cloak off, walking to the bed. I lay down on my back next to him hesitantly, looking up at the ceiling to avoid his intense gaze. From the corner of my eyes, I could still see that he was staring at me in a silence that became unbearable.

"Lucian?" He took a deep breath.

"I never liked my name. My brothers used to tease me with it, calling me Lucifer, making my name sound like a curse. Now when you say my name, I like it. You make it sound like a beautiful prayer." I turned to look at him. He had a faint smile on his face, but there was sadness in his golden eyes.

"Your name is beautiful, and it's not a curse. Lucian means 'Man of light'." He looked at me surprised, but then his face became serious.

"I am no man of light," he said, " there is darkness inside of me."

"Everyone has a bit of darkness inside of them, that's ok because darkness and light can't exist without each other."

"Are you trying to comfort me?" he asked with a smile.
"I am just speaking the truth," I said.

It became silent again, even though I had a thousand questions on my mind. Will you really kill your brothers? What about the note written in blood? Do you like me? But the question that came out of my mouth was, "Why did you agree on waiting to consume the wedding?"

"You feared me and you still are sometimes."

"I don't want to be" I admitted.
"I would never hurt you.. but sometimes... I am not myself."
"What do you mean?"

He lay on his back with a sigh, "I am tired, let's sleep. I will tell you some other time" he said. I wanted to know, but I was exhausted myself as I found it hard to keep my eyes open. Closing my eyes, I let the darkness take over.

I woke up in the morning with Lucian next to me. He was still sleeping on his back, but shirtless. The sheets covered his stomach, but his powerful chest and arms were bare. His raven black hair was spread across the pillow, looking soft and shiny like silk. I took some of his hair in my hand and inhaled his spicy scent that did things to my body I couldn't explain.

My eyes traveled to his face. His eyebrows were thick and perfectly shaped and his eyelashes long and shiny. Now, with his eyes closed, they almost brushed his impressive cheekbones. His nose sharp and hooked cast a shadow on lips that spoke of sensuality. While his hair was dark as the night his skin was pale as the moon, so smooth it made my fingers itch for a touch. I ran my fingers along the edge of his sharp jawline up to the curve of his lips admiring his good looks when his eyes fluttered open and I stared into them unable to remove my gaze. That's when I realized why I had never studied his face before. His eyes were too captivating to make me notice the rest of his face. They held power and passion, but they also spoke of secrets and pain.

He smiled with his eyes. I removed my hand and glanced away, blushing hard. Even though I couldn't see him, I could feel his smile widen at my reaction.
"No need to shy away wife, I am all yours. You can stare and touch however much you want."

When I said nothing because I was so embarrassed, he got up from bed and walked toward the table. My eyes landed on his broad muscular drawn-back shoulders as he walked gracefully. He wasn't too muscular but well built and lean. As he walked, he ran his hand through his hair and my heart skipped a beat. Something with the way he walked and moved did strange things to my body. No wonder the maids drooled over him. I had seen his bare upper body before, but he had been soaked in blood back then. Now... wait! The scars! Even though some of his hair was covering his back but I could still see most of it and there were no scars. It's not possible. His wounds were very deep and I am sure they would leave scars, but there were none.
"Wait!" I said before he could slide into his robe. I got up and walked over to him.

"Wait" I repeated, grabbing his arm and making him turn around. I removed the rest of his hair. No scars, not even a tiny one. His skin looked so smooth, as if he never got whipped, not even once. It's not possible, I thought, shaking my head.

"What is it?" he asked, confused, turning around.
"There are.. no scars. No scars on your back," I breathed in shock, "How?"

Married To The Devils Son.

Chapter 16: Chapter

"Ah, the scars? They healed" he said simply pulling the robe over his shoulders.

"That's impossible, they can't heal that fast and even if they did, they would leave scars," I said still trying to make sense of everything.

"Well, they healed, and they didn't leave any scars," was all he said," now your father is waiting, I need to get going."

I was still confused as he walked to the bathroom. Not possible was all my brain was telling me.

After taking a bath, dressing up and making my hair with the help of some maids, I was on my way to the dining room. Lucian had already left to not make my father wait. I opened the door to the dining room and walked inside. Father was sitting on the short side of the table as mother and Lucian were sitting opposite each other on the long side of it. As I walked closer, I noticed that no one was eating, and the atmosphere was tense. Lucian's hands were clenched under the table and father's expression told me he was displeased. They didn't even notice that I had walked into the room.

Mother was the first to notice me, so she stood up from her seat and came over to me.
"Darling I missed you so much" she said hugging me but got cut off by father.

"Teresa! Behave yourself" he said and mother tensed and walked back to her seat. I hated this, they could never act as parents. Father loved to show off his power, and mother was too scared of him to do anything she wanted.

"Hazel! The queen and I need to speak with you alone" he said as he and mother stood up from their seats and started walking to the door that led to the next room. I glanced over at Lucian, who was still sitting as a statue. He looked up and the expression on his face made my heart clench.

"Hurry!" father said, who had already walked into the room. I hurried inside and the door got closed, leaving Lucian alone in the dining room. What was happening? What did he do to Lucian?

Father walked to the center of the room and turned around with his arms crossed over his chest. "Your husband is asking for my help" he started with a frown "but I can't invest in a war I am going to lose." I couldn't believe my ears. I knew that the kingdom was always his priority, but I thought if his child was in danger he would at least help a little.

"What makes you so sure we will lose?" I asked.
"Your husband has no allies because of the rumors about him, thus his brothers are stronger now" he explained.

"So you will not help even if it means I can die?" I asked slowly becoming impatient.

"That's why you can stay here with us, if you want?" mother said.

"Are you telling me to leave my husband?"
"He can't protect you, you don't need someone who can't protect you" father insisted. I can't believe this! He was the one who made me get married to Lucian even though he knew of his reputation and without considering my feelings just for power, and now he was telling me to come back.

"And you can't throw me away and take me back whenever you want" I spat.

"Hazel!" mother said with a warning.

"Be careful! You cannot speak to your king like that" father yelled.

"You are not my king anymore. Remember, you sold me to another kingdom for power," I snapped "I am leaving with my husband now. If I die it's fine, I will die with him. I was never treated like a living person here anyway," I said. I never defied my parents. I don't know where I the courage from this time. Turning my back, I strode out of the room.

Lucian was nowhere in the dining room. Where did he go?

"Seems your husband thinks it's a good idea to leave you here as well" father voice came from behind. I clenched my fists to control the anger that was building up inside of me. How could Lucian leave me here without asking me if I wanted to stay? Ignoring my father, I ran out of the dining room through the halls to the main garden. Everyone was staring at me in shock because it was unladylike to run, but I didn't care. I just hoped that Lucian hadn't left yet and was relieved when I found him outside with his men.

Everyone was gathered with their horses, which only meant they were leaving. Lucian was leaving without me. Angry, I walked toward him. When he saw me he looked surprised, but when he realized I was angry he frowned. I walked closer and slapped him across the face. I heard some gasps coming from the guards and

some of them stared in shock. Lucian ran his fingers through his hair as he looked back at me. A smile crept its way to his face, and I was shocked at his reaction. He should be angry for slapping him, especially in front of everyone, so why was he smiling?

"What is the reason for slapping me wife?" he asked rubbing his cheek as if it hurt even though I was sure it didn't hurt him, not physically anyway.

"Don't call me wife. If I was your wife, you wouldn't have decided to leave me." He looked at me confused.

"I thought you are the one that wanted to stay," he said.
"And what makes you think that way?" I asked. His gaze shifted to something behind me and he clenched his jaw. I looked behind me. Father was standing at the entry looking amused. It was father. He told Lucian I wanted to stay.

Married To The Devils Son

Chapter 17: Chapter 17

We were riding fast through the woods after leaving father disappointed for failing in his mission to make me stay. "Are you sure you want to come with me?" Lucian had asked. "Your life will be in danger." I had decided that I would rather live in danger than live like a dead person, but that wasn't the main reason I didn't want to stay. I didn't want to stay because I wanted to be with Lucian.

"Feeling alright?" Lucian asked after slowing down.
"Yes, I am fine. I think I am getting used to it" I said, slightly exhilarated. "Where are we going?"

"To Gatrish" he replied. Gatrish, a kingdom known for its wars, slavery and prostitution. Their king was a cruel king with a thirst for blood and appetite for women. It is said that he takes a new wife and a new concubine everyday and that liquor, parties and sex are a part of his daily life and everyone else's living in the kingdom.

"Are you sure it's a good idea to go there?" I asked.

"I know their king. He is the only one who might agree to help," he explained. I could still not get over the fact that he would kill his brothers, even though it was a common thing for princes. I know if he doesn't kill them they would probably kill him: I just wished there would be another way to solve this problem.

I imagine that asking the King of Gatrish for help would just make things worse, even though I didn't know him personally.

We rode the whole day, just taking a few breaks to eat and rest, then we continued riding for the rest of the night. I wondered how Lucian could stay awake. I would fall asleep and wake up now and then, holding onto him tight, scared not to fall from the horse because I was too tired to stay awake.

This time when I woke up, it was morning. The sun shone brightly, the breeze warmer than last night blew Lucians soft hair into my face. I pulled my hand away from Lucian's waist and to remove his hair from my face, but had the sudden impulse to smell it. I grabbed it and inhaled. How could he always smell so good? "Good morning wife" he greeted and I quickly dropped his hair embarrassed.

"Good morning," I whispered back. Looking at my surroundings I noticed that everyone rode slowly. The soldiers chatted and laughed as they rode, not a hint of tiredness showing on their faces, even though they didn't sleep the whole night.

"We have arrived. You will be able to rest soon," he said while we rode over a bridge that led to a big metal gate with a guard on each side. Lincoln jumped down from his horse and went up to one of the guards. They spoke a few words and then the two guards opened the gate for us to enter. As we entered, I swallowed the lump in my throat. I was not looking forward to meeting this king, and I became even more worried when Lucian and his men were told to leave their weapons in a storeroom before entering the castle.

Lucian did so without hesitation, and his men followed. I just stared at them, wide-eyed. Were they on a death mission? I put my hand on Lucian's arm before entering, giving him a worried and questioning look. He returned with a reassuring

smile before following the guard that would show us the way to the bloodthirsty king.
"Prince Lucian has arrived, Your Majesty," the guard informed before opening the door to a room that seemed to be a room for meetings.

"Draco!" my eyes darted to where the sound came from. A tall man dressed casually stood in the middle of the room, a smile plastered on his face as he walked closer to us.

"Your Majesty," Lucian replied, bowing. Wait? Majesty? I had imagined the king to be a short, ugly bald man over his thirties with dirty teeth. Why? I don't know. Maybe because of his reputation, but this man was tall and seemed to be in his mid-twenties. His dirty blonde shoulder-length hair perfectly matched his sun-kissed skin. If it wasn't for the scar on his face that stretched from his left eyebrow to his right eye, people would drown in his ocean blue eyes. He was good looking.

"Oh, please," the King said, waving with his hand. "I thought we had dropped the formalities." He tipped his head to one side as he noticed me standing next to Lucian and studied me with his piercing blue eyes.
"This is my wife, Hazel" Lucian introduced. I tried to smile as he walked closer. He took my hand in his and placed a soft kiss on my knuckles.

"It's a pleasure to meet you, Princess," he said, then turned his gaze to Lucian. "I never thought our Draco would marry anytime soon." This was the second time he had called Lucian 'Draco'. I was confused. "But of course, with your looks anything is possible, isn't that right, Princess Hazel?" he asked, looking my way. I froze up, unable to reply. When I didn't respond, he laughed. He made me nervous in a bad way.

"You guys must be hungry and tired; lets eat!"

We were served fried potatoes, eggs, toast, and ham. A basket filled with an assortment of fruit stood in the middle of the table and servants came in with different kinds of drinks. A servant whispered something into the king's ear and he smiled at us.

"My sisters Astrid and Klara will join us for breakfast. Klara has been dying to meet you since you saved her life." The King said looking at Lucian. Lucian saved the King's sister? Is that why he thought that the king would help us?

"Oh, here they are," he said as two beautiful ladies entered the dining room. They looked just like the king with their long blonde hair and blue eyes and seemed to be around my age.

"This is my sister Astrid," the King said, gesturing to the one with short blonde hair wearing a yellow dress that matched her blonde locks. "and this is Klara." He finished, pointing to the one with longer hair that almost reached to her waist.

She was wearing a blue dress that made her blue eyes stand out even more. So she was the one Lucian saved? She was stunningly beautiful. I couldn't help but wonder if that was the reason Lucian saved her.

"You know Lucian, and this is his wife Hazel" he said, introducing us in return. Klara's eyes widened as she stared at us, confused, but quickly got over her puzzlement and smiled.

"Welcome. We are happy to have you here" Astrid smiled.

Married To The Devils Son

Chapter 18: Chapter 18

Klara kept glancing Lucian's way as we ate our breakfast, while the King and Lucian spoke informally with each other, which surprised me. The King was willing to help Lucian as they were already speaking of how to win this war. I only feared he would ask for something in exchange. Something bad.

"You should stay here until the King dies, then we will take action," the King said. As if waiting for someone's death was a daily occurrence.

"Rasmus? can you stop acting like a King at least until we eat our breakfast?" Klara asked.

Rasmus, Klara, Astrid: their names sounded northern.
"Of course" Rasmus smiled at his sister.

"We have a party tonight. I hope you can attend after you have rested," he then said to me and Lucian.
"Of course" Lucian replied.

"Astrid, why don't you take them to a nice room. I am sure they would like to rest."

I was so tired, but as I laid on the bed next to Lucian all I could do was ask questions.

"You seem to know Rasmus pretty well," I began.
"Yes," was all he said before closing his eyes. He lay on his back while I lay on my side, facing him.
"Why does he call you Draco?"

"It's just a nickname" he said shortly. This wasn't working. I couldn't reach through to him. Maybe he was too tired.

"His sisters are beautiful."

He shot his eyes open and looked my way. He looked at me calculatingly for a while before he replied, "Yes, they are."

"How did you save his sister" I asked curiously. I think I saw a brief smile on his face before it disappeared quickly.

"I didn't. I just spared her life. Our kingdoms were at war with each other few years ago and we won by killing most of their men."

"Are you saying she went to fight in a war?" I asked, surprised. She was a woman, not only that, but a princess, and she went to fight a war?

"Yes, she and her sister. They are warriors and know very well how to fight. After all, their ancestors were Vikings; they have it in their blood." I just listened, fascinated by how these beautiful women could be warriors. I wondered if he was fascinated by them as well. Maybe that's why he spared her life. Maybe he thought she was beautiful. She was at least more beautiful than I was; much more beautiful.

Letting out a sigh, I closed my eyes and tried to sleep, but then I heard Lucian say, "Thank you for coming with me" in a sleepy voice. Opening my eyes, I looked at him. He was asleep.

I shifted in bed for a while, but I couldn't fall asleep. Sitting up, I swung my legs down off the bed and stood up on the neat sapphire blue carpet that covered the ground.

The whole room was decorated in white and different shades of blue. The walls were a light blue while the doors and the window frames were white. The curtains were a beautiful turquoise adorned with blue crystals at the tips and framed the enormous glass windows that showed a clear blue summer sky.

I looked back at Lucian, who was sleeping peacefully on the royal blue satin sheets. He looked more beautiful than ever while asleep. I slid into a simple dress, fixed my hair and put my shoes on before exiting the room.

I walked through the halls, not knowing exactly where I was when I heard female voices I recognized coming from a room. I stopped to listen.

"Klara, there are a thousand men out there who desire you. Just forget about him"

"I know, but no one is like him. I want him, sister."

"He is married now. Why do you want to be a second wife when you can get any man you want?" Astrid asked, frustration clear in her tone.

"I would rather be with someone I want and become a second wife than be with someone I don't want," Klara said stubbornly.

"He is a man with no position right now. There is no guarantee that he will become the next king of Decresh." A tiny gasp escaped past my lips. Yet it was loud enough for Astrid to hear in the echoing room. They were talking about Lucian.

"Who is there?" Astrid asked as I heard her footsteps coming closer. I quickly hid behind one of the limestone columns in the hall.

"What is it?" Klara asked.

"Nothing. I just thought I heard someone" Astrid said and then I heard the door close. I peeked from behind the column to make sure they were gone and then quickly got away from there.

I rushed through the halls trying to find my way back to the room. My life had become a mess in only a week. First, I got married against my will, then before I got to know my mysterious husband a war knocked on the door, then I fought with my parents and now I was in a kingdom ruled by a bloodthirsty king and his sister who wanted my husband.

While looking for a room I found an exit to a garden. I walked out and found some of Lucian's men chatting there. Some were sitting under the roof, away from the sun resting while some were talking about someone. Me.

"Did you see how she slapped him" a guard with brown hair asked imitating me slapping Lucian. He lift his hand and drew it back before landing a fake slap on another guards cheek.

"Behave yourself, Ky," Lincoln said, sitting with his eyes closed, leaning his back on the wall.
"No seriously. She is brave. I like her." he continued, ignoring Lincoln.

"She shouldn't have slapped him in front of everyone. It was disrespectful toward his highness," another one retorted. Oliver laughed, turning around. He saw me standing there and I thought he would say something to make the men know I was there listening to everything, but he kept quiet and let the men continue talking about me.

"She is a good person," someone defended me. It was the brother of Lisa, the maid who stole my golden hairpin. "She genuinely cares for His Highness," he continued.

"That's true," another one said. Oliver smiled a mischievous smile before saying, "My Lady," finally making my presence known and surprising the guards. Everyone stood up quickly, "My lady," they said, bowing deeply and then looking at me with fear.

"I apologize for their behavior," Lincoln said, bowing deeply. "Apologize to Her Highness!" he reprimanded, sending the guards a hard glare.

"It's all right." I smiled. "Everyone is entitled to their own opinion." They all stared at me in surprise, except Lincoln. His face showed no expression.

Married To The Devils Son

Chapter 19: Chapter 19

I laid in the bathtub filled with hot water, thinking about what the guards had said about me. I shouldn't have slapped Lucian in front of his men. It was disrespectful, and still he hadn't got angry with me. He was asleep when I came back to the room, so I asked a maid to prepare a hot bath for me. The hot water was soothing, relaxing my tense muscles until it felt like a massage and in a moment it made fall into a deep sleep.

I woke up shifting in the bed. The soft satin sheets rubbed against my skin and I realized I was not wearing much. I quickly sat up on the bed and lifted the sheet up. I was only wearing a towel, my shoulders, legs and thighs were bare. It took me a moment to remember that I was taking a bath earlier and fell asleep and now I was here. How?

A sound made me look to my left. Lucian was sitting in a chair, a glass of wine in his hands as he studied me with those extraordinary eyes. He was the only one who could have brought me here, which meant that he had seen me naked. Heat crept

it's way up to my cheeks and I grabbed the sheets around me closer as if they would protect me from his gaze or change the fact that he had seen me naked.

"Did..did you bring me here?" I stammered. He put his glass down, standing up he walked toward me.
"Would you prefer someone else did?" he asked standing at the end of the bed towering over me. I felt uncomfortable, so I climbed down from the bed still gripping the sheets around my body and tried to get away from him, but he grabbed my arm and pulled me in for a hug. I gasped and dropped the sheets, standing there in only a towel while he held me so tight I couldn't even breathe.

"Why?" he breathed into my neck as his arms trembled slightly.

"Why?" I repeated, confused at his question. He pulled away and stared at me, "You should dress. The party starts soon" he said and left quickly.

Two maids walked in just after Lucian had left. "My lady, we shall help you prepare for the party."

They showed me several beautiful dresses to choose from. Most of them showed a lot of cleavage which I didn't like, but it seemed to be the kind of dresses they wore in this kingdom. I chose the least revealing one, a black off the shoulder dress with a v neckline that showed only a little cleavage.

When I was done dressing, it was time for hair. The maids styled my hair up beautifully, only letting a few strands of hair fall at the sides of my face. I put some jewelry on, beautiful diamond earrings with a matching bracelet and a ring. I looked at myself in the mirror one last time before the maids led me to where the party would take place.

My eyes scanned the extravagant hall as I walked in. People in fancy clothes, eating, dancing, chatting and drinking filled the hall, their voices and laughter mixed with the music. A perfectly polished floor, scarlet rugs with matching curtains, dining tables and chairs. Two long tables stood at the back of the room where many different grand dishes and drinks were served.

I felt a hand around my waist, turning my head until I found Lucian next to me. His eyes were dark, and he seemed to be in a grim mood. He didn't even look my way as he led me inside.

"How do I look?" I asked, gathering some courage. He paused and looked at me. His gaze softened as his eyes traveled the length of my body, lingering a little longer on my breasts before traveling back up to my face.

"Do you want me to answer politely or honestly?" he asked in a serious tone.

"Honestly" I whispered.

He leaned down to say something, but just then someone spoke from behind him.

"I see you have come" The King walked toward us not dressed as fancy as royalties like to dress, but he still looked good.

"You look very elegant in black, Princess Hazel," he said as he took my hand and kissed it.

"Thank you, your majesty," I responded.

"May I have a dance?" he asked, stretching his hand toward me. I glanced at Lucian and he gave me a reassuring smile. I took the king's hand, and he led me to the dance floor. He danced so elegantly, making us spin and glide over the dance floor with ease.

"I never thought fragile women were Draco's type," he smiled.

I never got described as fragile, but a man with sisters who were warriors would probably think of me as fragile.

"Why do you call him Draco?" I asked, ignoring his remark.

"Do you know what Draco means?" he asked.
"No"

"It means devil. Haven't you heard the legend of Dracula?"

"No" I replied once again.

"The legend speaks of a king who wanted to save his country from intruders but never had enough power, so he made a deal with the Devil. The Devil gave him the strength of a thousand men and an eternal life in exchange for his soul. Therefore, they named him Dracula after the Devil."

I was confused. Why was he telling me this? Noticing my confusion, he continued.

"Your king sent Lucian to war with only 500 men against an army with 2000 men. It's said that Lucian killed hundreds of men on his own and came back home with victory. He was only seventeen at that time. After that, he won every war. People said that the battlefield was his playground and began to believe the rumors about him being the son of the Devil. I, on the other hand, believe he is The Devil."

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Married To The Devils Song

Chapter 20: Chapter 20

"I don't believe these things." I said as I noticed Lucian dancing with Klara, and I completely forgot what the king just told me. She blushed as she said something to him and blinked with her long lashes seductively.
The King chuckled, "you're pretty possessive about your husband."

I wasn't listening to him anymore because Klara was leading Lucian somewhere secluded outside of the hall.
"I need to speak with my husband. Will you excuse me, Your Majesty?" I said.

He gave me a knowing smile and dropped my hand. I rushed through the dancing crowd and proceeded out of the hall. Where did she take him? Looking through the halls, I couldn't find him and even if I did, what would I do? Men had the privilege of taking other women if they desired to. I hated this unfairness.

"My lady, are you lost?" said a maid who noticed that I was walking through the halls looking for something.
Yes, I was lost; I didn't know where to go or what to do.

"I can show you the way…" she offered, and then gestured with her hand, "the party is that way."

"Show me to my room instead." I demanded.

I paced back and forth in my room restlessly as I waited for Lucian. Where was he? What was he doing? Images of Klara and him naked under the sheets appeared in my head, and I quickly struggled to push these thoughts away. As I imagined all the dirty deeds they might do with one another, my train of thoughts came to a halt as the door to the room opened and Lucian strutted in.
"Where were you?" I blurted, unable to stop myself. He lifted an eyebrow questioningly.

"Why?" he asked, walking seductively in my direction.
"I saw you leave the party with Klara." I said with all confidence I could muster. I tried not to be intimidated by his closeness or by his burning gaze.

"So?" he asked, walking even closer until I could smell his spicy scent. Suddenly the air became hot and heavy, and my mind became like a fog. I took a few steps back to get away from his intoxicating presence. I needed to regain my ability to think straight.

"Don't you think it's a little unfair, wife? You don't like me being with someone else, yet you don't want to be with me..." He said.

Well, yes, I know I was being unfair. I should just give him what he wants and needs.
"That's not true." I attempted to deny.

"Then kiss me."

****

Lucian studied Hazel's features as they morphed into surprise, but then determination appeared in her chocolate brown eyes. To his disbelief, she crossed the distance between them, wrapped her arms around his neck and pulled him down, crushing his lips on her own. Her plump lips were soft and sweet as they moved against his, but with hesitance, he noted. He could tell by her restrained movement that she was inexperienced.

He raised his arm and grabbed a handful of her hair and tilted her head back slightly. Then he took charge. He kissed her slowly, teasingly, trying to teach her lips how to move. Her lips quivered slightly, but then she slowly adapted to his movement until their lips moved in sync.

He ran his fingers down her spine, pulling her so close until no space was left between them and he could feel her heart hammering against his chest. Then his fingers traveled back up her spine and entangled themselves in her hair. This time he pulled her closer, adding more pressure to their lips. She moaned in response and his control snapped.

He grabbed the arm of her dress, ready to tear it apart; he wanted her naked, her bare skin against his, her legs wrapped around his waist as he lose himself inside of her. She was tormenting him with her lips and his hands began to shake in self restraint. He didn't want to scare her by tearing her dress like a beast, now that she kissed him purely out of her own will. Lust made his vision black as his inner demon urged to take control over his body.

Hazel pulled away from the kiss, but he grabbed her harshly, wanting more. She whimpered under his grasp.
"Lucian, you're hurting me." She complained.

He must've scared her again. He cursed under his breath as he tried to loosen his grip. Slowly, he looked up to meet her gaze, expecting to see fear, but all he saw was concern. What was she so concerned about?

"You're trembling. Are you alright?" He noticed that he was shaking uncontrollably as she asked.

"I… I'm just cold." He lied, but even his voice was shaky.
"Are you sick?" she asked as she walked closer, then placed her palm on his forehead.

"You're burning. You have a fever!" She gasped, but wasted no time in grasping his hand and leading him to the bed.

"Lay down." She commanded.
When he complied "I'll be back." she said and left. He let out a sigh of relief.

He didn't protest about her departure, because he wanted to be alone. He cursed inwardly and wondered what he had done to make the gods give him such a fate. Truly, he was cursed.

Hazel came back with a bowl of water and a cloth. She sat on the carpet next to the bed and patted the cloths she dripped in the water on his forehead.

"I'm fine, Hazel. I don't need this." He protested.
"You are not fine. You're burning like fire." If she only knew that he wasn't burning because he was sick, but because he wanted her. He wanted her so badly it hurt.

She repeated the same movement for a while, and he could feel her getting tired. "I am fine now, come and sleep."

"I'll sleep after you fall asleep." She said.

He knew she was stubborn and wouldn't listen, so he didn't argue with her. Instead, he pretended to fall asleep in hopes that she would sleep as well.

After a while he could hear her breathing became steady, so he opened his eyes and found her in deep slumber. Her head rested on the bed while she still sat on the floor. He climbed down and gathered her in his arms before he carefully placed her on the bed, then he watched her while she slept peacefully. Never in his life had he

thought he could fall in love, but now he was slowly falling for this woman; his stubborn and easily jealous wife.

Married To The Devils Son.

Chapter 21: Chapter 21

I panicked. How could I have fallen asleep when Lucian was ill? I quickly placed my hand on Lucian forehead who was still sleeping. No fever. What had made him so ill last night? He seemed fine just before we kissed.
The kiss.

His hand on my back, around my waist, in my hair, pressing body to his, the heat, the tingling sensation. I brought my hand up to my lips. His lips had been so soft yet so firm, moving against mine till I was breathless. He tasted like spices; hot burning your tongue, yet you came back for more. More... Yes, I wanted more.

I had been willing to give myself to him last night, but slowly his kiss had become sloppy. His arms trembled before his entire body shook. Fear showed in his beautiful eyes, struggle on his face and sweat beads on his forehead. I had seen him like that once before, when we were in the woods, when our lips had touched.
Something told me it had to do with the kiss, but why? 1
Someone knocked on the door. Who could it be this early in the morning? Lucian swung his legs down from the bed startling me and stalked to the door as if hadn't been sleeping just now. Sometimes he was really strange. He opened the door and then I only heard whispering sounds before he closed it.

"I need to go" he said, picking up his jacket from the bed and putting it on.

"Where?" I asked, worried.

"I will be back," he said as he left, ignoring my question. What happened that made him so stressed? Was it the bloodthirsty King, or did his father die? Unable to suppress my worry, I quickly got dressed and went looking for him.

It was a lovely day. The sky crystal blue, the sun casting its golden rays on the beautiful garden.

Lucian's men sat in the garden eating their breakfast at a large table. They seemed to have fun, chatting and laughing loudly.

"Good morning, Your Highness," they greeted, standing up and bowing in unison when they took notice of me.

"Good morning." I smiled, my eyes traveling along the table looking for Lincoln. He was not there.

"Are you looking for someone, my lady?" a guard asked.
"Where is Lucian?"

"His Highness went to meet the king," he said. So it was the bloodthirsty king. What did he want?

"May I sit with you?" I asked. They looked at each other with shock and confusion before they started moving around quickly, trying to organize a place for me to sit.
"Of course," a guard said, pulling a chair out for me to sit on. Then, they just sat there, like disciplined children waiting for their teacher to give them a lecture. I could see that I was making them uncomfortable, but I needed some information that only they could give. I decided to go easy on them first.

"Why don't you guys tell me your names?" I suggested. I only recognized Oliver and Ky as the one that imitated me slapping Lucian.

They glanced at each other, exchanging wide-eyed gazes before they presented themselves. The soldier to my left side stood up and introduced himself first.
"My name is Callum Atkinson, My Lady." He bowed before he sat down again and the rest went on introducing themselves: Chad, Declan, Anum, Claus, Danilo and I forgot the rest because they were too many. It didn't matter because I wasn't here to know their names but to know more about Lucian, to know the truth.

"My lady, why would you want to know our names? We are nothing but your servants," one of them asked. I think it was Anum. Lydia and Ylva were my servants as well, but they were the only people who truly cared about me and I about them.

"You are more than just a servant. You are a human being, a son of someone, a brother, a friend. If you are married, a husband, and if you have children, a father. Stop saying that you are just servants because I am only a princess." A princess who had been locked inside her home by her own parents, who never treated her like their child.

They never played with her, never hugged her, never asked about her opinions or feelings. They treated her like a doll who always had to look perfect and act perfect or 'ladylike' until they find someone they could sell her to. But even then, she was not free. She would remain the doll she was without feelings and without opinions. Her husband would do as he pleased, and she wouldn't be able to do anything about it.

If Lucian decided to take Klara as his wife, what would I do? What could I do? The guards stared at me, confused by what I said.

"I mean, I am a princess now, but I might be nothing tomorrow," I explained, even though that was not what I meant. Still, it was the truth. Once Lucian's father dies, we would either get killed or live to hide forever, because the chance of Lucian becoming the next king is almost impossible. His brothers were more powerful now because they had many allies. Lucian's only ally was this bloodthirsty king whom I didn't entirely trust.

Why would he fight in a war he would most likely lose?
My thoughts went back to what Rasmus had said about Lucian last night. I didn't want to believe him, but a part of me was suspicious. That's why I was sitting here with his men. I tried to find ways to ask about Lucian without sounding suspicious, but gave up and asked them directly instead.

"Is it true that Lucian killed hundreds of men on his own during a war?"

Everyone looked up from their plate and seemed to consider what to say before opening their mouths. "Yes. My Lady. It's war. You either kill or get killed,"

Callum said finally. So it was true? He had participated in many wars, killed many on his own, yet he had no scars on his body, not even a tiny one. Something about Lucian wasn't right, and I intended to find out what it was.

Married To The Devils Son.

Chapter 22: Chapter 22

Beautiful women clad in silk flowed into the room and began to move in rhythm with the music. Lucian watched as the curvy women in front of him swayed with their hips seductively to get the males' attention. Rasmus who was sitting next to him seemed to enjoy the view while sipping his wine.

"I like that red-haired one. Which one catches your attention?" Rasmus asked.

Lucian's eyes swept over the women twirling around each other wearing almost nothing. Yes, they were beautiful, exotic, but none of them enticed him.

"Hard to decide? You can take two if you want." Rasmus said in amusement when Lucian didn't reply.

Maybe he should. It has been a long time since he took a woman to bed, and that might be the reason his demon was out of control. Taking a woman might calm his demon down a bit so that he could finally be with Hazel.

"I'll take the blonde" Lucian finally decided. Rasmus gave him a knowing smile.

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Looking out the window, I watched as the clear blue summer sky transformed into a sea of blackness. The sun got swallowed by the rapidly falling night and the sky got freckled by shimmering stars. It was a beautiful sight.

"My Lady, dinner is served downstairs."A maid informed who had just walked in. Finally, I could meet Lucian after not having seen him for the whole day. As I made my way to the dining room, my heart pounded in my chest with anticipation. Images of our kiss from last night replayed in my head and I had a feeling that more would happen tonight, but to my disappointment the room was empty as I entered. There was no sign of Lucian.
"My lady?" Looking over my shoulder, one of Lucian's guards was standing there.

"His Highness told me to inform you he cannot join you for dinner tonight," he said.

"Why? did something happen?" I asked, concerned. These days I always felt anxious, waiting for something bad to happen.

"No, My Lady. He is attending a party the king threw for men only?"

"Oh.." was the only thing I managed to say. Party for men only didn't sound good. The king of Gatrish is known for his parties that include exotic women, sex and liquor. And knowing that Lucian was there made me feel uneasy.

I sat at the large table and tried to enjoy the food and not think about anything else when Astrid and Klara strode into the room.

"We heard that you are dining alone, so we came to accompany you, if that's all right?." Astrid inquired.
"Of course" I smiled.

Once they sat down the maids served them dinner as well.

"I hope you are enjoying your stay here even though a lot is going on in your kingdom," Astrid said.

"I am, thank you." I lied. I was hardly enjoying myself, especially with her sister having an interest in my husband. "I heard the king is throwing a party. What is the special occasion?" I asked, trying to get some information.

"Nothing actually. My brother just enjoys his parties and women."

"Yeah, if there is one thing a man can't resist is, it's the body of a beautiful woman," Klara spoke for the first time since she came here.

I had a feeling she was telling me something. It didn't matter. Lucian wouldn't take another woman, would he? If he had done it before he certainly would now.
My stomach churned, and I lost my appetite.

"Thank you for keeping me company. Have a good night." I said standing up from my seat once they were done eating.

As I headed back to my room, my thoughts drifted back to Lucian. I was both anxious and curious to what he was doing. I knew I wouldn't be able to fall asleep, so I decided to take a walk around the castle when I heard giggling sounds coming from around the corner.
Looking around the corner, I found a group of maids standing on stools looking through a window. They were so occupied that they didn't even notice me approaching them. Curious to what made them so engrossed, I stood on an empty stool beside them and peeked through the small window.

The first thing I noticed was the women dancing around each other in circles wearing clothes that cover nothing but their private parts. They were swaying with their hips and twisting seductively with their bodies to some music that I couldn't hear.

"Oh... they are so beautiful." A maid spoke while never taking her eyes off the dancing women.

My eyes traveled to the back of the room where a group of men were sitting watching the dancers. I recognized the King, who was sitting in the middle with a glass of wine in his hand. He had a smirk on his face and was speaking to someone sitting next to him. Lucian!
Lucian nodded and watched the dancers intently. His gaze was dark and held an emotion I couldn't identify. Now some men were leading a few dancers out of the room.

"Wow.. did you see the woman general Richard chose?" A maid gasped.

"I wonder which one the King will choose," another one said.

"And who is the handsome man sitting next to the King?"

The King stood up from his seat and led a red-haired dancer out of the room, which made a few maid's gasp.
"Oh... he is the prince of Decresh, it is said he is the son of the devil," an old maid said sounding disgusted.

"The devil must be extremely handsome then."

Yeah, Lucian looked extremely handsome sitting there staring at the dancer. I didn't like the way he was looking at them. I didn't like that he was looking at them at all, but that wasn't the worst that could happen, because he was now leading a blonde dancer out of the room.

Married To The Devils Son.

Chapter 23: Chapter 23

Lucian watched as the blonde woman undressed seductively, waiting to get a reaction from him, but when she got nothing...

"Don't be shy. Maybe... you would like to undress me?" she said as she stalked toward him while eyeing him up and down. "Or maybe I should undress you first" she continued as she tugged at his robe.

He grabbed her arm harshly and gave her a hard glare. Why didn't he like the fact that this woman was trying to undress him when he came here willingly?

"Oh... so you want to do it with clothes on? I get it. Everyone has their own preference." she smiled, trying to lighten his mood.

He let go of her arm and as soon as he did she slid her arm around his neck and pulled him down, pressing her lips to his. She kissed him hungrily, and he kissed her back, but he felt nothing. Why? He pushed her body closer, trying to feel something but nothing. She didn't taste as sweet as Hazel, didn't smell like her, didn't feel like her. She didn't make his heart beat as fast, or his body burn as hot as Hazel did, and his demon was as silent as the dead.

He was getting frustrated. Why wasn't his body reacting? He ripped her clothes off and pushed her down on the bed. She gasped but seemed satisfied thinking she made him go wild when it was the opposite. Maybe seeing her naked would make him excited, but it didn't. He tried to touch her and kiss her once more, but nothing. This wasn't working.

He was here to feed his demon, but his demon wasn't a bit hungry. Getting up, he grabbed the sheets and covered her body. She stared at him, confused. Then turning around, he stalked toward the door as it was useless to try. No one could make him feel as Hazel did.

"Where are you going?" she called behind him. Ignoring her, he opened the door and walked out.

He walked through the halls confused. What did Hazel do to him that made it impossible for him to desire other women? He used to enjoy his women before his marriage. Now he couldn't even go back to his room because Hazel would be there and having her in the same room without touching her would be difficult.
"You don't need to follow me."

Lincoln who had been following him silently appeared from the shadows.

"Allow me, your highness, it's for your own safety." He said.

Lucian didn't like to be followed, but Lincoln had been doing that since they came here. Apparently, he didn't trust Rasmus, or to be correct, Lincoln trusted no one easily.

"Keep an eye on Hazel instead." Lucian ordered.
"Her highness is under Oliver's protection." Of course, Lincoln always had everything in control.

Lucian continued walking through the halls with Lincoln walking right behind him. He knew Lincoln cared for his safety too much to leave him alone. He remembered the first time he met him. He was eleven back then and Lincoln fifteen.

While the rest of his men feared him at first, Lincoln never showed any kind of fear.

He never questioned Lucian's abilities, and he never reacted when Lucian behaved differently. Sometimes Lucian wondered what Lincoln really thought about him.
"Lincoln?"

"Yes, Your Highness."

"Do you believe me to be the devil's son?"

"It doesn't matter to me, Your Highness."

"That's not what I asked," Lucian said, "and I want you to be honest."

"I am not sure, but I know you are different." No doubt. Lincoln was someone who paid attention to minor details.

"Your Highness?" Lincoln's voice was filled with concern. "I don't like that we can't have our weapons. We can't protect ourselves." Lucian had the urge to laugh. Lincoln was all about safety and protection, and he just wanted the man to relax.

"Relax Lincoln. They have no reason to harm us," and if they did, Lucian would burn them all.

When they reached the main entrance Lucian heard the clinking sound of swords. He went out to the cold night breeze and found Astrid and Klara fighting in the middle of the big garden.

He watched silently for a while, observing their skills. Astrid was the cautious type, she defended herself a lot from Klaras attacks but ones she attacked she never missed.That was both her strength and weakness.

Klara, on the other hand, was the type to attack. She swung with her sword continuously aiming at different places. On top of that she was quick, but she wasn't very good at protecting herself. One needed to both attack and defend.

Astrid swung her sword at her sister so hard it made her sister's sword slid from her hand. Without giving Klara a chance to recover Astrid swung her sword at her again but Klara was quick and kicked the sword out of her sister's hand. Now none of them had a sword. Klara tried to pick up hers fast, but Astrid has already placed a dagger on her sister's throat.

"I told you many times, you always need to have an extra weapon." Astrid said. Klara removed the hair out of her face and stared at her sister angrily.
"One more time." She breathed.

"No, I am tired. I need some sleep." Astrid said while putting her dagger back and picking up her sword. Turning around, she noticed him standing there for the first time.

"Prince Lucian?" She said surprised, "what brings you here?" Klara got to her feet quickly and adjusted her hair before looking his way.

"I was just passing by when I saw you fight."
"I am better than my sister, right?" she said looking at her sister mockingly.

"That wasn't my best" Klara shot her an angry glare before looking back to Lucian. "Why don't you fight with me?" She suggested to him.

"He is not wearing clothes suitable for a fight, sister." Astrid said as she looked him up and down.

"All right. How about tomorrow? I will think of what to ask of you when you lose till then." She smirked.
"Don't bother, because I won't."

Married To The Devils Son.

Chapter 24: Chapter 24

Sitting in front of the mirror, a maid combed my hair.
"Your hair is so beautiful," she smiled.
Yeah but unfortunately I wasn't a blonde and my husband seemed to like blondes.

"Thank you" I smiled back.

"My Lady, do you want this dress or this one?" she said holding up two new dresses once she was done with my hair.

"None of them. Pick me a really beautiful dress." I ordered. I would make Lucian regret what he did. I would make him sleepless as he made me. I even wanted to make him cry because even though I didn't want to admit to myself, I cried a
little last night.

Oh, how I needed Lydia and Ylva now.
The maid picked me a peach-colored dress which suited my hair and skin color perfectly.

I put some paint on my lips and some perfume, then I let my hair down as I looked at myself in the mirror.

Now he would want me, but I wouldn't give in so easily.
Lastly, I put my shoes on and strode out of the room. As I walked through the long hall, I started to lose my confidence. What if he didn't even want me? He could always have another woman. I would always be the one to lose.

These were the times I hated being a woman.

When I neared the dining room, my heart was pounding so hard in my chest. I knew Lucian was waiting there, and I was both angry and nervous, maybe more angry than nervous.

I slowly opened the door and walked inside. Lucian was sitting at the table and he stared right at me when I entered the room. I forgot to breathe for a moment when his eyes met mine, but I quickly reminded myself how angry and hurt I was. I tried to suppress my angry. It was important to control myself if I wanted to win this war.

"Won't you sit down?" he asked, gesturing to the seat next to him.

Saying nothing, I made my way to the table and down while all while avoiding to meet his gaze.

"Did you have a good night's sleep?" He asked. Of course not, but I am sure you did.

"Yes, I did, Your Highness." I said in a flat tone. He looked at me, surprised.

"Won't you ask me?"

"Did you sleep well, Your highness?" I asked, using the same tone again. He chuckled.

"That's not what I meant. Will you not ask why I never came last night?"

"I don't have any right to ask, Your Highness." He frowned and looked at me, confused.

"Hazel?" he said in a firm but soft voice that sent shivers down my spine. I resisted the urge to look up and meet his gaze.

"Look at me." he demanded. No way I would do that. His eyes were my weakness and I wouldn't show him my weakness right now.

When I didn't do as he said, he grabbed my chin and lift my head up slightly.

"Look at me, Hazel." He said even softer this time. I couldn't help but look up and gaze into his eyes.

"Is something wrong?" he asked.

"No, Your Highness."

"Don't call me that." He said sounding slightly irritated now. Good. He should be more than that.

"All right." was all I said. He sighed.

"You seem to be in a terrible mood compared to how you dressed." He said as his eyes traveled along my face down to my chest. His gaze felt like a hot iron on my skin.

"I am not hungry, excuse me." I said standing up, ready to get away from there only to make him angry but before I could move he grabbed my arm and pulled me against the table trapping me between him and it.

"Are you taunting me wife? You dress so beautifully and you smell so good, but you are running away."

"I am not running, I am just not hungry." I said, trying to sound innocent. His eyes got darker.

"But I am." he said slowly, leaning closer. He placed each hand on each side of my body so that I couldn't get away, then he placed his head on the side of my neck. I could feel his hot breath on my skin.

"I can't..." he breathed heavily as his lips brushed against my skin. I tilted my head back, wanting him to kiss every inch of my skin. He leaned even closer, pressing his body to mine as his lips traveled up to my jawline until they brushed mine. A soft brush that made me curl my toes.

"You should stop me." he breathed before crushing his lips on mine. Yes, I should stop him. Why am I kissing him? How could he kiss me with those lips that had kissed another woman last night? Just thinking about that made me fuming with anger, and I bit his lip.

He pulled away with a hiss and brought his fingers up to his lip. He was bleeding. He wiped the blood with his thumb and then licked his lips.

I hadn't meant to bite him that hard, so I was shocked at first, but then I thought he deserved it. Now come on, get angry. But he just stared at me.

"I am sorry, Your Highness." I said, adding the last part to anger him. He walked closer, his eyes never leaving mine then he traced my lips with his thumb.

"You had a little blood there." he said. What? I felt like he was toying with me so I decided to tell him straight up to go to hell or go back to that blonde but got interrupted by a knock on the door. Lincoln entered shortly after and when he saw us standing so close to each other "I can come back" he said and turned around quickly.

"What is it Lincoln?" Lucian asked still standing like he did trapping me with both his body and gaze. Lincoln turned around slowly but kept looking down.

"Princess Klara is waiting for you in the garden." He said. Klara? Why was she waiting for him?

"Tell her I am on my way." Lucian said. Lincoln bowed and left.

"What does she want?" I asked.

"I thought you were uninterested?" He smirked. "Follow me if you want to know."

I considered following him for a while, but then just decided I should. I could not let him go alone to meet Klara when I knew her intentions. If she could do anything to get a married man, I had to do everything to keep my man for myself.

Klara stood in the middle of the garden wearing an armor, but still looking as beautiful as ever. Her blonde hair glowed like the sunlight and her eyes were as blue as the summer sky. Yes, she was absolutely beautiful and blonde, just how Lucian liked his women I guess.

I could see how the soldiers that were gathered in the garden couldn't stop staring at her. Did Lucian find her that beautiful too?

"Good morning princess Hazel and ... Lucian, I am glad you kept your word." She smiled as we neared. In the back of the garden, I could see Astrid sitting comfortably on a chair.

"Don't be too excited," he said in a serious tone and it surprised me they spoke so casually to each other, which bothered me. Lucian had explained on our way that Klara wanted to have a fight with him. Something seemed suspicious to me.

I sat next to Astrid while Lucian grabbed a sword, ready to fight with Klara.

"I don't know why my sister insists to fight with him. It's clear that he is going to win." Astrid said. Yes, if it was true that he killed hundreds of men on his own, then one woman wouldn't be a problem.

Klara began to swing her sword at Lucian and he was avoiding every swing swiftly without even raising his. At last he raised his sword and blocked one of her attacks. This time he started attacking her and it looked like she had a hard time defending herself. He had a smirk on his face and told her something I couldn't hear.

They fought back and forth and it looked like Lucian was going easy on her. He didn't even seem to try. I bet he could do this blindfolded. Klara, on the other hand, was panting and her hair got a little messy, but she wasn't willing to give up.

Lucian swung his sword at her and just as she was to block his attack it looked like she changed her mind half ways and Lucian sword cut her on the upper arm. Blood seeped from the wound. It felt as if the time stood still for a while because everyone was quiet and chocked before Astrid rose from her seat and ran to her sister.

Married To The Devils Son.

Chapter 25: Chapter 25 1

I stood there and watched while Lucian examined Klara's arm. I was sure she did it on purpose.

"I am all right." She said blinking with her long lashes, something I noticed she does often in Lucian's presence.

"Are you sure." He asked looking at her wound again. He probably felt guilty, but she was the one that wanted to fight and she was doing all this on purpose. She was doing it to get close to him.

Why do I always have to fight for him? I was tired of it.

Not wanting to see any of it anymore, I decided to leave.
I was hurt, angry, tired. Should I have stayed with my parents? Did I make a mistake by coming here with Lucian? Tears filled my eyes and not wanting anyone to see me cry, I walked faster through the halls. When I got around the corner I bumped into someone and stumbled backwards.

"I am sorry, My Lady, I didn't see you coming." Oliver said, startled.

"It's all right" I said, trying to walk past him as I didn't want him to notice that I was crying. But he did.

"Are you all right, My Lady?" He asked concerned.

"Yes, I am fine." I tried to smile.

"Just tell me and I will kill whoever made you cry." He said. I looked up to see if he was joking but he wasn't which suddenly made me want to laugh.

"It's no one you can kill." I said.

"Is it the king? His sisters?" I shook my head. He seemed to think about who it could be. I could see he was taking this seriously.

"Why don't you just take me outside the castle?" I suggested. His eyes widened.

"It's not safe, My Lady."

"But you are with me." I said.

"I would if we were back home, but there are crazy people in this kingdom. It's not safe outside the castle." He said apologetically.

"Please, no one has to know." I said. I really needed to get out and do something to make me forget about everything. He sighed after thinking for a while.

"All right, but we won't go far." he said. I gave him a big smile.

"So you won't tell me who made you cry?"

"No." I shook my head as we walked not far away from the castle.

"Are you married?" I asked him.

"Yes, My Lady."

"Do you love your wife?" I didn't want to be prying or make him feel uncomfortable, but I couldn't help but ask.

"Very much, My Lady."

"Would you be with another woman beside her?"

"No, My Lady." He then went silent for a while before saying,

"His Highness cares for you a lot. I have never seen him care so much about anyone."

I guess he put the pieces together.

"We shouldn't go any further. I have no weapons to protect you." Just as he finished his sentence four men appeared from behind the trees holding swords in their hands. It was as if they have been waiting there for us. Oliver placed himself in front of me immediately.

"Run!" he said. I didn't know who these people were, but I could see they were dangerous. I couldn't leave Oliver here, but when he yelled "Run!" louder this time I started running.

I felt guilty for leaving him, especially when I was the one who convinced him to take me out. God, what have I done? Who were these men? Would he be ok? I stopped in my tracks when I remembered he had no weapons. I couldn't just leave him but before I could think of doing anything, a hand came around my waist and another one covered my face with a piece of clothes. I tried to struggle against the grip and breath for air but a stinging smell filled my nose and slowly my eyelids became heavy and my body went limb.

Opening my eyes slowly, I groaned at the pain in my head.

"My Lady? Are you awake?"
I blinked several times before I could see Oliver tied to a chair.

"Don't worry, I will take us out of here." He said. His clothes were torn and soaked in blood.

"Are you okay?" I said my voice horse. My throat burned and felt sore. I needed something to drink, but I was tied to a chair too. I looked around the room, it was empty.

"Who were those men?" I asked as fear crept its way into my mind. Oliver opened his mouth to say something, but the door to the room opened and five men entered.

"I see you are finally awake." one of them said, holding a dagger in his hand. "Let's get straight to business. How much are you willing to pay us young man?" he said, looking at Oliver.

"Let her go and I will pay you an amount you could only dream of." Oliver said. The man laughed.

"No no, you bring us the money then we will let the lady go." the man said.

"No, you let her go, you can keep me and I will bring the money."

"Listen young man, don't tell me what to do. Just do what I say or I will scar your wife's beautiful face ," he said as he walked behind me and placed the dagger on my cheek.
My heart pounded so hard in my chest, and I never got so scared in my life before.

"Don't touch her!" Oliver said, "trust me you touch a hair in her head and you will regret it." He said in a threatening voice.
Now all of them laughed.

"Ooh I am so scared. Take him and make him bring the money." he ordered the other men.

Two men untied Oliver from the chair, but his arms and legs were still tied, then they dragged him out of the room. Oliver didn't struggle this time, he probably knew it was pointless.

"You are a beauty, by the way." the man said, grabbing my face in his hand. "but you know what? I hate rich people." He continued disgusted.

"Yeah but come on, brother. She is beautiful." the other one said as he eyed my breasts, and I regretted immediately that I wore this dress today. I regretted that I went outside of the castle and I regretted not listening to Oliver, but now was too late. I knew what these men wanted to do to me. I could see it in their lustful gazes.

My head throbbed so hard it was hurting and my heart pounded painfully inside my chest. I felt like throwing up because of fear.

"Money is our priority." the man said.

"Yeah but we can still have fun and get the money." The man looked at me and licked his lips as his arm slid down to my throat and slowly further down. I was screaming inside, but nothing came out of my mouth. Tears filled my eyes as he grabbed my breast and squeezed it.

"Shh don't cry." he said and placed his finger on my lips. "I hate tears."

Anger took over, and I bit his finger then screamed as loud as I could for help, but the other man slapped me across the face so hard I could taste blood in my mouth. My sore throat burned even more from the scream and my cheek stung so much I wanted to cry.

"Bloody whore!" the one I bit said looking at his finger. As if it wasn't enough with one slap he slapped me again on the same cheek. Then he grabbed my hair and pulled my head backward. I had the urge to spit on his face, but I wouldn't be able to handle another slap. My face was already in so much pain.

"I will make you regret that you even thought of biting me."

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Married To The Devils Son.

Chapter 26

The man began to untie my hands and legs.

"Hold her down for me." He yelled.

The other two men grabbed my arms and pulled me down on the cold floor. I began to scream and struggle hysterically. I would rather die than have them ** me.

"Please stop!! Help me!!" I screamed and every time the man slapped me across the face. I felt no pain this time, just fear, extreme fear.

He ripped my dress open which made me scream so loud it felt as if my throat was bleeding from all the screaming and crying.

God please help me!! Someone help me!!

Suddenly I heard a crushing sound and I couldn't feel the man's heavy weight on me anymore. The hands holding me down were gone and the men were on their feet quickly pulling their daggers out from their pockets.

"Who are you?" I heard one of them say in a shaky voice. I moved my head to see who had come but saw the man that just tried to ** me on the floor in a pool of blood, his body unmoving. Was he dead?

Yes, he was. His throat was cut with what looked like sharp claws.

My eyes traveled further around the room looking for a threat or an escape but my gaze landed on hands with long and sharp claws. Almost animal like except the hands belonged to a human, they belonged to Lucian. Blood was dripping down his nails and his eyes were red. He looked like the Devil in my nightmares except he didn't have any black horns.

"Who are you?" the man repeated with a louder voice but still his voice trembled. He was probably horrified by the sight in front of him.

"It's pointless to know when you are going to die anyway?" Lucian replied then suddenly the men were in flames. They were burning as if someone set them on fire but Lucian was still standing in the same place. He hadn't even moved an inch.

Their screams filled the room as they rolled on the floor. The sight was horrifying and my head started to spin.

Lucian turned his gaze toward me. My heart jumped as I gazed into his blood red eyes while I tried to cover myself. As he walked toward me he took his robe off, crushing down he covered me with it. To my surprise I didn't try to run away from him I just let him gather me in his arms. I wasn't scared anymore, strangely I felt safe in this man's arms, this man who could be the devil himself.

"It's alright. You are safe now." he said holding me closer. Sleep now love and before I could think about the voice in my head I fell asleep.

Pain. Pain was the only thing I felt as I woke up. My head, my face, my throat even my whole body was in pain, especially my arms where the men held me down. Afraid by the memory I looked around for any threat, but I was back in the castle, so I was probably safe.

A bottle of water on the table caught my attention. I needed water. My throat burned and itched and I couldn't take the pain anymore. I made my way to the table quickly ignoring the pain in my body

because it was nothing compared to the pain in my throat. I grabbed the bottle of water and emptied it quickly.

Suddenly Oliver came to mind. Was he safe as well? If something happened to him how could I forgive myself. I needed to know so I walked toward the door but stopped suddenly when I walked past the mirror. Taking a few steps back and I stared at my reflection. Dark bruises covered my face, my lips were slightly swollen and chapped and my hair was ragged.

You are at least safe I consoled myself.

"Are you alright?" I jumped at the sound and looked to where it came from. Lucian stood suddenly in the room with his hands behind his back. He seemed angry and there was an aura of danger around him. How could I not have heard when he came in?

"I.." my voice cracked and my throat burned. I could barely speak so I just nodded. The way he stood reminded me of earlier. His red eyes and nails sharp. He really was the Devil or maybe it was my imagination. But I was sure I saw him, and the men who were suddenly burning, was it his doing?

My head was already hurting but now it hurt even more because of my thinking.

"Oli...ver" I said trying to speak.

"He is alright. Don't worry about him." I sighed in relief. Lucian still stood on the same place with a frown. I knew he was angry I went outside of the castle and that he wasn't saying anything because of my condition.

Yes, I know I put myself and Oliver in danger and that I made Lucian worry. I know that everything was my fault but it was partly his fault too. If he hadn't gone with that blonde all this would not have happened.

There were just too many emotions including anger and regret that I felt at the moment. I just wanted to disappear. Turning around I was about to go back to bed but before I could take a step Lucian already picked me up.

"I..." I tried to protest but couldn't finish the sentence because of the pain.

"Shhh...no need to say anything." He said while he carefully lay me down on the bed.

"Rest now," he said and I closed my eyes as I didn't want to look anymore. I didn't want to feel or think but my thought wandered back to Lucian standing there with his red eyes as blood dripped down from his long nails. He killed the men.

Lucian fingers traveling down my cheek disrupted my thoughts.

"You scared me today. I have never been so scared in my life before." He whispered. Opening my eyes I looked into his sad and concerned eyes.

"Don't ever make me worry like that again." Why am I not scared of him? Instead, a warm feeling spread through my body as I noticed how worried he had been and that he truly had been scared for me.

Married To The Devils Son.

Chapter 27

Anger boiled inside him upon seeing Hazel's bruised face. He wanted to go back and burn the bastards all over again and enjoy their screams of pain. He had been so scared and worried when he discovered that Hazel went outside the castle. If she hadn't put as much perfume as she did today he would never have been able to follow her scent and find her.

Never had he let his demon take over completely before, but seeing Hazel get hurt today made his vision red with anger. He would have burned the whole place if Hazel hadn't been there, but he was regretful. Regretful because he had shown the beast he was, the devil he was to Hazel. He hadn't want her to see that side of him but now she did and when she recovers and remembers clearly what happened today she would fear him forever.

Leaving hazel to sleep Lucian made his way to the gatehouse while clenching his fists to suppress the rage he felt. Walking into the guardroom the guards moved out of his way as they sensed his anger.

Oliver laid on the bed as Lincoln attended to his wounds.

"Your highness" Lincoln said standing up immediately. Oliver, on the other hand, was trying hard to stand up as he was severely injured but Lucian didn't feel any empathy at all. Anger was all he felt at the moment. Anger that Oliver risked Hazel life, he should have known better.

Oliver dropped to his knees in front of Lucian.

"Your Highness, no apology is enough for what I did. I deserve to die." He said looking down. Ky walked into the room with a dagger in his hand. He held the dagger out to Lucian.

Lincoln stood at the corner of the room trying to keep a straight face but Lucian could see a hint of fear in his eyes, and when he took the dagger from Ky's hands he could hear Lincoln's heart beat faster.

Oliver still kept his head down while blood dripped from his wounds down to the floor. Everyone was waiting for Lucian to kill Oliver. He could even hear the other guards voices outside the room. They were both scared and sad that their friend would leave this world very soon.

Lucian had never killed one of his men before but he never got this angry on one of them either. He remembered how Hazel had been worried about Oliver and that he had said that Oliver was fine. If he killed him now what would he tell Hazel? and what would she think about him? Besides, would his anger disappear by killing one of his men?

Still, he was angry. Angry that oliver had put Hazel's life in danger. Angry because of the pain Hazel had to go through today. He knew that it was something she wouldn't be able to forget, and angry because she had seen the real him today.

Oliver lift his head up slightly confused by why he was still alive.

"I won't kill you." Lucian said. "But it's not because I forgive you, it's because of my wife and yours." It wasn't entirely true. Even though he was furiously angry with Oliver he didn't think he deserved to die for a mistake, besides looking at his wounds he knew Oliver did try his best to protect Hazel.

Lincoln's shoulders dropped in relief. Oliver looked at him surprised for a moment.

"Your Highness, please let Her Highness know that I am deeply sorry." He said looking ashamed.

"You should do that yourself." Speaking of Hazel he needed to go back before she woke up. Leaving Oliver behind he left the room but Lincoln was right behind him.

"Did you really think I would kill him?" Lucian asked a little irritated that even Lincoln thought he could kill someone easily.

"If it didn't concern Her Highness I wouldn't think so." He replied. Lincoln was right. Lucian had thought about killing Oliver on his way here but had calmed down and come back to his senses.

"Make sure no one knows about what happened today." Lucian said. Lincoln nodded but kept following him.

"What is it?" Lucian asked irritated.

"Your Highness...your father, the King is dead." he said. Lucian stopped in his tracks.

"I am sorry, Your Highness." Yeah sure he was, but Lucian didn't feel a bit of sorrow. He tried to look for an emotion inside of him but he felt nothing.

"Something else?" he asked starting to walk again.

"Nathaniel and Peter are at war with each other." His youngest brothers. Lucian knew it was Pierres doing. Lucian could already see his plan. He would make his brother kill each other and when he is left alone take the throne.

"Something else?"

"No your Highness."

"Good, now stop following me." Lucian said. He couldn't think of all the information he got just know. The only thing he could think about now was Hazel.

When he reached the room he was glad that she was still sleeping. Feeling tired himself he laid next to her and listened to her heart beat and her breathing. It somehow calmed him down. He closed his eyes and decided to take a nap.

A fresh scent of cinnamon and honey woke him up but he didn't open his eyes. He could hear Hazel's heartbeat nearby. She was very close to him, towering over him. Would she touch him again while asleep like last time, he was curious to know. She was leaning even closer now and he instantly stiffened as he realized what she was going to do.

Kiss him.

No! Not now when she was hurt. Not now when some men had already forced themselves on her, he wasn't sure he wouldn't force himself on her too.

Waiting for the kiss he only felt her fingers on his lips. What was she doing? Then he heard a small gasp before she pulled her finger away.

Chapter 28

When I woke up I decided to take a bath. Lucian was sleeping next to me looking clean and fresh and here I was all dirty.

I prepared a bath myself and rubbed the dirt off my skin and hair till I was satisfied then I grabbed a towel and wrapped myself in it. Walking out and into the room, grabbed a simple gown and slid into it then I dried my hair with the towel. Even though I was all clean I still felt dirty.

My stomach growled. I was hungry since I didn't eat lunch and it was nearly sunset. I wanted to go down and look for something to eat but looking at my reflection I couldn't bring myself to walk outside the room. The bruises on my face and arms looked terrible and they still hurt. Thinking back of what happened made me sick. I was nearly r.a.p.ed, I would have been if Lucian hadn't come in time looking like the Devil.

I went back to bed and studied Lucian while asleep. I didn't know what I was Looking for but I was looking for something. My eyes traveled to his fingers, no sharp nails. Just normal short clean nails and his eyes had been normal too. But I was sure I didn't imagine what I saw.

Then I remembered something, his lips. I had bitten him this morning which reminded me of his wounds that just had disappeared. Was it the same with his lips. I leaned closer and put my finger on his lip and moved it a little so that I could see better. There was nothing on his lip, not a wound, nothing.

A gasp escaped my mouth. I guess I hadn't believed he was the devil's son entirely until now. I couldn't and didn't want to believe it. He couldn't be what the rumors said he was, the devil's son with red eyes and long nails. He had burned the men alive and he could heal. What else could he do?

He opened his eyes slowly which made my heart jump. I looked into those eyes that had captivated me so much, I looked at the man I was married to, the man that moved my heart, evaded my thoughts and made my body tingle with pleasure. He couldn't be the son of the devil. There was nothing evil in his eyes, in fact, they looked troubled.

"Is everything alright?" he asked.

"Yes" it came out as a whisper. Bringing his hand up he cupped my cheek.

"I am sorry I didn't come earlier." He said sounding really apologetic. How could this man be the devil's son?

"It's alright, I am fine." I really was because it could have gotten much worse.

"Why did you go out? You could have asked me to go with you if you wanted to go." This reminded me that I had been really angry with him for being with that blonde.

"Lucian?"

"Yes."

"I don't want you to be with someone else. I want you for myself." He looked at me surprised. I was surprised myself. I couldn't believe I told him that especially now when I knew the rumors about him could be true. But that didn't change my feelings.

Lucian was surprised. He already knew she wanted him but hearing her saying that stirred something inside of him, something wild and wicked. He just hoped he had enough self-restraint to not take her here and now.

"Sometimes I feel you want me and sometimes I feel you don't." She said a sadness in her voice that made his heart ache. Did she know that he had been with someone else? Or was she talking about Klara?

"I feel I am not enough for you," she continued.

She was more than enough for him, she was everything to him. Maybe he should tell her the truth about himself, but what if he pushed her away with the truth now that she finally opened up to him.

He sat up on the bed and straightened himself.

"Hazel, I... I." What if she thought he was making excuses to not be with her. She looked at him with disappointed.

"I am hungry." She cut him off and her stomach growled shortly after that. Maybe it was for the best to not tell her, not yet anyway.

"I'll bring you something to eat."

Married To The Devils Son.

Chapter 29

Ouch, my stomach hurt. This time not because I was hungry but because I had eaten too much. I felt as if my stomach was going to explode. Lucian was sitting in front of me and seemed to be thinking about something, ignoring him I stuffed the rest of the food into my mouth. He probably thought I was eating unlady like but you know what? I didn't care anymore. Since I wasn't enough for him I planned on getting fat, maybe then I would be enough.

Someone knocked on the door.

"My lord, my Lady, princess Klara is here to meet you?" a maid called from outside. I panicked. Why was she here? I didn't want her to see me like this. I looked at Lucian who still had a calm face.

"Tell her to come in?" he said.

"What no, wait?" I said standing up but the door already started to open so I hurried and hid behind the dressing screen. Lucian gave me a questioning look but then turned his gaze toward Klara who had just entered the room.

"What brings you here?" I peeked from behind the dressing screen.

"I just came to see if you were alright? I heard your father died." The king died? How could I not have known this?

"I am fine. How is your arm?" he asked. She took a few steps closer to him blinking with those lashes again.

"I am alright. Maybe you should go easy on me next time." Next time? There would be no next time.

"I'll keep that in mind." he said.

"My brother is throwing a party tonight. You know how he is. I hope you and your wife can join us?" How could she invite him to a party when his father just died? I wondered how Lucian felt at the moment.

"Sure we will." He said calmly.

"Save me a dance then." She smiled.

"I will," and with that she left. I quickly came out from where I was hiding.

"Your father died and you didn't tell me? And they are throwing a party when you father just died. And what? You are going to dance with her? You know I can't go there looking like this." I said pointing at my bruises. I was so angry and I was yelling.

"You don't have to go if you don't want to?" He said with that annoyingly calm voice again.

"And what? You want to go? So that you can dance with her?"

"That's not what I meant." He protested.

"I don't care what you mean. The fact is that you have many mistresses, that you spend time with other women than me and that you like blondes. I am not as nearly beautiful as her and you… you can get any woman you want and I don't have any saying in it."

Lucians eyes widened at my confession.

"And I was nearly r.a.p.ed because of you." I added yelling.

Lucian clenched his fists. So all this was his fault. He had hurt her feelings and got her nearly r.a.p.ed. She must despise him now. He felt as if his heart was breaking into a million pieces. He wanted to say something but he stood frozen in the same place.

With the back of her hand she wiped her tears away then she walked into the bathroom and shut the door behind her.

I sat in the bathroom crying for a while before I could calm down. Yes, I was nearly r.a.p.ed because of him, not entirely, but I was saved by him too. I shouldn't have gotten that angry, he had just lost his father.

Never push your husband away when he is interested in another woman. That's when you need to keep him the closest.

I remembered what Ylva told me. I needed to always look my best and keep my husband interested in me if I wanted him for myself and here I am pushing him away. But i just couldn't help it. I was very emotional at the moment. A lot of unexpected and stressful things have been happening in my life lately and I didn't know how to deal with it.

Wiping my tears I decided to go back to the room and act maturely. I walked out from the bathroom but Lucian was already gone.

"Your highness, the king wants to meet you."

What now? Lucian was not in the mood to meet anyone. His father was dead, his brothers were in war and his wife was hurt. Could it get worse?

Yes, he knew it would get worse so he needed to keep his calm.

He made his way to the garden were the King wanted to meet him. Rasmus was standing tall and strong with his arms crossed behind his back. His long dirty blonde hair falling smoothly over his shoulders down to his waist. Rasmus reminded him much of himself, the way he walked and stood except he didn't speak like him.

"Draco, here you are" he said a smirk on his face. Lucian didn't smile, he just stood there waiting for Rasmus to get to the point.

"I heard about your father, I am sorry but I am sure you are not." He said.

"Should I? Your Majesty." Lucian asked. Rasmus laughed as he walked closer to Lucian. He looked him in the eyes. If he was trying to intimidate him then he failed.

"What are you planning on doing now?" Rasmus asked ignoring his question.

"What do you want in return for helping me?" Lucian knew that Rasmus was not the type to do things without asking for anything in return.

Rasmus sighed looking away as if he didn't like what he was going to say then he looked back at Lucian.

"I want you to marry my sister."

****

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Married To The Devils Son.

Chapter 30

"Excuse me?" Lucian said unsure of what Rasmus meant. Why would a king want his sister to become a second wife when she was a princess.

"You know that my sister Klara likes you. I would of course like her to get married to someone who isn't already married, but I know she won't accept someone else than you."

"Did she tell you that?"

"No, but I know my sister." Rasmus said. Lucian sighed. He already had enough problems on his plate and know he had to deal with yet another problem.

"I have a meeting to attend, think about what I said carefully." He said looking displeased himself before he left Lucian to stand alone there.

"Your highness, as your personal adviser I suggest you take princess Klara as your second wife." Lincoln said who had been listening to their conversation.

"You need a friend at the moment not another enemy. Besides taking her as your wife will help you even when you become a King, I am sure her highness will understand. "

Lucian wasn't sure about that. Hazel was already angry with him and he had hurt her enough. He didn't want to anymore. Maybe if he spoke to Klara he might change her mind.

Tonight at the party, he would speak to her.

***

"My lady, I have brought the books."

"Thank you. You may leave." Placing the books on the table the maid left.

Picking one of the books I started to read but my thoughts wondered to Lucian. What was he doing now? Was he dancing with Klara at the party? Shutting the book angrily I put it aside. It wasn't keeping me interested enough to forget about Lucian.

Dracula.

I thought I heard the name somewhere. Yes right, the bloodthirsty king had told me the story of Dracula, the man who made a deal with the Devil.

Grabbing the book I looked at its front. It was bound in brown old leather and smelled of dust. I slowly opened it, the pages were cracked and barely holding together. As I looked at the page the first word I read was Draco.

Draco, it was what the bloodthirsty king called Lucian.

Draco is the latin word for Dragon.

Did the king lie to me? Why did he say it meant devil? I continued reading.

The dragon is the largest snake of all snakes and is the...

A spicy scent filled the room and made me look around. Was Lucian here? Looking around I found no one. Strange. I tried to go back to reading but felt a presence in the room, as if someone was watching me. My heart started to beat faster in fear while my eyes scanned the room ready to run as soon as I found a threat.

"Lucian?... Lucian? Are you here?" I called but got no answer.

Suddenly the door opened and I jumped. Lucian entered the room walking unsteadily. His cheeks were flushed and his lips red. He smelled of wine, no spicy scent.

"Where have you been?" I asked standing up.

He ran his fingers through his hair to remove it from his face then he looked at me.

"At the party...dancing with Klara...incase you wanted details." He said trying to keep his balance. Was he trying to anger me? Strangely I didn't get angry, instead I went to help him.

"Let me help you." I said. I placed his arm on my shoulders and put mine around his waist, then walked him up to bed. As soon as we reached the bed he collapsed on it. I had never seen him like this before. What had made him drink this much?

He must have been sad because his father died. I guess he did care after all.

"Take this off?" he said trying to get out of his robe.

The royal robes were heavy and uncomfortable to sleep in. Grabbing the robe I helped him get out of it.

"And this too." he said pointing at his shirt. I could see he was wearing nothing underneath.

"You are going to be cold." I said.

"No, it's too hot. "

Opening the buttons on his shirt I helped him take it off as well.

"Now let me help you." Grabbing my waist he pulled me down on the bed.

"Help me with what?" I panicked.

"Taking your clothes off." He stated simply tugging at my robe.

"No!" I tried to get up but he pinned me down with his body.

"I am sorry wife, but I won't take no for an answer today."

"Lucian! You are not in a right state of mind. You will regret this, now let me go." I urged.

"I already regret it. I regret everything and I keep regretting." He said and went back to trying to take my robe off looking both angry and sad. I was confused.

"Do you regret getting married me?" I asked. How could I worry about this now when he was trying to strip me. He stopped in his tracks and looked at me for a while, then he leaned closer and I thought he was going to kiss me but he collapsed on my body

"Lucian? Lucian?" When I got no answer I carefully pushed him away.

He landed on his back, he had already fallen asleep.

I let my eyes sweep over his half-n.a.k.e.d body before grabbing the sheets and covering him. I just hoped his answer would be no.

***

Lucian woke up, his head throbbing in pain. So this is how it felt like to have a headache, then he was glad he never had one before. Sitting up he removed the sheets and realized he was wearing nothing on his upper body. Wait! How did he even come here?

Slowly pieces of his memory came back. He remembered drinking too much, Hazel trying to push him away but him telling her he would not take no for an answer.

What had he done to her? His heart started to pound in fear and he became afraid to remember the rest. What if he had hurt her? Just what had he done to her? This time he tried to remember but he couldn't. He didn't know if he should be relieved or more worried now.

Hazel. Where was she? He had to find her and make sure she was alright.

Making his way to the bathroom he threw the door open. There she was, bathing in flower-scented water while some maids rubbed scented oils into her hair and skin.

Gasping they pulled themselves away as he neared.

"Your Highness." They said and bowed.

Hazel turned around, her eyes widening as she saw him.

"Leave us." He ordered and the maids hurried away.

Hazel pulled her legs to her chest to cover herself as her cheeks flushed red.

"Lucian? What are you doing here?"

He walked closer as his eyes carefully scanned her body to see if she was hurt. She pulled her legs even closer to her chest and shyly covered her shoulder with her wet hair.

"Are..are you alright?" He asked.

"Huh?" She looked confused. "Yeah, if you could only stop staring." She said as she made an attempt to cover herself once again.

She didn't look hurt and listening to her heartbeat she wasn't scared of him either. He sighed in relief.

"Turn around." She said "I need to get dressed."

"I have already seen you n.a.k.e.d." Her cheeks flushed a bright red. He tried hard not to remember her n.a.k.e.d body, he didn't want to wake his demon.

"Still..." She said stubbornly.

Usually, he would enjoy teasing her at moments like this but he decided not to this time.

"I'll wait for you outside." He said and left her. At least she wasn't angry with him anymore.

Married To The Devils Son.

Chapter 31

Lucian paced back and forth in the room as he waited for Hazel. He needed to speak to her today, be honest with her and tell her about the situation with Klara. That would be the right thing to do he thought.

The smell of food interrupted his thought. He couldn't remember the last time he enjoyed food or s.e.x. No wonder his demon was hungry to come out.

A few maids came in with the breakfast and started serving. Now and then they would look his way and blush. He was used to maids ogling at him but this time something was off.

"Your Highness the breakfast is ready." A maid informed looking down as her cheeks turned red.

Really what was wrong with these maids?

"Yes, you may leave."

They bowed and left giggling. Lucian continued with his pacing not giving a thought to why the behaved like that until Hazel came into the room. She was wearing a simple light pink gown and her reddish-brown hair was still wet from the bath. Oh, how he wanted to run his fingers through her hair.

He quickly put his hands behind his back to prevent himself from doing anything stupid.

"Lucian?"

"Yes." He shook his head. He was probably staring.

"Why are you still half-n.a.k.e.d?" She smiled. What? Looking down at his body he realized he hadn't gotten dressed yet. He now understood why the maids behaved strangely.

He had been thinking too much about Hazel that he had even forgotten about his own clothes.

"Ah...yes.." what was he supposed to say ?" I was about to get dressed."

She just smiled at him. That smile, it was his weakness.

He quickly put something on then went to the breakfast table where Hazel was already sitting.

Usually the husband sits first then the wife, but he didn't mind Hazel sitting down before him. He never understood those stupid rules anyways.

Hazel stood up and poured some tea for him.

"It will help with your headache." She said.

He picked the cup, from the scent he could tell it was ginger tea. He took a sip, he didn't like the taste but if it really would help with his headache then he would drink it all.

"About last night...I hope I didn't do anything to upset you." He said carefully.

She took a sip of her tea.

"Well... you just pushed me down on the bed and tried to take my clothes off and you told me you danced with Klara."

He remembered the part where he was trying to take her clothes off but not the other one.

"I am sorry."

Lately, he had been apologizing too much. Actually twice but it was a lot for him.

"I am sorry too... for saying that I almost got r.a.p.ed because of you."

Why? Why did she have to apologize for that? Why was she suddenly nice and not fighting with him anymore? It only made him feel more guilty for what happened and for what might happen.

"Hazel...Rasmus wants me to marry his sister." He said it quickly before he could change his mind then he looked down afraid to see Hazel's hurt or disappointed expression.

I knew it. I knew the bloodthirsty king would ask for something in return and that it probably would be something like this. We shouldn't have come here but where would we go? As soon as we step out of this castle I knew we wouldn't be safe.

I looked at Lucian. He wasn't looking at me for some reason.

"So what did you tell him?" I asked trying to keep my calm.

"I haven't given him an answer yet."

"Why?" He could have said yes. It was a very common and normal thing for men to have many wives and now when he was in a difficult situation were his marriage could save his life I wondered why he hadn't said yes.

He looked at me confused.

"Aren't you angry?" he asked.

Angry? No I wasn't angry. I was feeling as if my heart was being squeezed. The thought of sharing Lucian with another woman, with Klara felt like a knife in the heart, twisting.

Really, what was I expecting? I knew I was marrying a prince and that it is not only common but a must for princes to have many wives. Wives meant allies and more power.

"No." Was all I could think of saying when I actually wanted to say a lot of things. But what could I say? I couldn't tell him not to marry Klara because that would get us both killed, even though that is exactly what I wanted to say.

Lucian looked troubled. He didn't even touch his breakfast. I haven't seen him eat once these last few days.

"How is Oliver?" I asked trying to change the conversation.

He finally lift his head to look at me.

"He is fine."

"I should go and see him."

"You don't have to. I will ask Lincoln to send him to you." He said standing up. "I should get dressed and leave, I have things to take care of."

"But you haven't eaten anything."

"I am not hungry." He said and went to the bathroom.

As I was left alone everything started to sink in.

Klara, Lucian was going to marry Klara. I was going to share my husband with someone else and I couldn't do anything about it. I knew this day would come I just didn't know it would come this soon. I thought I could have Lucian to myself at least a few years.

Lucian walked out of the bathroom fully dressed but his hair still messy.

"I can brush your hair." I suggested standing up.

He looked at me confused.

"If you like."

He went to the dresser and sat in front of the mirror, then he watched my every movement in silence.

Picking the brush from the dresser I began to brush his hair. So soft, so smooth, I wanted to make a pillow of it.

"I think it's enough." He said after a while and stood up. Turning around he gazed into my eyes before leaning down and giving me a quick kiss.

"Thank you." He smiled and then left quickly.

I just stood there, surprised by the kiss. Why was I behaving like a little girl? It wasn't the first time we kissed but it still gave me a tingling feeling in my stomach.

There was a knock on the door.

"Come in." I called and shortly after Oliver walked in.

"Oliver."

"Your Highness," he greeted looking down.

"I am glad you are alright," I said walking closer but he quickly dropped to his knees.

"I am sorry, I failed to protect you."

"What are you doing?" I said shocked. "Stand up."

He slowly lift his head looking ashamed.

"It's not your fault, I was the one who insisted you take me out. I should apologize." I explained.

"No! Don't.!" He almost yelled. "It's my duty to protect you and I failed."

There was no point in arguing with him I thought.

"Alright," I said. "It's your fault but I forgive you if you help me."

He looked up surprised but then stood quickly up to his feet.

"Anything you need, I will do it for you."

"First I want you to be my person." His eyes widened. Him being my person meant that he would serve me before Lucian.

"Your Highness," he looked slightly confused.

"I am not telling you to betray His Highness, I am just saying you should serve me first. Didn't you say you would do anything for me?" He seemed to think for a while but then nodded.

"How may I help you?" He asked.

"I want you to help me stop His highness from marrying Klara."

Married To The Devils Son.

Chapter 32

His highness is going to marry Klara?" He asked surprised. I guess he didn't know about that.

"Yes. The king wants him to marry his sister in exchange for help."

"Oh…but how can I help you?" he asked.

I wasn't sure how either but I wanted to stop this.

"Your highness I just want to tell you that if you stop this we could all die."

"I know" I said quickly. "I want to stop this without us dying, that's why I need your help."

I hoped he could come up with something.

"There is only one way to stop this. It is to change Klaras mind about the marriage."

I knew that was the safest way but I knew it wouldn't be easy because Klara would do anything to get Lucian.

"How can we change her mind?"

"That...we will have to think about." He said thoughtful.

"What about other allies? Is there someone else who can help his highness?" I asked.

"No. You know prince Lucian has a reputation." He said. I knew what he meant.

Speaking of reputation, I still had to figure out what Lucian was. He couldn't be the devil's son because from what I learned when I was little the devil had no children. On the other hand when speaking spiritually if someone put their faith in Satan instead of God they become the children of the devil.

"Has his highness ever gone to church?" I asked. He was surprised by the sudden change of subject.

"I really don't know." He said.

"Alright. For now keep an eye on Klara. We might find something that can help us."

"I will." He said and left.

After he left I went to the mirror. The bruises on my face were still visible which meant I still couldn't leave the room. Sighing I sat down. I wanted to go out so badly, there was nothing I could do in here.

I tried to read for a while, looked outside the window, ate lunch, tried on different dresses, brushed my hair, tried to read again, ate dinner, wondered around the room, thought about Lucian for a while and now I was sitting on the bed sighing now and then while doing nothing. What a day? Totally wasted.

I fell back on the bed and stared at the Ceiling. What if Lucian was spending time with Klara while I was bored to death in here. Why could he never spend the day with me?

"Lucian where are you?" I whispered for some odd reason.

"Did you miss me wife?"

Startled I sat up on the bed. Lucian was standing next to the bed a smirk on his face.

"How did you come in?" I asked.

"Through the door." He said with an expression that said where else?

"I didn't hear you come in."

"That's because you were thinking about me." I tried not to blush.

"That's because you were gone the whole day and I was locked in here." I said.

"Not because you miss me?" He added. I could see he was enjoying this. Fine with me if he wanted to play.

"Did you miss me?" I asked.

His expression became serious as he walked to my side of the bed. Then he offered me his hand. As if my body controlled itself I grabbed it and he helped me up and pulled me closer gazing into my eyes . I did the same thing unable to looked away, his eyes were hypnotizing.

"I miss you even when you are this close." He said pulling me even closer. I could hear the sincerity in his voice but there was a sadness there too.

"So, now answer my question. Did you miss me or not?" He asked. So he wasn't giving up?

"Hmm...I don't know." I said teasingly. "I need to think."

He smiled devilishly. "Let me help you." He said as he slowly brushed the hair away from my neck. I instantly knew what he was going to do and I waited in anticipation, then he slowly leaned in and brushed his lips against my neck sending shivers down my spine.

"Now.." He breathed against my neck "Did you miss me now?"

How was this helping me think? It was doing the exact opposite. When I didn't respond because I could barely breath he kissed my neck gently slowly moving down to my shoulders and back up to my neck again.

I bit my lip to suppress a m.o.a.n and grabbed his shoulders to hold myself up as I became weak in the knees.

"Now?" he asked once again. "Did you miss me or not?"

"Yes" I breathed. "I miss you."

He pulled away and looked at me. I still felt dizzy from the kisses so I clutched on to him to hold myself up but even my arms felt numb. As if he knew he put his arm around my waist to help me stand on my feet but it only brought me closer to him. His warmth, his breath and most of all his scent, his spicy scent made me ache for more. I wanted more of his kisses.

"Remember you told me you wanted me for yourself?" He asked.

"Yes" I said as I tried to pull myself together.

"What if that doesn't happen?"

Then what? I really didn't know. I would live with a heartache for the rest of my life and probably die because of it.

I pulled myself away from his hold and tried to stand steadily.

"Did you say yes to the marriage?" I asked instead.

"No."

"But you will eventually say yes?"

He seemed to think for a while. I knew I was putting him in a difficult position. What man would want to die instead of having a second wife who was as beautiful as Klara.

"Never mind" I said sitting down on the bed.

I guess he wouldn't have given me an answer anyways because he quietly walked to his side of the bed and lay down.

I blew the candles out and went to sleep as well.

Lucian woke up and tried to blink a few times to see clearly but it was still dark. Strange. He had always been able to see clearly in darkness. He tried to move but realized he was tied to a chair. What was happening? Using his thoughts he tried to untie his hands but that didn't work either. Something was off.

"There is no need to try." A voice said that send chills down his spine. Lucian looked around trying to find who the voice belonged to but he saw no one.

"Who are you?" he hissed.

Slowly a figure appeared from the shadows. A tall man with long hair he could tell but he couldn't see his face.

"Tsk,tsk,tsk. I thought you were brave. I never thought you would hide somewhere instead of fighting." He said.

There was raw power in his voice. This person was clearly dangerous.

"I don't know what you are talking about. Who are you?" Lucian asked once again.

The man brought his hand up and seemed to look at his nails. They were sharp and long just like his, even longer.

"I am talking about the crown. You know you can't avoid to kill your brothers forever or they will kill you." He said.

Lucian tried to untie his hands again. He wasn't feeling safe with this man and how could he know all of this?

"Just who are…"

"That doesn't matter you fool." The man cut him off. No one had ever dared to call him fool, not even his own father.

The man laughed. What was he laughing about? Then he stopped abruptly.

"In times of danger you need to become the danger itself. Remember, fear... fear is the best way to control humans." He said. Was this man giving him advice? On what and why?

"What do you want?" Lucian said still confused how he got here and who this man could be.

"Hmm...will you give me what I want? That's nice of you. I will think about it then and tell you next time." He said turning around and walking away.

"Wait! Where are you going?" Lucian called but the man slowly disappeared in the darkness.

Married To The Devils Son.

Chapter 33

Yawning I rubbed my eyes as I woke up. Strangely I slept well after such a long time. Could it be because Lucian was sleeping next to me? I looked over at Lucian and found myself admiring his beauty and wondering how someone can look as sinfully beautiful as he did. As usual I could only admire his beauty while his hypnotizing eyes were closed and again my fingers itched to touch him. No, I wouldn't make the mistake of touching him again while he was asleep. I had embarrassed myself enough last time. '

Only his hair. I would only touch his hair I convinced myself and slowly brought my fingers to touch his hair when he frowned. Was he waking up? His frowned got deeper and he mumbled something looking disturbed. Was he having a nightmare?

"Lucian?" I said carefully and tapped his shoulder but he didn't wake up.

"Who are you?" he hissed in his sleep.

"Lucian! Lucian! Wake up!" I said shaking him slightly.

His eyes shot open and he looked around confused.

"Lucian?"

"How?" he asked panting.

"How what?"

"How did I get here?" he asked sitting up.

"You never left. You were just having a nightmare"" I said softly. He shook his head as if he didn't believe me and then looked around confused again. He really needed to wake up.

I grabbed his face gentlyand made him look at me.

"Lucian... it was only a nightmare." I assured him. He considered what I said for a while then nodded like a lost child. I let go of his face and he lay back on bed with a sigh.

"Do you want to tell me about your dream?"

"No." he said.

I just nodded.

"Don't you have anywhere to go today?" I asked. He looked at me for a while.

"You want me to go?"

"No, it's just that you usually leave early." I said "and in a hurry."

Yes, he needed to leave and find Klara. Today he had to speak to her and solve the issue.

He wouldn't hurt Hazel, he didn't want to. He felt as if they bonded lately and he didn't want to break that bond.

"I'll Leave." he said standing up.

Hazel looked as if she was going to protest but didn't say anything.

Leaving the room he took a bath, quickly got dressed and was ready to leave when a few maids came in with breakfast.

"Won't you have breakfast?" asked Hazel as he was about to leave.

"No." He said and headed for the door when Hazel grabbed his wrist.

"Will you come early then tonight? I want to have dinner with you." All he heard was tonight, want and have. God, he was losing it.

He took a deep breath "Yes, I will." He said and tried to get away fast but she still held his wrist.

"What happened to your wrist?" she asked looking at it. He brought his arm up to take a look. There were red marks on both his wrist as if he had been tied.

Tied?

He instantly stiffened. It wasn't a dream, he knew it. He had been in that dark room with that strange man.

"Hazel? Are you sure I was here the whole night?" he asked.

"I think so, I never heard you go out. Why?" she asked worried.

"Nothing." He said and tried to smile. He didn't want her to worry.

"I'll see you tonight" He said and left.

"Lincoln?"

"Yes, Your highness."

"Did I ever leave my room last night?" Lucian asked.

"No Your highness. You never left."

Lucian stopped in his tracks. He was sure he had met that strange man but how without leaving the room?

"Is something wrong Your highness?"

"No." He said and continued walking.

"Your highness, have you decided about the marriage yet?"

"I am not going to marry Klara." Lucian said.

"But Your highness…"

"Don't .." He cut him off. He didn't want to hear about what would happen if he didn't marry Klara. He already knew the risks.

He went to the garden where he guessed she would be training but she was having tea with her sister instead.

"Good morning" he greeted as he neared their table.

"Good morning prince Lucian." Astrid replied with a joyful smile.

Klara put her teacup down and smiled at him as well.

"May I borrow you for a while?" He said reaching his hand toward her. He could hear her heart speeding up as she took his hand.

"Of course." She smiled then looked at her sister before she followed him.

He led her through the garden until he found a peaceful place where he could speak to her.

"The king suggested I take you as my wife." He began. She looked at him with a shy smile. "But I can't" he said.

The smile disappeared from her face and confusion appeared in her sapphire blue eyes.

"Why?" she asked.

"My wife won't like that." He said simply.

"And you?"

"I wouldn't like that either."

"Why? What is wrong with me?" She asked.

"There is nothing wrong with you. You are perfectly fine but I am happy with my wife and I don't want to change that."

"I don't want you to change that either. I just want to be next to you. Unlike your wife I can be a great support. I know how to fight and I know war strategies and my brother is a king."

He knew what she meant. Yes she would be a great help and he needed it know but Hazel was his priority. He wanted to make her happy.

"I know, but would you really be happy being a second wife?"

"I would be happy as long as I am your wife." She said.

" Lucian...I... I .." Her eyes darted around avoiding his. "I love you."

His eyes widened. That came as a surprised. He knew she liked him, desired him but loved him? He never thought she would use that word.

"I fell in love with you from the first time you held my hand in that battlefield instead of killing me and I loved you even more when you gave me your sword to protect myself and after that I just kept falling deeper and deeper." She said taking a few steps closer to him.

This wasn't going the way he hoped it would.

"Lucian…" she said taking his hand "I am not telling you to love me. Just have me, half of me, a piece of me, anything, but just have something."

If only Hazel had said so…

He pulled his hand away.

"I am sorry, but I can't." He said. Her eyes hardened.

"And I can't let you go." She said. This was bad. So bad, but he just turned around and walked away.

"My lady, Princess Klara is here to meet you."

Klara was here? Why? I looked myself in the mirror. I had put on some makeup with the help of a maid so the bruises were barely visible today.

"Let her come in?" I said. Shortly after Klara came into the room.

"Good afternoon, princess Hazel." She greeted without a smile.

"Good afternoon" I replied in the same manner. "Please have a seat." I said politely.

"No thank you. I will leave soon. I just came here to tell you that you are very selfish."

"Excuse me?" I said both shocked and confused that she said that to me.

"I know you want your husband for yourself, but if he dies you can't have him at all. It seems you don't care, you are putting him in danger for selfish reasons."

Alright wait. How could she say that to me?

"And you? Are you not selfish who wants someone who is already married?"

"I fell in love with Lucian before you even met him. I loved him despite the rumors about him. Can you say the same thing? You probably feared him and kept your distance."

I didn't know what to say. She was right, I was afraid but still even if she loved him first he was my husband.

"Besides unlike you I am willing to share him with you. That's because I know he cares about you and I care about him. Would you be able to do that for him? If I was selfish would I do that? " She asked.

"No I wouldn't." She said answering her own question. "I would make him leave you then marry me." She said in a tone that told me she could do that if she wanted. Chills went down my spine and I stood there unable to reply.

She walked closer and stood right infront of me.

"I can do anything and everything for him. Can you? I can help him become a king, I can fight by his side in a war and when he comes home I can be the woman to comfort him. I can give myself to him body, heart and soul. You…,you can't even give him your body?"

How did she know? And how dare she? I clenched my fist, how I just wanted to slap her.

She smirked.

"Think about it. What is worse? To have your husband dead or share him with me?"

Married To The Devils Son.

Chapter 34

I...I was a bad wife, a useless one. Yes, I never gave anything to Lucian and there was nothing I could give him now either, on top of that because of my selfishness I could cause his death.

Klara was right, I didn't even offer him my body and got angry when he went to someone else. I was indeed selfish. I didn't have the right to be angry when he never got angry with me for not sleeping with him. The only thing I have done so far is being scared or jealous.

What really have I done for him? What great have I done so that I could tell him not to marry someone else because I am good enough? I couldn't say that because I wasn't.

"My lady? Are you alright? You look very pale." The maid who brushed my hair asked.

"I am alright." I said.

"Should I bring dinner? Maybe you are hungry."

"No I am fine. I'll go to sleep."

I was running in the middle of the night through the dark woods where I could barely see where I was going, but I didn't care. I had to run if I wanted to survive, if I wanted to see Lucian again.

"Kill her!"

I was running barefoot and my feets were bleeding and hurting but I couldn't stop since I could here they were close. I had to run faster or they would catch me.

"There she is! Bring her!"

No no no! please!!

I tried to run faster but my feet and lungs gave in and I fell to the ground.

The footsteps were very close and shortly after two hands grabbed my arms and dragged me on the floor.

"Your majesty, I got her." A man said.

"Good" A woman's voice said. "Love? We found her. What should we do with her?"

A tall man appeared from the shadows and put his arm around the womans waist.

"Do wherever you want with her." He said in a voice that sent chills down my spine. Then he looked at me his eyes burning with what looked like the flames of hellfire.

"Fine kill her!" The woman said as her lips twisted into an evil smile.

The tall man walked toward me and crouched to my level. Grabbing my chin he lift my head up.

"I am sorry love, but you are not good enough." He whispered before he stood up and turned around to leave.

"Please Lucian, please don't leave me." I called but he didn't even look back.

"Lucian! Lucian!! Please don't leave.Don't leave me."

Suddenly it was day and I was running again. Petrified but not for my life but for someone else's.

"Nooo!!" I screamed as I ran toward Lucian who was sitting on his knees with his hands tied behind his back. He looked at me his eyes filled with hatred. A guard with a sword stood behind him ready to execute him anytime.

"Noo.." I screamed crying and running toward him but someone grabbed me by the arm.

"Let go!" I screamed.

"Stop it!" Klara said holding me still. "It is all your fault, I told you, you would get him killed." As she said the word killed the sound of a sword cutting through flesh and and the smell of blood made my heart stop.

"No…no no noooo!!"

Lucian heard Hazel's scream and run to the chamber as fast as he could. He threw the door open and found Hazel sitting on the bed her cheeks wet with tears and eyes wide in fear and confusion.

When she caught sight of him.

"Lucian!" She said breathless and ran toward him enveloping him in a tight hug. He put his arms around her small figure and held her close while he stroke her back.

She began to sob in his arms. She must have had the worst nightmare.

"Shh..It's alright. I am here now." He whispered, but she only hugged him tighter.

"Please don't leave." She cried.

"I won't." He said.

After holding her for a while till she calmed down then he gathered her in his arms and carried her to bed. She still held on to him as if she was scared he would disappear into thin air. He slowly laid her down on bed and led next to her still holding her in his arms.

He wanted to ask her about her dream but he wanted to give her the chance to tell him first. Or maybe she didn't want to talk about it at all. What had scared her so?

If there was one reason he wanted the crown it would be to give Hazel a good life. He wanted to be able to give her anything she asks for, he wanted to make her smile and love her till she had enough. Otherwise he had no desire to become a king. He actually wanted to try and live freely like a normal man in a small house with his wife and children.

Wake up, kiss his wife and children goodmorning then leave for work and when he comes back tired have dinner with his family while talking about pleasant thing. Then he would take his children to bed and kiss them goodnight but his wife, he would do more then kissing. He would make love to her all night long.

But he knew none of this would happen. He would either get killed or become a king. And when he grows old while ebing busy ruling the kingdom his children would fight for the throne and kill each other.

The thought brought great pain to his chest.

He looked at Hazel, she had gone back to sleep breathing peacefully. He listened to her breathing , it always made him calm and slowly he fell asleep as well.

I woke up in morning my cheek pressed against Lucian chest. The sound of his steady heartbeat and the feeling of his arms around me making me want this moment to last forever. Slowly the peace I felt began to fade as memories of the nightmare from last night came back. It felt like a stab in the heart and I sat up quickly. As if Lucian was never sleeping he sat up right after me.

"Is something wrong?" He asked.

I just shook my head and he drew me into his arms. I had to let him marry Klara. Yes the thought of sharing him with someone else was unbearable but the thought of losing him completely, the thought of causing his death just like in my dream, I shuddered at the memory, that would kill me.

"Lucian?"

"Yes"

"I don't mind you marrying Klara."

Married To The Devils Son.

Chapter 35

Lucian should feel relieved but he didn't. He was bothered, extremely bothered. Why wouldn't hazel mind if he married Klara? Didn't she like him anymore?

After she told him she didn't mind she had left him there, confused. Something was going on with her and he didn't know what. It made him nervous. He sighed in frustration.

"Is something bothering you?" Lincoln asked.

"Any news?" Lucian asked in return ignoring his question. His youngest brothers Peter and Nathaniel died. Peter killed Nathaniel and then Peter got killed by Adam. Some say Adam killed them both.

Pierre might be sly and cruel but Adam was purely evil. He was the one who bullied him the most when they were younger.

"I think Adam is working with Pierre. Pierre must have promised him something." Lucian already knew Pierre was using Adam and as soon as he is finished with him he could kill him, but Adam was probably thinking that he was the one using Pierre. Lucian knew that Pierre was not the type to trust anyone even if they were trustworthy. Besides, Pierre has the army's support since he is the crown prince and many allies thanks to his many wives. Defeating him wouldn't be easy. In fact, it was almost impossible.

Of course, he could just burn the whole battlefield but then people would be terrified and turn against him. People are scared of what they don't understand and since they already believe he is the son of the devil they would see that as a confirmation of the rumor and try to get rid of him. He couldn't rule a kingdom where everyone was trying to get rid of him. Besides he never tried to burn a whole battlefield before so he didn't know if he was powerful enough to do that.

Lucian sighed again. Maybe he should escape somewhere far with hazel and live a normal life. He wondered if she would agree to it.

"Your Highness, if I may suggest something. I Believe it's best if you marry Klara and take the throne as fast as possible. Many people are suffering and dying because of the war and... and I fear for our families. Your brother is looking for our families to threaten us with them."

Lucian cursed under his breath. Pierre and his dirty tricks. If he escaped with Hazel his men and their families would suffer. He felt conflicted. He had to do something, he had to make a decision, but first, he needed to speak to hazel.

"My lady? Lunch is ready."

"Take it back. I am not hungry." I said laying on the bed. I had been laying there since morning, I felt like doing nothing. It was as if my body was drained of all energy. I felt lifeless.

"But My lady. You look very pale, you should eat something." She insisted.

"I agree." Lucian's voice said from nearby.

I moved my head and looked up to find him towering over me.

"I am not hungry," I said. He narrowed his gaze then frowned.

"You may leave," He told the maid his eyes never leaving me.

"I came here to eat with you. Are you not hungry?" He then asked.

"No."

"Thirsty?"

"No."

"Do you want me to take you out?" I would usually get excited to go out but I didn't.

"No."

"Do you want me to leave?"

"No."

"Do you want me to make love to you?"

"N..." startled at the question I looked up at him.

"No?" He asked raising an eyebrow.

For some reason, my heart stopped for a moment and I forgot to breathe when he chuckled.

"Don't worry. I don't want to make love to a ghost because that's what you look like right now so you better eat something." He smirked.

Sitting at the table and tried to eat something but felt sick. Nothing tasted good. I could see Lucian wasn't eating much either and had a concerned look on his face. We didn't say much to each other while eating, there was some kind of uncomfortable silence between us.

Suddenly Lucian stretched his arm from across the table and put his hand on my forehead.

"You don't look well." He said with a slightly worried expression.

"I am alright," I said.

"If you were alright you wouldn't tell me to marry Klara.I still don't understand." He said frowning.

"What is the chance of you winning this war if you don't marry Klara?" I asked instead.

"I don't want to scare you but very little." He said.

"Then you should marry her if you want to win."

"I just want you to be safe. I don't care about the crown."

"If you want me to be safe and if you want to be safe you should marry Klara. I am not saying I like it, I just think it's the right thing to do at this moment." While saying all this I felt like bursting into tears but I told myself that most men have several wives. It was a normal thing and Lucian would have gotten another wife sooner or later anyway. So why not now if it meant saving his life.

"I already told Klara no." He said and that's when my heart stopped for real. My dream was becoming true. We were in this bloodthirsty kings kingdom, in his home without weapons or any kind of protection and Lucian had said not to his sister. My heart started to beat again but it was beating in my ears this time. It was only a matter of time before the bloodthirsty king spills some blood. Lucian blood.

"Why did you say no?" I asked rising from my seat. He looked at me confused again.

"I thought you would be happy about that."

"Well, I am not. Do you want to die?" I almost yelled. He stood up from his seat as well.

"I won't die Hazel."

"Yes, you will." I cut him off panic clear in my voice. He slowly walked to my side as if approaching a scared cat. "You should go back now and tell her yes," I said pointing at the door.

"No, I won't." He said calmly then grabbing my arms he slowly pulled me in for a hug.

"Lucian you should..." I began trying to knock some sense into his head but he cut me off.

"Shh...I won't die I promise," he said stroking my back in a way that calmed me down but in this quiet room I dreadingly waited for the door to swing open with a crushing sound and find the Rasmus standing there with his men behind him and a sword in his hand and just as I imagined I heard the door swing open with a crushing sound.

My heart stopped and I quickly pulled myself from Lucian hold to see death waiting at the door.

Married To The Devils Son.

Chapter 36

Death doesn't knock on the door and waits to get invited. It usually comes unexpected and without permission takes what it came for.

I quickly placed myself in front of Lucian as if I could protect him from what was about to happen, but to my surprise nor did death knock on the door nor did it come. Instead several of Lucians men almost threw themselves in front of our feet.

"Your Highness, we apologize for our rudeness but please help us. The crown prince has taken our families as hostages." One of them said. I looked worriedly at Lucian but he was calm as usual.

"Your Highness, I beg of you to let us go and save our families." another one pleaded.

Lincoln came into the room looking furious.

"What are you doing?" He yelled at the men. "Get up on your feet and apologize to his highness if you care to live."

"It's alright Lincoln." Lucian said calmly. "You may leave to save your families," he told the men.

I looked surprised at Lucian. He was about to let half of his men go which meant he had almost no protection now against the cruel king. Not that he had any good protection, to begin with.

I didn't expect any less from his cruel brother. Of course, distracting Lucians men was the perfect way to get to him. Once his men go back to Decresh to save their families Pierre would hunt them down and torture them until they tell him where he can find Lucian. It was the perfect plan.

Lucians men stared surprised at him as well but then quickly got to their feet and hurried away.

"Your Highness, this is not good," Lincoln said looking very disappointed and worried.

Yes, this was very bad and it would get much worse very soon. My stomach twisted in fear. I needed to do something.

"What will you do now?" I asked Lucian once Lincoln left us alone.

"I don't know." He said pacing back and forth.

"I know," I said. " You need to say yes to Klara."

He looked at me for a while, his eyes piercing into mine before he left the room without a word.

Without waiting I quickly made my way to Klara's room. I had no time to waste. Now the danger was closer than ever and I needed to take action this time.

"My Lady, princess Hazel is here to see you." The guard outside her room informed. Shortly after the door opened and the guard gestured for me to enter.

Klara was sitting in a chair near the window with a book in her hand. Putting the book on a table nearby she stood up from her seat and smiled as she approached me.

"Welcome, Hazel. You came sooner than I expected." She smiled. She must be enjoying this I thought but I held my head high.

"Are you alright? You don't look well." She asked nonchalantly.

"I know. You, on the other hand, look very beautiful My Lady. I wonder how Lucian was able to turn down your proposal." I said pretending to be thoughtful

Her eyes hardened.

"Don't worry," I said waving my hand. " I was the one holding him back but I won't anymore." She needed to know that even if she got Lucian I was the one in control.

She looked stoned for a moment but then smiled.

"You made a good decision Hazel and saved your husband a lot of trouble. Now see what magic I will do for him."

She was mocking me but I didn't care.

"Whatever you do I hope you do it fast. His brothers will find him soon."

"Don't worry. Nobody touches what's mine." She smirked. She was already calling him hers. I clenched my fists to not slap her out of sheer reflex.

Leaving her room I walked through the halls feeling defeated. You did good Hazel, it was the right thing to do, it was the only thing to do, I tried to console myself. As I was lost in my thoughts I almost bumped into the king.

"Your majesty," I said surprised that I stood so close to him staring into his deep ocean blue eyes.

"My Lady, is all well?" He asked.

"Yes, your majesty."

"Are you sure? Draco didn't seem to be in a good mood." He smiled.

Draco?

"Your majesty? If I am wrong excuse me but doesn't Draco mean dragon and not the devil?" I asked. " I read it somewhere," I added when he narrowed his gaze.

"You are not wrong. But do you know how dragons look like?"

"I read they look like big snakes." I said.

"Who made Adam and Eve eat the forbidden fruit?"

The story of Adam and Eve. I had heard about it even though it was a long time ago. If I remember correctly it was the devil disguised as a snake who made them eat the forbidden fruit.Therefore snakes were associated with the devil or with evil deeds. But I still couldn't understand what the connection between the dragon and the devil was.

"Have you studied the bible, my lady?"

"Not really." I said,

"If you are really curious you should. Especially the Devils story." He smiled.

"Do you really think Lucian is the Devil?" I asked.

"You tell me, you are his wife. I am really curious to know."

"You want my husband to marry princess Klara. Why if I may ask Your Majesty?"

"Why not?"

"She won't be a first wife. Why would you want that for your sister?"

"I don't care about those stupid things. I care about my sister's happiness." He said.

What about mine? Of course, he didn't care about my happiness but was there someone who did?

"By the way, I don't mind you standing so close to me but I am sure your husband wouldn't like that." He smiled and I realized I was still standing very close to him.

I took a few steps back and gave him a meek smile before excusing myself and leaving.

Married To The Devils Son.

Chapter 37

"Who are you?" I asked the maid who made the room look like heaven. It smelled so fresh, like flowers starting to bloom in the spring. I could also smell the scent of cinnamon tea combined with something else I couldn't tell, but it smelled delicious.

"I am your new maid. My name is Irene My Lady" she said curtising.

"Where is Audrey?" I asked. Audrey was my maid. She was young nice girl whom I liked very much. I didn't want a new maid.

"She has been transferred to Princess Klara quartered, My Lady." The maid said.

Klara. I was tired of hearing her name.

Sighing I took my robe off and sat at the table where the scent of the delicious tea was coming from.

"Would you like some tea, My Lady?" Irene asked. I couldn't say no because I really wanted to taste this tea and see if it tasted as delicious as it smelled.

"Yes," I said. She poured me the tea and handed it to me with a smile.

"It will help you relax, My Lady." She said.

As I was about to drink the tea I got suspicious. I didn't know this maid and she came suddenly and is pouring me some tea. Why did the sudden change of maids happen? Was Klara up to something?

"Would you like me to drink it first?" Irene asked when she noticed my suspicion.

"Yes." I said and handed her the tea. She took a sip and smiled.

"Drink it all." I said. I didn't know why I was being like that but this Irene, there was just something about her that didn't feel quite right.

She emptied the cup and put it down.

"Would you like some now, My Lady?" She asked and I could hear the amus.e.m.e.nt in her voice.

I tried to look her in the eyes but I couldn't. I don't know why? It was as if her emerald eyes could see through me and into my soul. It was as if she knew my deepest secrets and desires.

She was beautiful but in a different way and her long thick black hair reminded me of Lucians. She looked young but her eyes held some kind of wisdom beyond years.

"No." I said standing up. "You may leave."

The maid left me alone and I paced back and forth in the room trying to come up with a way to help Lucian. Really, I was useless just like Klara said.

"My Lady, Oliver is here to see you." Irene called from outside.

"Let him in." I called back. I hoped he wasn't bringing more bad news.

Oliver walked in fully wearing his military attire.

"My Lady, I am here to deliver a message from His Highness. He left the castle and will be gone for a while."

"Where did he go? How long will he be gone?" I asked.

"I don't know where but he will be gone for a few days." Days? It meant he left Gatrish.

Did he go to Decresh? No, he wouldn't be foolish to do so.

"If there is anything you need just send a word and I'll be here." He said and left.

As if the time refused to move the day went by very slow, with me thinking and worrying too much. It reminded me of my wedding day. I had a knot in my stomach that refused to go away and that's exactly how I was feeling today.

My gaze fell on Irene who was making the bed. She was beautiful with her dark hair and flawless skin, and those eyes, they were mesmerizing. How come someone as beautiful as her still be working as a maid? The bloodthirsty king should have made her his mistress by now.

"Are you married?" I asked.

"No, My Lady but I am not innocent." I just hoped it wasn't the king who took her innocence.

"Do you have someone you love?" Her lips curved into a smile and her eyes twinkled.

"Yes, I do My lady. Very much." She seemed to be deeply in love.

"But I am sure, My lady is more in love than I am." She added.

"And how would you know?" I asked amused. She stopped making the bed and looked my way.

"I know a lot of things, My Lady." She said with a serious tone.

"Things like what?"

"You are married but still innocent, My Lady and your husband might take another wife soon and you are worried but you don't know what to do. But I know what you should do." She said.

I felt my cheeks heat because of embarrassment and anger. Who was she trying to fool? It was probably Klara who told her about me being innocent.

"Did Klara tell you this?" I asked my tone harsh.

"No, My Lady." She said not fazed by my harsh tone at all. She put the pillows in place as she was done making the bed then looked at me " Do you want me to comb your hair my lady?"

I noticed that she had the same tone the whole time she spoke and she spoke so confidently. Maids were usually nervous, especially if they were new. They always spoke a little while being very careful what to say but this woman didn't seem the least nervous or scared.

"If Klara didn't tell you then how did you know?"

"I know you have a birthmark on your inner thigh and that you once fell and almost broke your leg when you tried to escape your home at night."

How did she know that? These were things only I knew and maybe Lydia and Ylva, so how did she know?

"What are you?" I said without thinking. Why did I ask something so strange? Of course, she was a woman what else could she be?

"I think a witch is what you call us, but of course I don't like to call myself that."

"Witch?" I was confused. I had heard that witches do exist but most of them live hiding their identity because they would be killed if found. If she really was a witch why would she be telling me that?

"Yes My lady."

"Why would you tell me if you really are a witch?"

"As I said before My Lady, I know things and I know I can trust you."

I somehow believed her words, maybe because I had already sensed from the beginning that something about her was different. Her eyes, it was difficult to look into her eyes, it was like being exposed when you looked into them.

"Your hair is beautiful my lady?" she smiled as she brushed my hair. She was even more beautiful when smiling

"Not as nearly as yours." I said.

"You are very kind My Lady."

She helped me get out of my dress and put my nightgown on then she left me with a good night.

The next day she was already present when I woke up.

"Good morning, My Lady. The bath is ready."

I went through the same routine I did every day. Bathing, putting on new clothes, brushing my hair then eating breakfast. After that, I asked Irene to bring me the bible. I was really curious to know the connection between the devil and the dragon.

Irene came back with the bible and I quickly began to read.

In the Bible, the dragon was the devil and he came to earth to deceive and destroy.

"And the great dragon was cast out, that old serpent, called the Devil, and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world: he was cast out into the earth, and his angels were cast out with him."

"Out of his mouth go burning lamps, and sparks of fire leap out. Out of his nostrils goeth smoke, as out of a seething pot or caldron. His breath kindleth coals, and a flame goeth out of his mouth."

The day I was kidnapped the men were on fire out of nowhere but I had a feeling it was Lucian's doing. I remember the satisfaction in his eyes as he watched them burn. I shivered at the memory. And there was no doubt he slit the other man's throat with his claws since he didn't have any weapons and the voices in my head, and his red eyes, even his normal eyes were different. Still, he couldn't be the devil or his son, could he? Yes, he was extremely frightening sometimes but he wasn't evil.

I closed the Bible and put it aside. Whatever he was it didn't matter I told myself.

Married To The Devils Son.

Chapter 38

Lucian had been gone for four days now and Irene and I got pretty close. She was a very honest person, never scared to say her opinions and I felt some kind of connection with her. It was as if she could understand me and what I was going through. Strange, because I was sure that she couldn't have gone through what I did, although she might have gone through worse.

As days went by I really admired her more and more. She was a beauty with brains, very smart with her words and very graceful with everything else she did. But I was still doubtful and didn't trust her entirely. Not that she did something suspicious, I just wanted to be careful.

Thanks to her the days didn't seem awfully long anymore, we would chat and laugh and unlike many maids, she had a genuine laugh, not a forced one. You could see she laughed because she wanted to and not because she was scared to offend me.

My thought slowly drifted to Lucian. Even though I liked Irene's company I still missed Lucian.

"His Highness is alright." Irene said pouring me her delicious tea. "He will be back very soon."

I didn't even bother to ask how she knew. She just knew things and they were always true.

"Irene?"

"Yes, My lady?"

"You said you knew what I should do. What should I do?" I asked.

"Let me tell you what Klara will do first." she said taking a seat in front of me.

"When she marries his highness she will try to bear him a child as soon as possible. The wife that gives birth to the king's first son runs the inner court which means you will lose all your power, furthermore her children will become a threat to yours especially when they get older. What you need to do is to bear his highness a child which means you can't remain innocent anymore."

I never thought that far. Klara wasn't only a threat to me but she would be a threat to my children as well. As if she knew that I was feeling threatened "Don't be bothered by her, My Lady. You have something she doesn't and it is your husband's heart and trust."

Heart? Did Lucian love me? I knew he cared about me a lot and he even told me he wanted me but he never said he loved me.

Oliver came to the garden where we were sitting.

"My Lady, His Highness is coming back tonight." He said. I looked at Irene and she gave me a smile that said I told you.

As the sun went down I got more and more nervous and excited. I had bathed in flower-scented water and washed my hair with scented soaps and oils. Irene brushed my hair and put some paint on my lips, then she brought me a beautiful satin nightgown decorated with lace and made me wear it.

"You look beautiful My Lady." She said looking at me satisfied.

"I...I don't know what to do." I said nervously. She walked closer and took my hands in hers.

"You don't have to do anything when you look this beautiful." She said "You just relax. There is a big chance nothing will happen tonight. His Highness will probably be very tired after such a long journey. I just prepared you in case"

She suddenly looked at the window. "He is here. I leave you now." She said letting go of me. I swallowed nervously as she left me alone.

It felt like hours before I heard the cracking sound of the door opening and shortly after Lucians stood there. Without thinking I ran and enveloped him in a hug surprising myself and him.

He wrapped his arms around me as he chuckled.

"I should leave often if I will get hugs like these," he said.

He smelled so good, like spices as usual. Before melting in his embrace and getting lost in his scent I pulled myself away from him. I had almost forgotten how sinfully beautiful he was. His black hair fell gracefully over his broad shoulders as he watched me with those mesmerizing eyes of his, and those lips. I tried not to think of how they felt on mine, or maybe I should.

Slowly a smile curved his lips as he noticed me staring at him.

"Where were you?" I asked trying to think straight. The smile on his face disappeared.

"Let's not talk about it." He said walking past me and to the bed. He began to take his military attire off.

"I was worried. You have no weapons and you just left." I said. He didn't say anything but he clenched his jaw. He was clearly upset about something so I didn't push any further.

"How do I look?" I asked instead. Irene had made me look seductive but I didn't know if it was working. He stopped in his track and let his eyes sweep over my body quickly as if he couldn't decide whether to look or not before he returned to take his clothes off looking more upset.

"You look beautiful," he said avoiding to look at me. I walked closer but I almost felt him stiffen at my approach so I stopped.

"Didn't you miss me?" I said in barely a whisper afraid to hear his answer. Why was I asking such questions? It was unlike me.

He closed his eyes and inhaled sharply.

"I did, I am just tired, Hazel." He said sounding slightly irritated. What had I done to make him angry? I was confused. "Will you blow the candles off I need some sleep."

Lucian tried to focus on anything but Hazel laying next to him on the bed. He felt like the worst person on earth every time he disappointed her. But he just couldn't give her what she wanted especially not tonight when his demon was right on the surface. He had killed too many people these last days and seen to much blood and suffering. Yes, he even killed his own brother Adam. He felt both disgusted and dirty, but if he had to kill his brothers to protect Hazel then he would.

Hazel, he clenched his teeth harder. She smelled so good and felt so warm and soft as he held her in his arms earlier. And her sweet voice, how could he ignore her? He knew that he couldn't avoid her forever but he wanted to be with her at least when his demon was at his best.

As soon as she fell asleep he left the room. Finally, his body could relax and he could breathe. He needed some kind of release, he was on the edge of losing his mind.

While walking through the dark halls he felt someone follow him. Looking back he saw nothing and continued walking. He still felt as if someone was following him. He stopped and looked behind him.

"Whoever you are, show yourself," Lucian said. He heard a chuckle before the figure of a man appeared from the shadows. He was wearing all black making his long silver hair stand out even more. His eyes were as dark as his gaze and his skin so pale he wondered if this man ever walked in the sun. He looked frightening yet...beautiful.

"We meet again." The man said and Lucian instantly recognized his voice. It was the man from his dream.

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Married To The Devils Son.

Chapter 39

"Who are you?" Lucian asked. The man walked closer.

"You should ask what I am instead." He said. The man was tall slightly taller than him and Lucian could feel the power coming from him.

"Are you like me?" Lucian asked remembering the man's claws.

"And what are you?" The man said. That was a good question. Lucian didn't really know what he was. All he knew was that he was different.

"I don't know."

The man narrowed his dark eyes, They were frightening.

"I am not like you." The man said. "But I am not here to tell you what I am. If you want to win this war you need to stop being softhearted. You need to do whatever you need to do"

"Why would you care about me winning this war?" Lucian asked.

"I really don't care, I just don't like your brothers." He said.

"Do you know my brothers?"

"Yes." He said with a sigh as if he was tired of all the questions, still, Lucian couldn't stop himself from asking.

"How do you know them? How did you enter the castle?"

"If I can enter your dreams it's not that difficult to enter a castle." He said then looked me up and down and shook his head.

"Tsk, tsk. Don't fight your demon too much, accept it instead." He smiled then just like that he disappeared into thin air.

"Wait!" How did he know about his demon?

"My Lady?" I opened my eyes slowly and looked directly into Irene's. "It's late you should wake up."

I sat up on the bed and yawned while rubbing my eyes. Irene smiled at my action.

"You are like a little cat." she said.

"I like cats." I smiled. " I wish I had one."

I looked to my left. Lucian was gone.

"His Highness was probably tired last night." She said trying to comfort me.

"I don't think he wants me." I said. Even though he had told me he wanted me but every time we kissed he almost got sick and distanced himself from me. Maybe I was just bad at it.

"Of course he wants you. A man would be blind not to."

"You are just being kind." I said climbing down from the bed and heading to the bathroom.

"You know I am very honest My Lady." Yes she was but she was kind too.

"I just don't know what to do to...to..."

"To seduce a man?" She finished.

"To make him want me." I corrected but that made her laugh.

"It's the same thing My Lady." Yes, Of course.

I took my nightgown off and walked into the hot water.

"Don't worry. I will teach you everything you need, My lady."

I sat on the bed, watched Irene and listened while she gave me advice on what do to all while showing me.

"First, pretend like you are not even trying to seduce him. So when he comes back sit in front of the mirror and pretend like you are preparing to go to sleep." She sat in front of the mirror and picked up a brush and began to brush her hair.

"Start brushing your hair and putting oils onto your skin. When putting oils on your arms, neck and shoulders do it slowly and make sure he sees you." She removed the hair from her neck and caressed her neck slowly moving down to her shoulder and further down her arm with fluid movements.

"You should even try to lift your dress and put some oil on your legs. Try to talk to him while you do all these things to grab his attention." She said. She put her leg on the footstool the she lift her dress slowly and began to massage her leg. "Like this," She said running her hands up and down her leg. I couldn't help but giggle. Was I really going to do that?

"Smile while you talk to him and speak in a low voice." She said lowering her voice " and blink with your eyes a few times while you speak."

She looked like a seductress who wasnät even trying to seduce someone. If I did what she was doing I would look clumsy and foolish.

"What should I talk to him about?" I asked.

"Anything pleasant, something that will lighten his mood." I nodded and she went on telling me a few other things I could do if the first things didn't work out.

"If you want to seduce him then you need to seduce his senses, what he sees, hears and smells. If he likes what he sees, hears and smells then he is all yours."

"Irene?"

"Yes, My Lady."

"The person you love, are you together," I asked.

"Yes, My Lady." She smiled.

"Can I meet him sometime?" I was really curious to know the kind of man she fell in love with. Whoever he was, he was lucky to have a beautiful and smart woman like her.

"Of course My Lady. If that's what you want." then she suddenly looked at the door.

"His Highness is on his way I'll leave you alone." She said and left. I really wanted to know how she knew these kinds of things.

After a while, Lucian opened the door and entered while I was still sitting on the bed. I could feel my heart speeding up a little as he ran his fingers through his hair and smiled at me.

"Good morning wife." He seemed to be in a better mood but I was still a bit hurt by his actions last night.

"Good morning."

"Did you have breakfast?" He asked, slowly walking closer. It was actually in the middle of the day, time to eat lunch but I woke up late.

"Yes." I replied. He walked even closer until he stood a bit from where I was sitting. I looked up to meet his gaze as he looked down at me. Would I really be able to seduce this man? I wasn't as seductive or nearly as beautiful as Irene. What if I made a fool of myself?

He put his hand below my ear and caressed my cheek with his thumb.

"Hazel." He said his voice soft and warm like the summer breeze.

"Yes." His thumb traveled to my lips.

"Don't ever think I don't want you," He said his voice low. "I do but I am afraid to hurt you."

Something dark flickered through his eyes as he continued "You know I can."

Why was he trying to frighten me?

"But you wouldn't." I said.

He lowered himself until his face was close to mine.

"Yes, I would if was in the mood to do so." He said his breath fanning my face. "So don't ever try and seduce me again because these days I am in the mood to hurt someone."

Now, I wasn't listening to what he was saying because his face was so close, his lips so close that if a leaned in just a bit they would touch mine.

"Are you listening Hazel?"

"No," I whispered surprised by the need I heard in my own voice.

He pulled away and stood straight again. Then he looked at me with a serious expression.

"Yes, I listened. But you won't hurt me. I know." I said. I don't why he believed he would hurt me.

He looked at me for a while in silence before he spoke.

"I killed Adam. I killed my brother Adam."

Married To The Devils Son.

Chapter 40

I stiffened. I don't know why. I knew he would kill his brothers sooner or later so why was I surprised? Now I understood why he was in such a bad mood last night. He must have been feeling terrible.

"Are you alright?" I asked standing up which brought us even closer to each other.

"Yes, Hazel. I am perfectly fine. I don't even regret it, it is a part of me to kill. Do you know how many people these hands have killed with ease?" He asked holding up his hands.

" I don't even need weapons to kill. I have killed far more people with my bare hands then a sword."

Why was he doing this? Why was he trying to intimidate me?

"Why are you trying to scare me?"

"I am not." He said grabbing my arms and pulling me closer gently. "I don't want you to be scared. I just want you to be careful."

"Of what?"

His eyes bored into mine.

"Of me. If you ever feel that I am acting different or aggressive then just go far away from me."

Far away? No, I wouldn't. In fact, I wouldn't listen to anything he just said and I would still seduce him tonight.

Lucian could see a mischievousness in Hazel's eyes. She wasn't taking him seriously and yes, in a normal case he would love to be seduced by her but now, his demon was hungrier and angrier than ever.

First, he needed to figure out a safe way to be with Hazel.

"Your Highness, Princess Klara is here to meet you." A guard called from the outside.

Lucian exchanges a few looks with Hazel and then let her decide. She looked at him for a moment before she told the guard to let Klara in.

Klara walked in, her face shining with happiness.

"Princess Hazel, Prince Lucian, I hope I am not disturbing you." She said.

Lucian looked at Hazel, "No you are not, please come in." Hazel smiled but he knew it wasn't genuine.

Klara took a few steps forward and her gaze landed on Hazel questioningly.

"I came here to remind you of what we spoke about last time," Klara said carefully.

Lucian got a bad feeling about this and he gave Hazel a questioning look. She looked back at him with pleading eyes and he instantly knew what this was about. She wanted him to marry Klara. He had already been in a very bad mood these days, now he was fuming with anger. He really felt like spilling someone's blood.

Klara sensed the tension between them so she made a move first.

"I have got your weapons." She said and a guard came in with Lucian's weapons. "All your men have got their weapons back too. Is there anything else you would like me to do?" She was already showing her authority.

Hazel looked at him and he gave her a warning look. He wanted her to be the person to say no but she looked stubbornly at him.

"If you don't mind, I would like to speak to my wife alone." He told Klara.

"Sure," she smiled and left.

He turned to Hazel "What are you doing?"

"Can't you see? You got your weapons back and you can get anything else that you want." She looked down and lowered her voice. " She can give you things I can't."

Seeing her like that turned his anger into something else he couldn't quite describe and he drew her into his arm. He wished he could tell her there was another way out but there wasn't and he could put her life in danger.

"I am alright with you marrying her, " she said looking up at him "as long as you don't give your heart to her."

That wouldn't be a problem. He had already given his heart to Hazel and he wanted to give the rest of him to her and only to her.

He couldn't imagine himself marrying Klara, even his demon hated that thought.

"Will you say yes?"

"I'll think about it," he said but Hazel knew he was basically saying no.

"Lucian!" She said pulling herself away from his embrace. "There is nothing to think about. You marry her or die and leave me alone here with her brother who god knows what he will do to me."

Lucian stopped breathing for a moment as an image of Rasmus having his hands all over Hazel appeared in his head. Anger boiled inside of him, his demon growled at the thought and he could slowly feel the color of his eyes changing and the sharp pain of when his nails elongated cutting through his flesh. He stormed out of the room before Hazel could see the terrifying him.

"Lucian where are you going?" He could hear her call behind him.

"My Lady, what are you thinking so deeply about?"

"I don't understand. Shouldn't he be happy that I want him to marry Klara?" I asked confused. I had been thinking a lot about it after he left the room looking like he was about to kill someone.

"You should stop thinking My Lady and go to sleep. It is very late."

"I will wait for him."

"He won't come tonight," Irene said.

"How do you know?"

"I just know My Lady." She never quite answered every time I asked her how she knew things. She always said the same thing 'I just know', and she was right, he never came.

The next day I sat with Irene at the garden drinking her delicious tea. Since I started drinking it I felt much calmer and much more fresh and beautiful.

"Do you put something in the tea?" I asked.

"Yes, lots of herbs that are good for the skin, hair and just health in general."

"So you don't put some kind of magic?" I asked lowering my voice. She laughed.

"No, My Lady. I could do that but that wouldn't be a good thing to do. Magic is not a thing to use easily. There are always consequences."

"Ah..." was all I said then my thoughts wondered to Lucian. Where was he right now?

Lucian inhaled sharply and clenched his fists. He hated what he was about to do.

"Alright. I will marry you if you promise that no harm will come to Hazel."

She looked at him surprised at first but then hurt.

"I would never do anything that would harm you. I know you care about your wife, I will protect her the way you do."

He knew she was being honest but he wondered why she would go so far for him that she would even protect his wife.

"Are you sure this is what you want?" he asked her carefully again.

"Yes," she said without hesitation.

"I will never give my heart to you."

"Life is full of surprises, you never know." She smiled but he could see she was hurt. He could only hope she would wake up before ruining her life.

"Now that you said yes I have a gift for you." She motioned with her hands and two guards came behind him holding a lifeless body, which they let fall to the ground.

It was the body of his brother Tristan.

"Now you only have Pierre and Mason to worry about."

Chapter 41

"I don't know if I can do this." I said looking myself in the mirror.

"Yes you can My Lady. If you don't do this then princess Klara will."

Irene had made me wear a beautiful white gown with nothing underneath.

"But isn't this too much?"

Irene smiled.

"You are not n.a.k.e.d, My Lady. You are still wearing a dress, just showing a little more than usual to make him want to see the rest." She winked.

I didn't even know if this was a good idea. He had only yesterday warned me to not seduce him, but I wasn't seducing him really. I was just going to brush my hair and put oils on my skin, just as I do every night before I go to sleep. The only difference would be that I would be doing it in front of him now, which Irene thought would make him want me.

I was doubtful but Irene was convinced. Well, she knew more about men then I did so I decided to take her advice.

"You don't have to do this if you don't want to." She said putting her hand on my shoulder.

"I do want him. I am just not sure if he wants me." and that made me scared of wanting him.

"He does want you and if he doesn't, then make him."

Yes, I had to make him want me otherwise Klara would.

"Is he even coming tonight?" I asked.

"Yes, he is." She said with a frown. "I'll leave you now." On her way, she blew a few more candles off and gave me a reassuring smile before closing the door behind her.

As soon as Lucian walked into the room a wonderful smell penetrated his nostrils. It smelled of roses and fresh air and... Hazel. He looked around. The room was mostly dark, the only light coming from a few lit candles and the full moon that shone outside the window.

His eyes searched the room until they found Hazel who was sitting in front of the mirror brushing her hair. She stopped for a while and looked at him.

"You came." She smiled.

That smile, that weakness of his, tugged at his heart in strange ways.

"Yes," was the only thing he managed to say and she went on brushing her hair.

She looked more beautiful than ever in the dim light and smelled of honey and coconut. He inhaled deeply, he wanted more, more of her scent, more of her. He wanted to run his hands through her hair, hold her tight, kiss every inch of that honey scented skin. His body urged him forward while his brain screamed at him to turn around and leave before he lost control.

Hazel stopped brushing her hair and looked at him questioningly.

"Lucian?" her voice so sweet, called to him, woke his deepest desires. "Will you just stand there?" She asked.

No, he wanted to turn back and leave but found himself taking a step forward. Cursing quietly he walked past her and to the bed. He began to take his armor off deciding that he would go to sleep as fast as he could.

"How was your day?" She asked using that same sweet tone.

His gaze traveled back to her. She had her leg up on the footstool and had lifted her dress up above her knee.

Swallowing Lucian quickly turned his gaze away.

"Good." was all he said. He should have asked about her day but he was fighting a battle inside his head, a battle between his body and brain. He could feel how his demon was slowly clawing his way out.

"I have made a new friend." She continued. He could hear the joy in her voice but he got worried. Who could this friend be?

"Who?" He asked turning to her but regretted it immediately. She was now rubbing something into her skin, slowly running her hands up and down her bare leg.

He had warned her. He had warned her not to seduce him, why could she never listen?

"Her name is Irene?" she smiled swinging her legs down and standing up straight.

His eyes scanned the length of her body, taking in every detail. She was wearing a form-fitting white dress that enhanced the curves of her body. The fabric was thin but not revealing, still, he knew she was wearing nothing underneath.

While enjoying the sight he could feel her body warming up under his gaze and her heart began to beat rapidly. She seemed to contemplate whether to approach him or not. God help her and him if she did because now he was losing all sense. The only thing he could focus on was the deep and raw hunger that rose within him.

I felt my cheeks flush as his gaze moved over me, the intensity in his eyes clearly telling me that he liked what he saw.

Slowly he lifted his gaze to mine and our eyes locked. Heat blazed from the depths of them, warming me from the inside, drawing me to him like gravity and I found myself taking a few steps forward but stopped, afraid he would draw back. But he didn't.

Instead, he stalked toward me, slowly, his eyes never leaving mine and it took all my strength to stand still and not run away or fall on my knees. I don't know what it was about him, about the way he moved or the way he looked at me that made me both frightened and excited at the same time.

I forget to breathe as he neared and stood right before me, so close I could feel the warmth of his body, wrapping itself around me like a blanket, making me yearn to be in his arms.

As if he knew what I wanted he wrapped his arm around my waist and pulled me close.

"I have waited too long." He said his voice rough with suppressed need. "I can't hold back anymore."

"Then don't" I whispered.

His hold around my waist tightened pressing our bodies together while his free hand grabbed my hair roughly and brought my face dangerously close to his. I closed my eyes waiting for him to kiss me as roughly as he grabbed me, but I felt the softest brush of his lips on mine sending shivers down my spine. Then another soft brush and my breath hitched.

He was making me wait, but I didn't want to wait. I wanted him, I needed him. I wrapped my arms around his neck but before I could press my lips to his he pulled my hair and tilted my head back.

"Patience wife, I want to savor this moment." He said his tone like a hot wave against my throat.

I clung on to him, unable to stand on my own as his lips skillfully moved over my throat kissing and nibbing. His hands moved down my back, grabbed onto my h.i.p.s and pushed me even harder into his body as if I wasn't close enough. His scent wrapped itself around my mind making me unable to think.

I was lost, drowning in an ocean of pleasure. I felt myself float on air, my feet no longer touching the ground and suddenly I lay on the bed with Lucian on top of me, pinning my hands above my head. Desire and hunger blazed through his eyes and he crashed his lips on mine. His kiss was raw, intense sending a wave of heat through my body. His hands slipped under my dress and caressed me to heights that were both frightening and arousing.

Lucians kisses turned from sweetly intense to painfully intense almost bruising my lips. Before I could protest I heard the tearing sound of fabric.

"Lucian..." I began breathlessly as I pushed him away.

"What did you..." the words died in my throat as I looked into his red eyes before he shut them.

"Hazel, leave quickly before I hurt you."

His voice sent chills down my spent and I considered running for a moment but something in me refused to run. Something that heard the pain in his voice.

He opened his eyes and his gaze burned into mine.

"I said run." He growled.

"No, I don't want to."

"I can't control myself anymore Hazel." He said with clenched teeth as his body shook violently. "You don't want to see me like this."

I had already seen him like this and he hadn't hurt me. He had saved me. I refused to be scared of him, I had no reason to.

Lucian was trying everything in his power to make his body move, take himself as far away from Hazel as possible, but his demon was too strong, too hungry. It had tasted Hazel and it wanted more. He was no longer in control and he feared for Hazel but she wasn't listening to him.

He shut his eyes and fought his demon once more but to no avail.

"Lucian, open your eyes." He felt Hazel's hand on his cheek.

No! He didn't want her to see him like this but he found himself opening his eyes.

"Look at me." She whispered.

Raising his gaze slowly, he looked into her eyes. It was as if his body listened to her instead of him.

There was no fear in her eyes as he gazed into them, only curiosity and... tenderness. He wasn't used to this. He was used to seeing fear and disgust in people's eyes. To see Hazel look at him the way she did warmed his heart and without thinking, he leaned down and kissed her again. She parted her lips invitingly and wrapped her arms around him.

A familiar feeling he knew as love filled his heart. It warmed him, calmed him and slowly he felt the color of his eyes returning to normal and his nails retracting.

He had no time to think of what was happening as he was consumed by the desire that pulsated through him.

Slowly he drew back and took his shirt off while studying her face. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes hooded with desire. He could hear the fierce pounding of her heart as her gaze traveled down his bare upper body.

Knowing that she wanted to touch him he took her hand and placed it on his chest. She hesitates for a moment but then her hands slowly began to explore his body.

She ran her hands down his chest, stomach, up his arms and shoulders her eyes showing nothing but admiration as she touched him. Then her fingers traveled down his spine and he groaned with pleasure that burned so deep it was nearly painful.

Although he was in a sweet agony he waited patiently, letting her satisfy her curiosity and getting acquainted with his body.

When she was done it was his turn.

He pressed his body intimately into hers, holding her down with his h.i.p.s while his lips claimed hers in a kiss. His tongue swept across her lower lip and she writhed beneath him creating a sweet friction that made him groan deep in his throat. Knowing the effect it had on her he repeated the deed and she m.o.a.ned in response.

Taking her dress off smoothly he began to explore her body using his hands, lips, and tongue. He savored the feel and taste of her skin, relished the sound of her m.o.a.ns.

"Lucian!" She gasped as he grazed his finger down her inner thighs coaxing shivers out of her. He did the same thing again but this time with his tongue making her quiver uncontrollably. He couldn't help but smile at her reaction as he continued teasing her with his lips and tongue.

"Lucian please..." She said breathless as her hands fisted in his hair bringing his face to hers.

He gave her the kiss she wanted and she kissed him back with a hunger that both surprised him and aroused to an excruciating level. His hand slid between her thighs and she cried out in pleasure as his he touched sensitive, aching flesh.

She was his now and he was going to show her that no other man could pleasure her the way he was going to.

I was mindless, nearly breathless as Lucians hand stroke me slowly, rhythmically making the pressure in the pit of my stomach increase with every stroke. I dig my finger into his hair as the feeling became overwhelming, making my muscles tighten and then a spasm went through my body and my head fell back with a cry.

I just lay there, my body limp, astonished by what just happened. Whatever it was I didn't want it to end.

"This is just the beginning, wife" Lucian whispered in my ear.

And then the kissing and stroking began and my body was on fire once again.

Lucian grabbed my h.i.p.s and I felt a sharp pain, but it was only brief. Next came the incredible feeling, our skin moving together, the friction igniting a fire that burned to my core.

Yes, I was on fire. A fire that no amount of water could quench.

Married To The Devils Son

Chapter 42

I opened my eyes slowly, unwilling to succ.u.mb the sweet dream I had been having. I realized it wasn't a dream, as I felt Lucian's arm around my waist, pressing my back against his chest. His legs entwined with mine under the sheets, his breath in my hair, fanning my neck.

It hadn't been a dream. Lucian had made love to me last night in the most sensual, tender manner. I felt my cheeks heat and my body burn anew as I recalled the beautiful memories. It was an experience I had never had before and never thought I would have. Actually, I never thought such an experience could even exist. How could a single kiss make my head spin? A light touch burn my skin?

My heart skipped a beat as I felt Lucian's arm tighten around my waist.

"Lucian? Are you awake?" I whispered.

"Hmm..." he said in a sleepy voice. Then it was quiet for a while. Had he gone back to sleep?

Slowly, I turned around to face him. His eyes were closed but I knew he was half awake. Maybe he was tired and wanted to continue sleeping, so I kept quiet as to not wake him.

Lord, he was beautiful. Just looking at him made my heart race and my fingers itched to touch him. I let my fingers slide up his shoulder and down his arm feeling the smooth and warm texture of his skin.

"Do that again" he said his voice husky with sleep.

Smiling, I did the same gesture again feeling him shiver slightly under my touch. Then I ran my fingers down his neck, his jaw, his lips, admiring the smoothness. Craving to touch him more, kiss him and hold him.

He grabbed my wrist stopping me, then he opened his eyes.

"Are you done tormenting me, wife?"

"Not yet," I smiled teasingly.

Taking my hand, he kissed my palm then entwined his fingers with mine.

"I have never slept so peacefully before," My heart warmed up at his words. "I wish to sleep with you in my arms every night from now on."

"Every night?"

"Yes, every night." He stated, his eyes boring into mine and suddenly an image of his red eyes from last night appeared in my head.

I had looked into them, into his blood red eyes and still let him make love to me. I should have been scared, should have screamed, or at least asked him what he was, but I had been blind with l.u.s.t.

"Hazel?" He grabbed some strands of my hair and tugged them behind my ear. "About last night...what you saw...I really don't know how to explain it."

He seemed to think for a while before his eyes slowly became unfocused, distant. All of a sudden, images of a young boy with black hair and golden eyes appeared in my head.

The boy, who looked to be five years old, was happy as he ran.

"Papa," he shouted with a smile and enveloped his father in a hug. The smile quickly died on his face as he felt his father stiffen and recoil from his touch. He looked up at his father to see him look down at him with disgust. His heart dropped to his stomach. With teary eyes, he watched his father from a distance hugging and kissing his brothers while smiling and laughing, and wondered why he had been treated so differently.

Now the boy was a little older maybe eight. He was sitting at the lunch table with his brothers and father.

"Where is your mother?" one of his brothers asked. The boy looked at the empty chair next to him where his mother was supposed to sit, then he looked at his brothers who all were sitting next to their mothers.

"His mother is dead son. Leave him alone." The woman who was his mother said.

The golden eyed boy looked down at his hands feeling all alone. He had heard people whisper that he was the reason his mother died. Because she had to give birth to a monster like him.

Indeed he was a monster, at least when he looked himself in the mirror and saw his eyes red and nails sharp like blades. He was terrified by his own image. He hated what he saw so he broke the mirror with a single thought and then sat in the middle of the shattered glass. Tears rolled down his eyes.

With a shaky hand, he grabbed a piece of the broken mirror and placed it on his wrist. Slowly he cut through his flesh but the pain was nothing compared to the one in his chest. He looked at his wrist, the cut had already healed. If only the wounds in his heart could heal as well.

Why was it so difficult? Why was life so cruel to him? He just wanted to be loved, to be held just once. He wanted someone to tell him he wasn't a monster and that he didn't need to be scared.

But once again he sat in the corner of a dark room, scared, crying in his pillow to stifle the sound. He had almost burned his brother, with just a thought. How was that possible? Maybe he was a monster, who had killed his mother and almost killed his brother today. He deserved to be hated, he deserved to be feared. No wonder his father didn't want him, he had killed his wife and could kill him as well.

The golden eyed boy who was now a teenager had accepted that he was a monster. His heart had become numb from all the pain and loneliness he had to endure so he shut his feelings down.

He had heard all kinds of bad things about himself. He had heard them so many times that it didn't matter anymore. No one cared and nobody would ever care, so why bother? He isolated himself from everyone else but still, he couldn't be left alone. His brothers would mock him every time they got the opportunity and his father would sometimes barge into his room in an intoxicated state.

"You!" his father would shout, pointing at him while trying to keep his balance. "You have made my life a hell! Why do you have to exist you repulsive thing? Why?!!!"

"Father?"

"Don't! Don't call me that. I am not your father!" he would scream. "And don't look at me with those eyes!!"

His father hated his eyes and so did he. Some people said his eyes were made from hell fire while others said they were stones from hell. If people looked into them they would sin and eventually go to hell.

"Father? Why do you hate me so much?" the boy asked gathering some courage.

"Hate?" his father laughed. "I don't hate you, I despise you."

"Then why don't you just kill me!" the boy yelled, tears falling down his face.

"I wish I could." his father spat.

Later that night, the boy stood at the top of the castle's tower, looking down. He took a deep breath. He was going to end his miserable life. No more pain, no more loneliness. He closed his eyes. This was the end he thought.

"Nooo!!" Hazel screamed and Lucian came out of his haze.

Startled he looked at her, her cheeks were wet with tears. He realized that she had seen his memories. How?

"Hazel." He reached for her and held her tightly while she cried hysterically against his chest.

"I am sorry you got to see that. I didn't mean to." He said but she just kept crying.

Lucian cursed inwardly. How was she able to see his memories? To see him in pain was the last thing he wanted.

"Hazel?" He whispered her name while gently stroking her back. "That was a long time ago. Yes, I was lonely. My heart had frozen spreading the coldness throughout my whole body. I lived on, enduring until you came into my life."

She slowly stopped crying and looked up at him. He wiped some tears away from her cheeks. It pained him to see her cry.

"You have given me a reason to live. You have brought warmth into my life, making the ice around my heart melt so it could beat again. And now my heart beats and it beats only for you."

She looked at him surprised, blinking a few tears away and then wiping them with the back of her hand. He could hear her heart race inside her chest. She knew what he was going to say and she waited for him in anticipation.

"I love you Hazel. I love you with all my heart."

Then he covered her mouth with his and kissed her til she was breathless.

Married To The Devils Son.

Chapter 43

Lucian watched Hazel in her sleep. He had been watching her for a while now, but he never seemed to get tired. How could he? She was the only thing he ever wanted and now she was his.

He looked out the window, it was almost midday but they were still in bed and Hazel was sleeping. He was relieved that she was safe even though his demon had taken over completely last night. It had scared him but Hazel hadn't been scared. She had still wanted him and for the first time, he hadn't despised his demon. He had accepted it instead and it brought a strange feeling of freedom. No more demon crawling under his skin anymore, rather, he and his demon had become one.

This made him remember the strange man's words. Don't fight your demon too much, accept it instead.

How did the man know that he would find peace if he accepted his demon? Whoever the man was, he wanted to meet him again.

He gazed at his wife again. His foolishly courageous wife. To seduce him even though he had warned her clearly, it amused him. He traced her cheek with his fingers. She was indeed stubborn, very stubborn he thought. Her eyelashes were still wet from crying and her lips swollen from all the kissing. He should have gone easy on her, but how? He had waited so long. So long to hold her, kiss her, and touch her and now he could do all of that, without the fear of hurting her.

Tugging her into his arms, he closed his eyes.

I woke up with a smile on my face. The words I love you echoing in my mind. There has never been a happier moment in my life then that when Lucian, my husband, told me he loved me. The sincerity in which he said the words made all of my doubts and fears disappear.

And then he had kissed me, like never before. His kisses expressing the unspoken words, making me forget everything else than the man holding me in his arms.

Lucian. He was indeed 'Man of light'. I just wished he could see that and stop believing he was a monster.

The memories I had seen had been so painful. I was able to feel the void in his heart and my heart ached for him. I couldn't imagine how it must have been for him to live like that, all alone, unloved, scared, and confused. How much pain he must have endured, so much that he was willing to take his life. My heart clenched in pain at the thought. He was just a child. How could his own family have treated him like that?

They were the monsters not him.

Looking at him I ran my fingers through his hair. "I'll make you forget." I whispered.

His lips curved into a smile.

"I thought you were asleep." I said.

He opened his eyes.

"I was. Your finger in my hair and your sweet voice woke me up." He trailed his fingers down my cheek.

"Now tell me. What will you make me forget?" He asked.

I shook my head afraid to tell him. Would I be able to make him forget all the bad memories?

"Nothing." I said.

He drew me closer and pressed his lips on my neck while running his finger down my spine. "Tell me."

"I just..." I began trying to keep my voice neutral as it became hard to breathe.

"You just what?" he said nibbing at the sensitive flesh under my ear. I bit my lip to stifle a m.o.a.n.

"I want... to make you forget all the bad memories." I breathed.

He drew back and looked at me, his eyes filled with love and tenderness.

"Hazel. You make me forget how to breathe, let alone bad memories."

With a smile I snuggled against him, but then my stomach growled.

Lucian chuckled. "We should get something to eat."

No, I didn't want to leave his arms but I wanted to eat something too. We had been laying in bed for too long that we had missed our breakfast and maybe he was hungry as well. I forced myself to sit up then swung legs down. That's when I saw my beautiful white gown on the floor, ripped and torn.

"I am sorry about that." Lucian said running his finger through his hair, innocently.

Wrapping the sheets around me I jingled the bell on the nightstand and a maid came in immediately.

"Bring me Irene." I ordered.

"I am sorry My Lady, but who?"

"Irene. Bring me Irene."

The maid, I think her name was Nora, looked at me confused.

"My Lady, I am sorry but there is no one called Irene."

"Alright. Just bring me the maid who was here last night."

"I was here last night My lady."

Alright, now I was confused.

"No you were not. A maid called Irene was here with me."

The maid looked at me, confusion and fear in her eyes.

"My Lady I have never even heard that name." Her voice quivered.

How was that possible? Irene had been with me all these days.

I stood up. "So are you saying I had been without a maid all these days?" I asked.

She shook her head.

"I was serving you My Lady."

I sighed in frustration and disbelief.

"Little girl. Why don't you call the head maid." Lucian said standing up, the sheets only covering his lower body.

The maid looked down quickly her cheeks turning a bright red. Nodding she left the room.

"What's happening? Who is Irene?" Lucian asked.

"Irene is my personal maid. She had been here with me all these days and now she is telling me there is no one called Irene."

He frowned. Yes, I was confused too, but then suddenly I got scared. Irene was a witch. What if she had been discovered and burned alive? Or maybe the bloodthirsty king had found her and made her his s.e.x slave? No, no. I shook my head.

"Is something wrong?" Lucian looked worried.

There was a knock on the door and next an old lady came in.

"My Lady, Your Highness." She bowed deeply. "I am Margaret, the head maid. You called for me. How may I help you?"

I looked over at Lucian.

"Do you happen to know someone called Irene?" He asked.

"No Your Highness. Never heard the name."

"Who had been attending my wife?"

"A maid called Nora had been serving My Lady, Your Highness."

I stared at her in disbelief.

"You may leave." Lucian said and she left.

"She is lying," I told Lucian.

"What makes you think so?"

"I think the king took Irene and told everyone to keep it a secret or maybe they discovered that she is a w.."

"She is what?"

I hesitated for a while then decided to tell him.

"A witch," I whispered.

Lucian blinked several times then laughed.

"A witch?"

"Yes."

"And what makes you think Rasmus took her." He asked.

"Well, he loves women, and she is extremely, extremely beautiful," I said.

"If she really is a witch I think she can take care of herself, and if Rasmus took her, then... you know we can't do anything about it."

Well, it was true. Maybe she could use some magic to save herself. Still, I was worried.

I took a quick bath then joined Lucian for lunch. We both ate in silence and for the first time we both finished everything on the plate.

"I think you regained your appetite." He said.

I had always loved food but had lost my appetite since I came here due to all the stress.

"I don't think I could ever get enough of food." I smiled picking a strawberry from the fruit basket, and taking a bite of it.

Heat flickered in his eyes. "I know I could never get enough of you."

Heat rose to my cheeks at the way he looked at me.

"You shouldn't look at me like that. We just got out of bed." I said.

"I know. Yet I want to take you back there right now."

The intensity in his eyes made me swallow the strawberry without chewing it completely and he laughed.

"We have plenty of time for that, I am in no hurry." He smiled.

The thought of him making love to me again and again made my heart flutter.

Clearing my throat "Lucian, how was I able to see your memories?" I asked.

He thought for a while.

"I really don't know." he said with a frown.

"And you don't know what you are?"

"No."

How confusing and lonely it must have been for him to not know what he is and not be able to tell anyone.

"What happened when you...when you..."

"When I decided to end my life?" He finished. My heart clenched once more.

"Did you jump?" I asked carefully.

"No, I didn't."

I let out a sigh of relief.

"What made you change your mind?"

"I guess there was just a part of me that refused to be weak. I refused to give up and give my father and brothers the satisfaction of seeing me dead." He explained.

I thought about what would have happened if he had jumped. I would never have met him, and I would never have married him, but most of all I would never have fallen in love with him.

Yes, I loved this man.

I think I felt something for him from the first time I saw him, when I had looked into his golden eyes. I was spellbound since then.

"Do you know your eyes are the first thing I fell in love with? You shouldn't hate them. They are beautiful."

I could see in his eyes that if the table hadn't stood between us he would have kissed me. Even though I enjoyed the food, I suddenly wished the table hadn't been there.

As if he knew what I was thinking he stood up and walked to my side. Then he reached for my hand and pulled me out of my chair, bringing me closer to him.

"Hazel." The warmth in which he said my name made me want to melt. "Thank you for existing."

He took both my hands in his and kissed my knuckles.

No one has ever thanked me for anything and this man was thanking me for existing. I didn't know what to say or feel.

"No one has ever cared for me so I never learned how to care for someone. I know I have been a bad husband, avoiding you, hurting you and not being able to protect you. I promise to be a better husband from now on, I promise to cherish you."

I felt tears in my eyes. The truth was, I was the bad one. Yes, he had avoided me and hurt me but now I understood why. He was hurting himself, it must have been so hard for him to avoid me, to live hiding the real him because he was afraid I would hate him just like his family. It must have been hard to live afraid to hurt the person you love.

He had been so alone and I hadn't noticed. Instead, I had distanced myself from him, misunderstood him and denied him his rights as a husband. I know that if it had been any other man he would have used me without my consent and then ignored me for the rest of my life.

But this was Lucian, the man I loved. I must have had a reason to love him and I knew the reason now.

"And I promise to be a better wife."

Married To The Devils Son.

Chapter 44

Lucian left saying he needed to take care of a few things and I just lay in my bed, daydreaming about him. I had Irene to thank for everything that happened. I wished she was here, I felt lonely without her.

Was she alright? What if something really bad is happening to her in this moment and I am just laying here in my bed?

"My Lady?"

Startled I sat up and turned my head.

"Irene!" I almost jumped out bed.

She smiled.

"Where were you? You made me worried."

She looked at me confused.

"You were worried about me?" She asked.

"Yes why not?"

"I am just a maid My Lady?"

"I...I thought we were friends."

Lord, I hated this. I knew that it never worked to be friends with a maid. I had already tried with Lydia and Ylva and they would always say the same 'A Lady and a maid can never be friends'. They were right. I was naive to think that.

How could they see me as a friend when they had to serve me all the time?

"We are if that's what you want, My lady?"

I looked at her surprised and she gave me a smile.

"Could you call me Hazel then?" I asked hopeful.

"Yes, Hazel."

Finally!! After so many years I got a friend. I felt like crying.

"So what happened? I thought something had happened to you. That maybe the bloodthirsty king had taken you."

"No, I am perfectly fine."

"Then why are the maids saying they don't know you?"

She looked around and seemed to contemplate about something.

"Can I tell you a secret now that we are friends?" She asked approaching me.

"Yes,"

"I am not a maid Hazel. I am just a witch."

I blinked a few times confused by what I heard.

"I came here to help you and your husband." She continiúed.

"Help us? Why?"

"I can't tell you much, but I need you to believe me."

"Believe you? You just lied about being a maid. I trusted you Irene."

"I am sorry." She said and she looked sorry. "But there was no other way I could have spoken to you. I really need you to believe me."

"Why would I?"

"Because you don't want your husband to die?"

"How do you know Lucian?"

Suddenly a thought popped into my head.

"Is he a witch too?" I whispered and then I thought he couldn't be. Why did I even think of that? Witches didn't have red eyes or did they?

"Your husband... is something very powerful that has never existed before. If he uses his powers in the wrong way he could destroy himself."

"What are you saying?" I asked confused.

Grabbing my arms she sat me down on the edge of the bed.

"Hazel, do you remember I told you magic is not a thing to use easily, that it has consequences?"

"Yes."

"Any power anyone possess has its consequences if misused. Your husband... I don't think his is very familiar with his powers, he really don't know how to use them and he could overuse them and bring destruction upon himself."

"How do you know that?"

"He doesn't even know what he is, do you think he will know how to use his powers?"

I was quite for a moment trying to digest all the information I just got.

"Listen, I am a witch right?"

"Yes."

"Alright. If I try to cast a very powerful spell and use all my power and overexert myself I could die, if not I would be weak for several days and my enemies would kill me meanwhile I can't protect myself. The same goes for your husband, he needs to use the right amount of power, and to be able to do that he needs to be very familiar with his powers."

I just looked at her, many questions swirling in my head and doubts on whether to believe her or not.

"So your husband must not think that he can fight an whole army himself. He could but that would make him very weak, or worse he could die."

"And what makes you think he will fight a whole army himself?"

"He might have to do that, because of you."

"Because of me?"

"Yes. He is planning on escaping with you. He is not safe outside these walls. Both his brothers have sent their men everywhere looking for him."

"How do you know that?"

"I got the information from someone I trust."

"So is Lucian a witch or not?"

"Some things I can't tell you." She said. "I need to leave now."

"Wait! Why are you helping my husband?"

Somehow I was afraid to hear the answer. Was she a previous lover of his?

"I was not his lover, Hazel." She said looking amused.

"Can you read my thoughts?"

"Just one of my many talents." She said swirling and then she was gone.

I blinked several times. What had I just seen? She just disappeared in front of my eyes. Impossible.

"Your highness. Please consider your decision." Lincoln begged.

"I have already made up my mind." Lucian said irritation clear in his voice. He knew Lincoln feared for his life and wanted to protect him but he wished the man would stop begging.

He had promised Hazel to be a better husband so he wasn't going to hurt her anymore.

"Have you prepared everything?"

"Yes Your Highness."

Leaving Lincoln behind Lucian entered Klaras room through the window without anyone noticing him. It was late but he hoped she would be awake, and she was.

She lay on her bed reading a book. He approached her slowly thinking it was stupid of him to do this.

"Klara?"

Startled she sat up on bed "Lucian?" she looked at him with a questioning look then stood up.

"What are you doing here?" She asked.

Yes, how stupid. What was he doing here? He should just have escaped with Hazel.

Something flickered in her eyes.

"Lucian..." She began a warning in her tone. "I don't know what you think of me but I am not like that."

He knew what she was talking about. She thought he had come here to take her to bed. He couldn't blame her when he had snuck into her room in the middle of the night.

"Klara, I can't marry you. I am sorry that I am changing my decision all the time but this is my last and final decision."

Her eyes widened as she put the pieces together.

"You are escaping aren't you?"

"Yes."

"No," She shook her head "you can't. Then why did you come here to tell me?"

Because he knew how she felt about him. If he just escaped without saying goodbye when he had promised to marry her, he would scar her for life. And he knew how painful it was to live with a scar.

"I am not the right one for you. You will realize the day you find the right one. I have to go now." He said turning around.

"I will scream if you go." She threatened.

"Go ahead."

"Lucian I'm going to scream." Ignoring her he continued toward the window.

He knew she wouldn't scream, at least not if her feelings were true.

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Chapter 45

"Are we really escaping?"

"Yes" Lucian said packing a few things.

Oh, lord. Irene was right.

"Lucian," I said grabbing his arms "I know you are doing this for me but I really, really, really don't mind you marrying Klara."

"Do you want me to marry her and then isolate her somewhere?"

That was terrible. No women deserve to be treated that way.

"No."

"Then you don't mind me touching her, kissing her and taking her to bed?" He said frustration clear in his tone.

No. I didn't like that either. Looking at my hands I tried to come up with something to say that made sense, but nothing came to mind. I was confused and scared.

"Listen Hazel." Lucian said taking my hands. "I don't want to marry Klara because I don't want to neglect her. I know how it feels, I have been neglected my whole life. If I don't ignore her it means I have to be with her, and I don't want that either. I don't want to be with anyone but you."

I never thought about what he wanted. It would be wrong to force him to be with someone he didn't want to. I knew how that felt.

"Alright." I said.

We packed a few things and then sneaked out. Outside we met Lincoln, Oliver and few other of Lucians men.

"Your Highness, the weapons and horses are ready." Lincoln informed.

"Yes. But going outside the gates will be too difficult. The guards are too many, we have to at least distract some of them." Calum explained worriedly.

"Don't worry, soon they will fall asleep," Lincoln assured.

"That's very clever of you Lincoln," A familiar female voice spoke from nearby "but I am afraid many of our guards are immune to drugs."

Klara? What was she doing here?

Oh god, we got caught. We were as good as dead.

"There is another way out if you follow me." She gestured.

I looked at Lucian skeptically but he just grabbed my arm and nodded toward his men, then we followed Klara.

Why would she help us escape?

"Can we trust her?" I whispered as we followed her into a dark tunnel.

Lucian nodded.

"This tunnel leads to the back of the castle. It was made in case we got attacked so that we could escape." She explained.

As we reached the exit we found that a few guards standing there.

"Don't worry. These are my men." She explained as she saw the questioning looks on our faces.

"They have prepared a few more horses and weapons. You will need them." She continued.

She was helping us escape. Why? She was making me confused.

Klara studied Lucian while he put his weapons in place and prepared his horse. As she looked at him her expression was filled with sorrow and another feeling I didn't want to admit yet.

Turning to me she walked closer.

"Why are you helping us?" I asked before she could say anything.

"I am helping him not you."

"Helping him is helping me." I said.

She narrowed her eyes.

"I am trying to hate you. You are not helping." She said.

"Neither are you."

I think saw her lips twitch a little into a smile.

"This is not the end. I have not given up on him yet." She said folding her arms across her chest.

"I am sure there are many men who like you why Lucian?"

Walking closer she leaned in.

"I don't think you understand, but your husband is one of a kind."

Then taking a few steps back "I trust you will protect him, or I will come for him." She smirked.

"Princess Klara," Lucian said approaching us "thank you for your help."

As she looked at him her eyes softened and for a short moment, I thought she would cry.

"Take care of yourself." She said.

We were riding fast through an empty land and once again I felt dizzy. I thought I had gotten used to this but I guess I didn't.

Lucian slowed down, "Are you alright?" he asked.

"Yes," I breathed, but I wasn't.

Throughout the journey, I fought my urge to vomit as I held on to Lucian until I discovered something. Inhaling Lucian's scent took the nausea away. Grabbing some strands of his hair I kept inhaling his spicy scent until we decided to take a break.

"Lincoln will bring us food." Lucian said as he sat next to me on a cliff while I was watching the sunrise.

It was my first time seeing the sun rise and it was the most beautiful sight. From the corner of my eyes, I could see Lucian watching me.

"Isn't it beautiful?" I nodded toward the sun.

"Very beautiful." He said but he was still looking at me as he said it.

I turned to him. "I am speaking of the sunrise, Lucian."

"I see nothing but you right now."

We just stared into each other's eyes unable to look away until we heard some guards speaking behind us.

Tearing my gaze from his, "Where are we going? What's your plan?" I asked.

"There is only one way out of this mess and to keep you safe. I will kill my brothers."

"But how? You brothers probably have a very high security now because they know they can be attacked any time. I am sure they are prepared for everything." I said.

"I don't know exactly how Hazel, but I will come up with something. First I need to take you to a safe place."

The thoughts of him leaving me and maybe not coming back sent shivers down my spine.

"No, " I said. "I don't want you to go."

"Hazel, I have to. We can't live running and hiding our whole life."

"But what if something happens to you?"

He smiled.

"Nothing will happen to me." He said cupping my face with one hand."I can't die now when I know the feeling of having your bare body in my arms."

His eyes burned into mine and heat crept to my face.

"Your Highness, I have brought some food and clothes." Lincoln interrupted us.

Lincoln brought us commoners clothes so that we wouldn't be recognized easily. We changed our clothes, ate some food and then continued our journey.

Leaving trees and empty lands behind, we came to the city. Getting off the horses we walked among common people till we came to a little village outside the city.

We stood in front of a white house with a brown roof. Lucian had told me that we would go to Lincoln's home, I guessed this was it.

Lincoln entered the house and after a while, he came out with a woman. She seemed to be in her late twenties or early thirties with blonde hair and brown eyes.

"This is my wife Malia, Malia this is His Highness Lucian and His wife Hazel." He introduced.

"It's an honor to meet you, Your Highness." She greeted. "Please come inside."

It was a small house but it was neet and looked comfortable. I could see Malia glancing at Lucian now and then looking surprised. From the way she looked at him, I knew she hadn't expected him to look the way he did. I couldn't blame her, I never thought he would look like this either before I got married to him.

Lucian and Lincoln spoke to Malia about me staying with her until they took care of things.

"Callum will also stay here in case anything happens," Lincoln explained and Malia nodded.

After giving us lunch Malia took us to a room.

"You have been traveling the whole night, I am sure you need rest." She smiled.

"Thank you." I said and she closed the door behind us.

The bedroom was small, at least for someone like me who was used to having very big bedrooms but it looked nice. To share such little pace with Lucian brought butterflies to my stomach.

He had already made love to me but I was still behaving like an innocent girl. I needed to stop this.

Looking at Lucian, he was still utterly handsome even when wearing commoners clothes while I probably looked awful. He was wearing a pair of black boots, khaki trousers and a white shirt which he was taking off by now.

Looking at his body I remembered how shamelessly I had touched him without holding back. How smooth his skin had felt, how the muscles on his arms and back had twitched... and his strong neck, I had a sudden urge to place kisses down his neck.

"What are you thinking about wife?"

From the smug look on his face I guessed he knew what I was thinking about.

"Nothing." I blushed.

"And why would nothing make you blush?" He drawled crossing the distance between us.

"Can you hear my thoughts?" I asked.

"No, but I can hear your heart race, your breathing change and your temperature rise."

"You can hear my heartbeat?" I asked surprised.

"Yes, I have sharp senses."

"Oh..." I said trying to digest everything. "What else can you do?"

"I can speak inside your head."

I wasn't very surprised by that. I had heard his voice in my head before.

"What else?"

"I can control fire."

He had burned the men. It was him. "Now you are scared." He said.

"No, I am not."

He was quiet for awhile "Let's get some rest."

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Chapter 46

Lucian lay facing the other side and I wondered if he was angry with me.

"Are you angry with me?" I asked.

"Why would I be?"

"I don't know" I whispered.

He turned around facing me.

"I am not angry." He said his voice soft.

If he wasn't angry, there was something else he wasn't telling me.

"Will you hold me then while we rest?"

Without waiting he drew me into his arms and after a while, he fell asleep. I was very tired as well after being awake the whole night but I didn't want to sleep since Lucian would leave after we woke up I wanted to be awake and savor the feel of being in his arms. But I couldn't.

I kept repeating Irene's words in my head and it made my stomach twist in fear. What if something happened to Lucian? What if he never came back? Maybe I should have convinced him to marry Klara.

"You haven't slept?" Lucian asked surprised when he woke up.

"I wasn't very tired." I lied to no avail.

"Hazel, you don't need to worry. I will come back safe." He assured me.

Lucian's men gathered their horses outside, getting ready to leave. Lincoln was speaking to his wife, it looked like he was assuring her he would come back safe but she still looked worried. He gave her a kiss on the cheek and a reassuring smile. Surprisingly I had never seen him smile before. This was the first time and he looked like a different person.

By the way, where was Lucian? Looking around I found him stalking toward me. By the time I realized what he was about to do it was too late and he had already pressed his lips to mine, in front of everyone. On top of that it wasn't a light and quick kiss, but a long and passionate one that knocked all air out of my lungs.

He drew back, a smirk on his face. What was that for?

"This is for slapping me, wife."

Embarrassed I looked around and everyone looked away quickly. I wished the earth could open up and swallow me and I glared at Lucian accusingly.

He laughed. "Do you still want me to come back?"

"Yes. How can I pay you back otherwise?" I said.

"I look forward to that." He smirked.

Placing a kiss on my forehead, "I will be back wife." He said then rode off with his men.

It has been a week since Lucian left and for every day that went by I got more and more worried. I couldn't live on like this, the anxiety was eating me alive.

"My Lady, You haven't been eating well lately." Malia pointed. "You should eat something."

"I am fine." I said. She looked at me skeptically.

Suddenly the door flew open and Callum stood there breathless.

"My lady, we need to leave now." He said.

"Why? What happened?" I asked standing up.

"I saw some guards with drawings of you and his highness asking the villagers if they saw you. Soon enough they will find us if we don't leave."

"Oh lord," Malia said. "We should hurry then."

Only grabbing a few important things we left the house. I sat behind Callum on the horse while Malia rode on her own. Even she could ride, why couldn't I?

Well, I had my father to thank for all the things I couldn't do.

When we thought we had come far enough we stopped.

"What now?" Malia asked confused.

"I really don't know." Callum said with a frown. "Maybe we should go to my house."

"No! I have already put Malia in danger I don't want your family to be in danger as well." I said.

"Thank you for your concern My Lady, but protecting you is my priority. Besides we can't stay here for long they will find us."

He was right but it didn't take the guilt away. We continued riding but realized that we were surrounded as every road we tried to take was blocked.

"We are trapped." Callum said.

"Malia, you should leave. They don't want you anyways." I said.

"But how can I leave you My Lady?"

"Just do what I say, we don't have time." I ordered.

"Yes, you should leave Malia. They won't recognize you as long as you are not with us. Besides if you leave you can bring us help." Callum suggested.

She hesitated for a while but quickly rode away when we heard men with their horses nearing.

"They are here, catch them." I heard someone yell.

Callum took his sword out ready to fight.

"Don't." I said. He looked at me confused.

"But My Lady..."

"I will take care of this." I interrupted him. I didn't want him to fight because he would probably lose. They were just too many, he wouldn't be able to fight all of them.

The men surrounded us with their horses. One of them got off the horse and approached us.

His gaze moved over me then he smirked.

"Our little princess is wearing rags I see." He smirked. "What happened?" He asked mockingly and then his men laughed.

His gaze moved over to Callum.

"I only need the princess alive. I think your time on earth has come to an end old friend." He told Callum with a faked sad expression.

Callum stood in the same place his expression unwavering.

"There is no need to pretend to be brave when you are going to die. Why can't you beg for your life while you can?"

"You won't kill him." I said.

The man looked at me then laughed.

"Why wouldn't I?"

"Because I will make sure to remember your face and tell my husband to kill you in the most painful way." I said.

He laughed again.

"That's only if he finds me, little princess." He said.

"Oh, he will. The devil finds its way everywhere. By now he is probably on his way while planning your death and everyone's here."

I could see that he got a bit scared. It was working.

"You fear the crown prince?" I asked speaking louder to everyone. "Well, then you fear the wrong person. The worst prince Pierre can do is kill you, but prince Lucian will torture you, kill you and then torture you again in hell, because trust me none of you is going to heaven." I threatened.

They looked at each other hesitantly for a while.

"What are you waiting for." Their commander yelled. "Tie them up!"

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Chapter 47

They threw us into a cellar with our hands tied behind our back.

"Don't touch the Lady. The crown prince wants her untouched." Their commander told the men. His gaze shifted to Callum.

"You can do whatever you want with him." He said and left.

The two men that were left with us walked toward Callum with a smug look on their faces.

"Leave him alone if you care to live." I told them.

Turning their head they looked at me.

"You can't kill me because the crown prince wants me alive. Before you take me to him Lucian will already be here and if he finds that one of his men is dead or hurt he won't be happy." I said with conviction in my voice. "I don't think you have seen him unhappy, have you?"

They looked at each other, one of them clearly more scared than the other.

"Trust me you don't want to see him like that?" I added.

"That's only rumors. Don't try and scare us, Lady." One of them said.

"Rumors?" I laughed. " There is no smoke without fire and oh...you should be scared. No one wants to be burned alive."

Now they were clearly scared. It was visible in their eyes.

"By tonight Lucian will already be here. Think about it. If you want to live you will let us go and I will spare your lives, and maybe even tell my husband to make you join his army. And if you want to die, well then ask God for forgiveness because if you go to hell..." I shook my head "Lucian will enjoy torturing you for eternity."

Their gazes shifted between me and Callum in confusion then they decided to leave us alone.

"My Lady, You are very clever," Callum said once they left.

"Not clever enough though. They didn't let us go."

"They will." He said.

"How do you know?"

"They were very afraid and as time goes by their fear will grow."

"I hope so." I sighed.

After sitting in the cellar for so long I got cramp in my legs and my stomach growled. Callum looked at me wearing an apologetic look on his face.

"I am alright." I assured him.

Soon after, we heard the fumbling of keys and the door to the cellar opened. The two scared soldiers entered still looking afraid.

Without a word, they began to untie our hands.

"Let's go." One of them whispered. "The men are drinking outside. Most of them are intoxicated so we can leave if we are very quiet." He explained.

He was right. As we made our way out we could hear their loud voices and laughter as they sat around a fire. Without them noticing we snuck into the woods and began to run as fast as we could.

We kept running until I couldn't anymore.

"My Lady, are you alright?" Callum asked when I stopped.

"Yes, I just need to breathe a moment," I said breathless, but the truth was my legs were hurting so much after sitting for a long time and I didn't have energy since I hadn't eaten the whole day.

"We have to continue." One of the men said. "They have horses they can easily come after us."

As soon as he finished the sentence Callum slit both their throats letting their bodies fall to the ground.

"Callum?" I breathed shocked.

"They betrayed their prince." He stated simply. "We should keep moving."

Taking their weapons we continued to run.

I don't know how long we have been running or walking but my legs were hurting so much, my throat was so dry and my head began to spin. But I continued walking in spite of all that. If I wanted to live, if I wanted to see Lucian again I had to keep moving.

Eventually, as I kept walking my legs gave in and everything went black.

I woke up from someone splashing water on my face. I opened my eyes with a groan.

"My Lady, drink this." Callum said holding a bottle of water next to my mouth.

I gulped the water down quickly.

"Where are we?"

We were surrounded by trees and there was a small lake to the left.

"Unfortunately not far away."

"Then we should go." I said standing up abruptly which led to me losing my balance.

Before I fell Callum caught me. "I don't think you can walk My Lady. Your leg is swollen."

"Of course I can w..." I shrieked in pain as I shifted my weight on my left leg.

"Sit down." Callum urged helping me.

"But we can't just be sitting here." I protested. It was already morning and he had said that we hadn't come far. "I will try to walk."

"There is no point in that." He said calmly. "We are surrounded. I tried to find a way out but they are everywhere right now."

"Then what should we do?" I asked.

"It's too late to do anything, My Lady. We were from the beginning fighting a war we would lose anyway. Even if we escape this time, how many more times will we be able to escape? Sooner or later they will find us." He looked at me narrowing his gaze. "We all will die My Lady."

The calmness in which he spoke told me that he had expected all this to happen and that he had accepted it.

"Callum, you should leave me here. At Least alone I am sure you can escape."

"No my lady I cannot do that."

"Think about your family, they need you. I will be fine, they won't kill me. Their prince wants me alive."

"No, I..." He stopped as we heard the sound of horses and men.

"Look for them everywhere!" A man yelled.

Callum looked around quickly trying to find a place for us to hide but unfortunately we were only surrounded by trees and hiding behind them wouldn't help.

"My Lady, I will distract them and lead them that way. You endure the pain and run that way." He whispered pointing in different directions.

I nodded and tried to do as he said but the pain in my leg was excruciating. I tried my best to ignore the pain and limped my way to the opposite direction of where Callum went.

"Someone is there!" I heard a man yell and then the clinking of swords. Would Callum be able to fight all those men?

I felt like a coward leaving him behind and contemplated for a while to go back. But how would I be able to help him? I could barely walk.

"There she is! Catch her!"

Oh no, they found me. Maybe it was for the better I thought since I couldn't decide whether to leave Callum behind or not.

"Don't move lady, there is no point." The soldier who was approaching me warned.

If he only knew how painful it was for me to move he wouldn't have said that.

He grabbed my arm harshly and was about to drag me when something caught his attention. I turned my head to see what was going on and then saw soldiers fighting someone wearing a helmet. The helmet man moved smoothly cutting and killing with his sword.

"Who is that? Kill him!" The soldier who held me yelled but unfortunately, the soldiers had a hard time killing the man with the helmet on and they all soon fell to the ground.

The man holding me pushed me away causing me to fall and then went to fight the helmet man. After a short while, he fell dead to the ground as well.

The helmet man put his sword back and looked my way. Whoever he was, he was skilled even though he didn't look strong.

Stalking toward me he took his helmet off.

I gasped.

"Klara!"

She smirked. "Who did you think it was?"

I just looked at her astonished for a while. "Will you just stare at me or stand up?" She asked.

I stood up grimacing in pain. "What are you doing here? How did you find me? Why did you save me?"

Ignoring my questions she whistled and a black horse came galloping toward us.

"We need to leave quickly." She said.

"But Callum..." I began

"It's his duty to protect you and not the other way round. Now hurry!"

Married To The Devils Son.

Chapter 48

Klara made me wear dirty torn clothes, she put mud on my face and hair and tied my hands.

"If you look like a beggar no one will ever suspect you are a princess." She explained.

I was angry at first. Was she making fun of me? But as we passed many guards and none of them even looked our way I guessed she was right. It must really have looked like I was a slave bought by her from the way she rode her horse and I was being dragged behind with my hands tied. I still hated her for this, but I had to admit she was smart and she was helping me.

Once we passed the guarded place we stopped near a lake and she gave me something to eat. I had never been so hungry in my life before so I ate the sandwich quickly.

"What happened to your leg?"

"I really don't know. I think it's swollen from all the sitting and walking or maybe I wrenched it." I explained.

She just nodded and looked away.

"Why did you save me?" I asked.

"I promised Lucian to protect you the way he would." She said, "Even though that was when we were supposed to get married."

"You saved me to keep a promise you made to Lucian?" I asked surprised.

"I am stupid, I know."

"You love him very much." I said more to myself than her.

She truly did love him. I tried to deny that for a long time but it was a fact. She had helped us escape and she saved my life because she knew it did matter to Lucian.

"Don't worry, I am not here to take him away from you. Now sleep for a while so we can keep going."

***

Klara watched Hazel while asleep. She really tried to dislike this woman but why couldn't she. This woman had taken away the man she loved, the only man has ever loved so why didn't she hate her?

Maybe because she knew deep down it wasn't Hazels fault. She had been forced into marrying Lucian, it wasn't her choice.

Sighing Klara lay down on the ground and tried to find some sleep but her thoughts went back to the time she first met Lucian

.

"Klara, you won't participate in this war. It's final." Rasmus said.

"But why?"

"Sweet sister. We are fighting against the most powerful kingdom and their armies leader is the seventh prince. He has never lost a war before."

She had heard of the seventh prince of Decresh, the prince rumored to be the devil's son. He kills without mercy and always goes back home with a victory.

"Brother, I can't stay just because we might lose. What will that make me? A coward?"

Rasmus sighed in frustration.

"Astrid! Please knock some sense into your sister." He said standing up and leaving the room.

Klara glanced at her sister giving her a 'don't even try' look.

"If you want to die why don't you just jump off the window." Astrid said sipping her tea.

"And what makes you think I will die?" Klara asked.

"No one survives a war against the seventh prince."

"So we are basically sending our men to die? That's not right sister. That's why I need to go." Klara insisted.

Astrid stood up from her seat "Klara you care too much about other people and I care too much about you to send you to die."

Klara took her sisters hands in hers. "I won't die sister, how many wars have I survived? Just please convince brother to let me go. Please, please." She begged.

Astrid sighed. "Alright, but I will train you to death before you go."

"Thank you, sister." She said and gave Astrid a peck on the cheek.

Klara spent the rest of her days before the war training and coming up with new war strategies. She was determined to win and bring her men back home alive, and whoever this seventh prince was she wanted to defeat him.

"Are you sure you want to go?" Astrid asked when the day had come.

"Yes." Klara said without hesitation. She was a warrior and a warrior would rather die in a battle than hide.

"Be careful," Astrid said. They said their goodbyes and she left to fight.

Klara led her men to the battlefield where they stood face to face with their enemies. She was surprised to find that the enemies army wasn't large, but they didn't seem intimidated by their large army and began to attack directly.

She had fought many battles before but this time she got a very bad feeling. She could smell sweat, blood, and death. But she could also smell defeat. Most of her men were already dead, while most of the enemies men were alive. How was that possible? They had trained and planned so much.

Klara was confused until her eyes landed on a man wearing a mask. But that was not what caught her attention. He was fighting with two swords, swinging them swiftly as if they didn't weight anything. His movements were too fast, giving his opponents no time to defend or attack. Bodies kept falling dead to the ground as he moved between them with such ease aiming for his next target. It was as if he wasn't even making an effort.

The very short amount of time Klara was watching him he had already killed almost twenty of her men. He had to be the seventh prince Klara thought. She needed to kill him first.

Killing off the man she was fighting with she moved toward him tightening the grip on her sword.

Lifting her weapon into the air she was about to strike him when he suddenly turned and knocked the sword out of her hand with such force she fell to the ground. She was about to take her other sword out when she felt the sharp tip of a sword placed on her throat.

With heart pounding, she slowly lifted her head up and found a pair of unearthly eyes staring down at her. Eyes that seemed to be burning burned into hers making her breath hitch and her heart stop.

"Your Highness, we have killed everyone." A man spoke from nearby but Klara couldn't take her eyes off the man standing in front of her.

The prince didn't respond, he just stared down at her. He was wearing a mask that only hid his lower face. Klara could see his perfectly shaped eyebrows and his silky black hair.

"Who is she?" The man asked.

The prince removed his sword from her throat his eyes narrowing.

Klara felt small under his scrutiny. There was just something very powerful about his presence that sent chills down her spine. She was usually the type to fight to the end but her limbs refused to move. It scared her that he was holding her in place with just a look.

"She is the kings' sister." Another soldier spoke and Klara realized she was surrounded by a bunch of soldiers who were her enemies.

Oh, no! Panic kicked in. They knew she was the Kings' sister. They wouldn't just kill her, they would probably **** her, torture her then kill her.

"She looks very young, Your Highness." The previous soldier whispered into the prince's ear.

The prince nodded toward his men then turned around and left. Klara panicked. Did he just give them permission to have their way with her? Never!

Taking her sword out she decided to fight them to death. But they outnumbered her, pushing her down on the ground they tied her up. Klara screamed and kicked but to no avail.

Throwing her on a horse they rode off with her to god knew where. As they arrived at some unknown place they pushed her off the horse and she fell to the ground.

"Bastards!" She snarled.

They just laughed as they got off their horses.

"She is a tough one." One of them said and the others nodded in agreement.

Klara looked around and realized they brought her to their camping place. Some of them were tending to their wounds, some cleaning themselves while other ate food.

No one even looked at her as if she didn't exist. Klara didn't know if it was a good or a bad thing. Anyways now she needed to think of a way out. Maybe if she made an agreement or a bargain with the prince she could go home unharmed even though she doubted that.

Just the idea of speaking to the prince sent chills down her spine, but she needed to do something before these men violated her.

"What do you want from me?" she asked but they continued ignoring her.

"I am talking to you." She yelled, still no reaction.

"I want to speak to the prince." Finally, she caught their attention.

"Nobody cares about what you want here," One of them replied.

"You will when I separate your head from your body." Klara snapped.

The men laughed then stopped abruptly.

"Your Highness." Turning her head she found the prince standing there. "The lady wants to speak to you."

He gazed at her with those flaming eyes. Klara had never seen such eyes before and it made her wonder if the rumors could be true.

It wasn't only his eyes, but there was a raw power that emanated from him making fear crawl into her skin. She had fought with many powerful and scary men but this one, he made her terrified when she couldn't even see his face.

"You wanted to say something?" He spoke and Klara froze.

His voice, it was so different from his aura. It was like nothing she had heard before, warm and deep. The silkiness of it felt like an intimate caress on her skin.

"Hey princess, His Highness is speaking to you." Someone called.

Tearing her gaze from his piercing eyes she tried to think. What was it she wanted to say? Yes, she wanted to bargain.

"What do you want of me?" She asked looking up at him.

"I don't know yet but I am sure you will be of great use."

Good lord, his voice. It reached deep inside her and made her feel things she didn't want to feel.

"I will be of more use if you let me go. I will tell my brother you saved my life."

He crouched to her level which took her by surprise. A royalty never did that, especially to the lever of someone they brought as a prisoner or a slave even worse someone who was their enemy.

"Your brother trades slaves and s.e.x slaves over the border. I want to stop that by offering you as an exchange. You will be free as long as you cooperate."

Klara stared at him in surprise. She knew her brother's dirty affairs and she didn't like it, but she wondered why a prince would care about such thing.

Usually, princes supported the s.e.x trade, especially from other countries since they could have mistresses with different nationalities. It surprised her that this prince wanted to stop it.

"Alright." She agreed. If it could buy her freedom and stop the trade why not.

"Alright then." He said standing up and taking his mask off, revealing a face that made her heart stop.

Married To The Devils Son.

Chapter 49

Klara couldn't help but stare at the mesmerizing beauty in front of her. How could a man or a human possible look like this?

She took in every detail. The perfectly sculpted face, the defined eyebrows, the flaming eyes, the sharp nose, lips made to kiss and a flawless skin. And his hair, it was long, thick and black and shone in the sunlight. Klara realized that none of his hair was out of place or dirty even though they had spent the whole day on a battlefield.

The prince leaned down and reached behind her. His scent reached her nostrils, he smelled of spices. He should smell of sweat and blood after killing almost all her men.

After hearing a cutting sound Klara's hands were free. Before she could stand up he grabbed her jaw and made her look at him.

"Don't ever think of running." He warned his voice low.

Klara was never the obedient type but she found herself nodding.

He slowly let go of her face and her body tingled with carnal awareness as his fingertips brushed her skin. It terrified her. She needed to keep a safe distance from this man.

The rest of the day went by quickly. They offered her food and didn't treat her badly. Most of the time they didn't even look her way which was both odd and comforting.

She was used to men ogling or looking at her inappropriately. Most of the time she knew what was on their mind but they never dared to act on their thoughts out of fear for her brother.

When she reached the age of marriage many powerful men had come and asked for her hand but she had denied all of them.

"Sweet sister. You are at the age of marriage but you are denying every man. What do you want me to do?" Her brother would ask time after time.

"They only want me because of my looks, Rasmus."

"Is that a bad thing?" Rasmus would look at her confused. "You should be happy that you are a beautiful lady."

No one understood her. Of course she was thankful for her beauty but she wished someone would see her for who she was.

Klara looked up at the sky. The sun had gone down and the night covered the sky like a black curtain. The soldiers sat around a fire and chatted happily while drinking and eating. Klara sat away from them leaning against a tree. She was tired but she couldn't fall asleep afraid they would take advantage of her. They hadn't treated her badly so far and even offered her food and a blanket to warm herself but she was not the type to trust easily.

"Don't worry. My men will do nothing without my permission."

Klara knew this voice because it brought butterflied to her stomach. She always got the strange feeling of wanting to run and stay at the same time every time she saw the prince.

Sighing he sat down leaning against a tree in front of her. Klara couldn't help but stare at him, he was very pleasing to the eyes.

"And how would I know you wouldn't give them permission?"

"I am asking you to help me stop a s.e.x trade. Why would I ask my men to **** you?"

Well, that was true.

"What's your name?" She asked unable to stop her curiosity.

"Lucian."

Klara thought she liked his name. Even though she didn't want to admit she liked everything about this man. She liked how he looked into her eyes when he spoke to her instead of scanning her body.

"My name is Klara." She told him.

He just nodded.

"When I have helped you, how can I trust you will set me free."

"You see...you have no choice." He retorted.

"Why do you want to top the s.e.x trade?"

"I just don't like it." He shrugged. Klara had the feeling that there was more than him not liking the trade but she didn't ask any further questions.

Lucian leaned his head back and closed his eyes.

Klara watched him as he went into a deep slumber. He looked even more beautiful when relaxed. Somehow she felt she could trust him so she closed her eyes as well and fell asleep.

The next morning Klara woke from the sunlight poking her eyes. Blinking several times she looked around and found that everyone was awake and ready to leave somewhere.

Standing up she grabbed a soldier. "Where is the prince?" she asked.

He nodded behind her. Turning around she found Lucian standing there.

"Have you eaten something?"

Klara shook her head. Why? Had she lost her voice? She was really mad at herself for acting like this and feeling this way toward her enemy.

"Give the Lady something to eat." He ordered.

"Yes, Your Highness." The soldier nodded and left to bring her food.

"We need to leave quickly so that we can reach the border before sundown." He explained.

Klara found herself nodding again. Maybe she did lose her voice after all. The soldier came back with a sandwich which he gave to her then he took Lucian to the side and spoke to him about something. Lucian just nodded a few times then looked her way. Were they speaking about her?

Looking away she began to eat her sandwich. Klara was still not sure whether to trust Lucian or not. She contemplated escaping while they traveled but if they caught her this time they wouldn't leave her to live. Maybe she should just do as he says.

When she was done Lucian came riding on his horse "If you are done we should leave." He said.

"I am done."

He reached his hand out. Taking it she jumped on the horse and sat behind him, then they rode off. It felt strangely intimate to ride with someone Klara thought, especially when she had her arms wrapped around his waist.

After hours of travel they finally reached the border which was near the cost. Getting off their horses they entered an old large ship.

"Is it here?" Klara asked confused.

"Yes. Slaves get shipped through the ocean from different countries to this place and this is their main ship. This is where they register the slaves, buy and sell them."

"Oh..."

As they walked through the ship's hallways the old wooden floor made a creaking sound. They passed a few slaves tied and sitting on the floor, some of them were wounded while other seemed hungry. Klara saw girls her age and some even much younger, sitting there looking both scared and starved.

Klara's stomach began to hurt. What were these innocent peoples fault? She didn't like this at all and would scold her brother once she gets back home. But unfortunately, as Lucian spoke to one of the sellers they found out that her brother didn't own the trade anymore.

"Lord Rasmus didn't want it anymore and sold it to Lord Nicholas." The seller explained.

Nicholas was the king of the Eslarian Kingdom. He was known to be the only decent king, it surprised her that he took over the slave trade.

"Lord Nicholas has opened the trade for everyone. Are you here to buy or..." He looked at Klara his eyes gleaming with l.u.s.t "..sell?"

Dear Lord. She was in trouble. Now when Lucian had no use of her what if he sold her. These men wouldn't believe that her brother was a king before they defiled her.

Looking around Klara thought of a way to run but Lucian grabbed her arm as if he knew what she was about to do.

"Neither." he said.

"Just name the price...any price." The man said licking his lips.

Lucian ignored the man and dragged Klara out of the ship.

"Let's go." He said getting on the horse.

Klara got on the horse and held onto him tightly.

"Thank you!" She whispered as they rode but where was he taking her exactly? "Where are we going?"

"I am taking you back home." He said.

"Really?! But I haven't done anything to help you." She said surprised by the disappointment she felt. She should be happy to be going home.

He laughed. It was a deep rich sound that made her insides melt.

"You sound disappointed."

"No I am not. I just...I just wonder what you will do now to stop the slave trade?" It was partly true. She was curious to know.

"I will take care of that." He said shortly then they continued riding in silence until they reached the border of Gatrish.

Lucian got off the horse and helped her down.

"Can you find your way from here?" He asked.

Klara nodded. "Yes, thank you."

She still couldn't understand why he saved her. He didn't seem impressed by her beauty and if he was he should have kept her. Maybe he was just a decent man. An utterly handsome decent man.

Sadly she had to say goodbye already, now that she finally met a man that intrigued her.

For the first time, his eyes traveled down her body but there was nothing l.u.s.tful in his gaze. It must have been because of her dirty torn clothes she thought. Taking his cloak off he wrapped it around her and Klaras heart fluttered inside her chest.

"Thank you." She whispered.

Without saying a word he got on his horse.

"Be safe princess." He said and rode off.

I hope to see you again, she thought.

"Klara!!" Astrid ran to her and enveloped her in a tight hug. "Thank god you are safe. I thought something terrible happened to you. We have been looking for you everywhere. Where have you been?" Her sister asked without breathing once when Klara reached back home.

"I am fine Astrid. I'll explain everything if you just let me rest. I am very tired." Klara couldn't feel her legs and her eyelids had become heavy.

Astrid pulled back and scanned every inch of her sister's body. "You are not hurt are you?"

Klara could understand her sisters worry but she was too tired to cooperate.

"Klara!" Someone shouted.

Oh no. Now it was her brothers turn to search her body and ask a thousand questions. Rasmus came hurrying toward her. "Are you alright? Who did this to you?" He asked grabbing her shoulders and searching her body.

"I am fine, alright. I am not hurt or anything. I am just tired, hungry, thirsty and I need a bath."

Astrid and Rasmus looked at each other for a while then nodded.

"Prepare a bath for her, bring food...." Rasmus began ordering the servants around hysterically.

"Hurry!" He ordered.

Astrid grabbed Klaras arm and dragged her to their room.

"By the way sister, You look awful," Astrid said as she helped Klara change. "Next time you listen to me when I say you won't go to war. Do you understand?"

"Yes, yes."

"I am serious Klara. Do you know how scared I was?"

"I am sorry." Klara apologized. She really didn't want to fight with her sister when she had already made her worry so much. Astrid was the only person Klara loved above anyone else. She wasn't only her sister but her friend. They had shared everything even their mother's w.o.m.b.

Klara didn't know what she would do without her sister.

After bathing, changing, eating and drinking Klara lay on her bed to rest. She couldn't stop thinking about Lucian. She kept hearing his voice and his laughter, she kept seeing his eyes, she kept remembering the feel of having her arms around him and how his touch made her body tingle. What had he done to her? Maybe she would forget about him after a while but she didn't.

As days went by she only thought more and more about him and slowly she realized he was someone she would never forget because he...he had stolen her heart.

"Are you thinking about him again?"

Klara woke up from her daydream and looked around. Astrid stood in the middle of the room a smirk on her face.

"Who?" Klara said pretending to not know but Astrid knew her too well.

"The prince who saved your life."

Klara had told Astrid and Rasmus about Lucian. She hadn't given them details but she had told them that he had saved her. Both her siblings were surprised that the dangerous prince had saved her instead of killing her.

"I wonder why he saved you." Astrid said thoughtfully as she sat beside her sister. "Maybe he was bewitched by your beauty."

"I don't think so, Astrid. He never looked at me the wrong way and he didn't even try to touch me. He was a total gentleman and ...and he is a good person."

Astrid arched a brow. Of course, she had a hard time believing that the prince who killed without mercy, who was rumored to be the devil's son, whom everyone feared could actually be a good person.

"If he was bewitched by my beauty he would have had his way with me but he didn't. Instead, he took me home, why? And sister he covered me with his cloak and told me to be safe." Klara explained.

Astrid looked at her sister with a worried expression.

"What is it?" Klara asked. She didn't like when Astrid looked at her that way.

"Nothing," Astrid said shaking her head. "Just don't think much about him and try to forget him. You know Rasmus would never give you to the enemy."

Married To The Devils Son.

Chapter 50

I woke up feeling sore. Sleeping on the floor wasn't the most pleasant thing when you were used to sleeping on luxurious beds.

Klara sat leaning against a tree with eyes closed. Was she asleep? It looked really uncomfortable to be sleeping that way. Yawning, I tried to get up but almost yelped as a sharp pain stabbed my leg. Sitting back down quickly I looked at my foot, it had swollen more.

"What happened?" Klara was suddenly next to me.

Grimacing in pain "My leg has gotten worse." I said.

She looked at it closely. "I think we need to take you to a doctor."

"Is that possible?" In the current situation, it would be difficult to find a doctor.

She ran her fingers through her hair. I could see the confusion on her face.

"We have to. You could lose your leg since we don't know what caused the swelling."

She stood up and gave me her hand to help me up. Then she helped me walk to the horse.

"We need to get to the city." She said as she helped me climb the horse. "We might find a doctor there."

Getting on the horse herself we rode into the city. On the way, Klara bought us some food and asked some locals where we could find a physician.

"You will find a little white cottage around the second corner to the left. There lives an old man called Robert. He might help you." An old woman told us.

"Thank you." Klara said and we moved on to find doctor Robert.

Abruptly Klara stopped and turned her horse.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"My brother's men." She whispered and the began to ride as fast as lighting.

"Oh god..." I held onto her and shut my eyes tightly.

I could hear the sound of galloping horses behind us. They were getting closer by each time.

Klara sped up even more and I gasped as the air whipped my face with such force. I didn't have enough strength to hold onto her especially when the dizziness was coming back and my stomach threatened to hurl.

"What are you doing? Hold on!" I heard Klara shout but before I knew I was falling until I hit something hard and groaned in pain.

"Really?!" Klara said irritation in her voice as I felt her grab my arms and help me stand up.

"Stop being so weak."

Weak? I hadn't had enough sleep or food for days and my whole body was aching with pain.

I grabbed onto her until the spinning stopped and I was looking into her crystal blue eyes.

She frowned. "Are you alright?"

I nodded.

"Well, you won't be alright for long." She said looking around.

We were surrounded by soldiers in blue.

"Your Highness." One of them spoke coming forward. A higher rank soldier from the batch on his arm.

"Sergeant Jonathan. I don't want to fight you so take your men and go back." Klara ordered.

"I don't want to fight you either Your highness so please come with us. His majesty is worried."

"I am not coming with you."

"Then I have no choice but to force you." Jonathan said.

Klara placed herself in front of me and took her sword out. Jonathan took his sword out as well and stood in the middle of the ring created by the soldiers. Lord, why could we never get a rest?

Klara walked to the middle of the circle and began to fight Jonathan. I knew she was a skilled fighter but she seemed to have a hard time defeating him. Maybe she was tired, hungry or was she maybe hurt? She had to be because she had killed several men alone back then.

Jonathan knocked the sword our of Klara's hand.

"You have lost. Remember I was the one who trained you." He said.

Klara was panting as she shook her head. "I am not coming with you."

Jonathan ignored her words and nodded toward the soldiers. "Bring them both."

The soldiers began to move toward me and Klara. Callum was right. There was no way out and sooner or later we would all die. If these men took me back to Rasmus he would kill me without hesitation for escaping.

Two soldiers grabbed Klara's arms and were about to drag her when they fell to the ground. Soon after the other soldiers fell to the ground as well.

Klara and I looked at the bodies on the ground with confusion then at each other.

"What happened?" I asked appalled by the situation.

Crouching, Klara shook Jonathan's body lightly. "Sergeant Jonathan?" But he still lay unmoving on the ground.

"Is he dead?"

"I hope not." She said as she pressed her fingers on his wrist.

"Don't worry. He is just taking a nap." A familiar voice spoke.

Turning my head to where the voice came from I found Irene walking toward us wearing a red cloak with a white dress underneath. She looked beautiful as usual.

"Irene? How...what...what are you doing here?"

"Do you know her?" Klara looked at Irene suspiciously as she stood up.

"How did you find me?" I asked Irene.

"Magic my dear." She smiled as she walked closer.

"What did you do to my men?" Klara interrupted.

"I just put them to sleep." Irene stated simply then turned her gaze back to me. "What happened to you?"

I knew what she meant. I was wearing torn clothes and had mud all over my face and body.

"Nothing much just hurt my leg." I said lifting my dress up slightly, showing my swollen leg.

"Oh dear." She said taking a closer look. "This is awful. You must be in a lot of pain."

If she only knew.

"We need to take care of this." She said.

"First we need to get away from here." Klara spoke looking around for more threat.

"Yes, right. Let me fix that."

Irene raised her hands in the air and closed her eyes. She began to hum words in some unknown language as the wind slowly began to blow wildly causing me to almost lose my balance.

Klara stood with her arms crossed, looking unfazed by the whole situation until a black iron gate appeared out of nowhere.The gate opened with a creaking sound and Kara and I looked wide-eyed at each other.

Irene turned to us. "Let's go." she said.

Klara looked at Irene skeptically then turned to me.

"We can trust her." I assured.

Klara raised one brow. "She is a witch."

"She is a friend."

Klara still looked skeptical but she didn't argue.

"Shall we?" Irene gestured toward the gate.

"Where will this take us?" Klara asked.

"Somewhere safe. My home. You don't have to come if you don't want to and if you do just follow me." She said then turning around she entered the gate.

"We can trust her." I told Klara. She looked hesitant for a while but then followed me inside.

As soon as I entered I felt a pulling force throwing me off balance and I fell flat on my stomach. I groaned in pain, tired of falling all the time and hurting myself.

"Are you alright?" Irene grabbed my arms and helped me up.

"Where are we?" Klara asked as she dusted herself off. She must have fallen to.

"Welcome to my home." Irene smiled as she gestured toward a big white mansion.

Wow, it was beautiful. The mansion hovered proudly behind a big blue Iron gate which opened with a wave of her hand.

"Come on in."

Irene entered first and we followed her inside. As we entered we were confronted by a beautiful garden. Short trimmed grass, rectangular beds of flowers, aromatic leaves, and the air, it was scented by the sweet fragrance of several flowers.

We walked on a looping stone path which led to a threshold. There stood a white marble fountain and birdcages hang from the roof. Further ahead stood the white mansion, flanked by several trees and bushes gently swaying to the warm spring breeze.

It was a very simple looking mansion with its garden yet there was something magical about it. Was it the melodic sound of gurgling water combined with the singing of birds or was it the sweet scent of flowers carried by the soft breeze?

Suddenly a crow came flying out of nowhere, startling both me and Klara then landed on Irene's arm.

"This is V. One of my many pets." Irene explained as she stroke it's black feathers.

"My Lady?" someone spoke.

Turning my head, a tall blonde man was standing at the threshold holding a black cat in his arms.

"I was just about to come looking for you." He said descending the marble stairs and walking up to us.

As he neared I realized how strikingly handsome he was. His blonde hair cascaded down to his broad shoulders and his eyes were a beautiful forest green.

"Oh Enoch, this is princess Hazel and princess Klara and this is Enoch." Irene introduced. "He is...my...my cousin. "

Averting his gaze he looked at me then at Klara.

"Nice to meet you." He said while stroking the cat in his arms.

"Enoch, why don't you take Klara to a nice room and I will tend to Hazel." Irene suggested.

Klaras eyes widened as she looked at me. I nodded to reassure her.

Enoch looked at Klara. "This way My Lady." He said and she followed him hesitantly.

"Lets go inside and take a look at you injured leg." Irene smiled once we were left alone.

"How did you bring us here through that gate." I asked.

"Oh... I will tell you all about it."

Klara followed Enoch through the halls. She still didn't trust this Irene so she had her hand on her sword ready for anything that might happen.

"No need to be scared. We don't hurt our guests." Enoch spoke as he walked in front of her. How did he know?

Enoch stopped in front of a wooden door and opened it.

He looked her up and down but he didn't seem to like what he saw. "There is a bathroom inside and clean clothes in the closet." He said then gestured for her to walk inside.

Klara entered the room, her face red with embarrassment. She could only imagine how awful she looked and how bad she smelled after being on the run for days. She turned around to thank him but he was already gone. Strange man, she thought but he was good looking.

Klara wondered around the room for a while, opening the closets, testing the bed, looking out the window then she decided to take a bath. After the bath, she slid into a blue chiffon gown that she found in the closet then began to dry her hair. Now she only needed some food and some sleep, she thought.

After drying her hair she exited the room and went to find Hazel. Klara had to make sure Hazel was safe and that this Irene could be trusted. But as she wandered around the halls she realized that she always came back to the same place. Was this some kind of magic? Was Irene keeping her away from Hazel?

"Mwew mwew..."

Klara turned to find the black cat that Enoch held earlier. Walking closer Klara crouched down and stretched her arms toward the cat.

"Come here.." She smiled but the cat just stared at her before it ran away.

"No wait..." She began to run after the cat but it was already gone.

Klara sighed. She was too tired to walk around that she even contemplated to go back to the room and sleep for a while. But she had to find Hazel.

Walking around, looking and getting frustrated by each time Klara came to a halt as she noticed something strange. It was a room, entirely made of glass, the walls, the roof everything. Entering the room she found green plants everywhere, kinds she had never seen before and animals. Different animals in cages. Some she recognized, hamsters, rabbits and frogs and some she had never seen before.

Klara found another glass room or more like a glass box. It was filled with water and fished swum inside. She had never seen anything like it before. Caught in studying the beings inside the box she suddenly felt something touch her feet.

Looking down she screamed in horror as she found a snake slingering around her. Kicking wildly she ran while screaming at the top of her lungs until she hit something hard and fell backward.

Groaning in pain her eyes landed on a pair of black boots then her gaze traveled up long powerful legs encased in a pair of black pants. Skimming over powerful arms and broad shoulders covered by a black silk shirt her gaze landed on a pair of beautiful Hazel eyes. The amber in the middle contrasted beautifully with the bright green on the edge. Those eyes were breathtaking.

"My my what do we have here?"

Chapter 51

Dark l.u.s.trous black hair framed a strong, defined face and pink soft lips were curved into a smirk.

"My my what do we have here?" His voice as smooth as his caramel skin held a mocking lilt.

When Klara didn't reply or move he arched one dark brow.

"Do you find it comfortable sitting on the floor?" He asked.

"Huh? Oh... no..." Her face burned with embarrassment as she got up and adjusted her dress.

Why was she acting like this? Irritated with herself she looked at the man in front of her. Good lord, he was enticing, a feast to the eyes. She guessed that he might be from the tropics because of his tanned skin and exotic looks.

"You seemed to be in hurry?" He spoke.

Yes right, she forgot. She was running from a snake. A snake? Klara looked behind her. Luckily the snake hadn't followed her.

"There was...a... a snake...in there," Klara said pointing.

The man chuckled. "It's harmless."

Harmless? How could a snake be harmless? She had heard how people died immediately if they got bitten by one.

"What is your name beautiful?"

Klara blinked a few times in surprise. No one has ever dared to call her beautiful even if they thought she was but of course, this man didn't know who she was otherwise he wouldn't dare.

"Klara. "

"Oh...you are the warrior princess." He said.

"You know me?"

"Not really, just heard of you and your savage brother and ...people."

Klara was fuming with anger. How dare he? He knew nothing about her brother or people.

"Don't you dare call my brother or my people savage."

"Or what?" He said looking amused.

"Or I will slit your throat." Klara threatened before she could stop herself from saying something so stupid.

"Tsk tsk...I didn't know such threats could come from that beautiful mouth of yours."

Klara was confused. Was he complimenting her? Then why did she feel as if he was mocking her?

"It's not a threat, it's a warning."

He took a step toward her and leaned closer. Klara froze in place, he was too close for her comfort. "You see, you are in no position to warn me when you just ran from a mere snake." He said.

A mere snake?

She took a step back. "Maybe I find it easier to kill you than a mere snake."

He grinned showing perfect white teeth with canines slightly longer than normal ones.

"A tough one I see. I like it." He drawled.

How unfortunate, because she didn't like him even though he looked delicious enough to eat.

Klara shook her head. Where did she get that thought from?

"Klara? here you are." Irene's voice came from the hallway.

Turning her head she found Irene and Hazel approaching them. Hazel had changed into a clean dress and her hair was still wet from the bath. She seemed to be walking just fine. Klara guessed that Irene's must have used some magic to heal her leg.

"I see you have already met." Irene smiled as she looked between Klara and the man standing next to her.

"Hazel this is Roshan, he is part of my family and this is princess Hazel." Irene introduced them to each other.

So the morons name was Roshan. Klara had never heard such name before.

"Nice to meet you princess." He said with a polite tone that he hadn't used when he spoke to her.

Klara had the sudden urge to kick him.

"You must be hungry. Enoch has prepared lunch. Let's eat together." Irene suggested then gestured for them to follow her.

On their way to the dining room, Irene and Hazel chatted happily while Klara walked next to Roshan in silence. Her senses told her that something wasn't quite right. Neither Enoch nor Roshan looked like Irene yet she said they were family.

"What are you to Irene?" Klara asked Roshan.

"I am a friend of her husband." He said simply.

"Oh..."

Enoch was already waiting when they arrived.

"Mmm...smells delicious." Irene smiled.

Yes, it did. Klaras eyes landed directly on the grilled chicken legs in the middle of the table. She couldn't wait to have a bite of it.

"Enoch always makes delicious food," Irene explained.

Hazel and Klara exchanges looks. A man who cooks? Not only that, but he cooks well.

"Please sit down." Irene urged.

Roshan walked past her and went to hold the chair out for Hazel.

"Thank you." Hazel smiled as she sat down.

Klara thought he would then hold the chair out for her but he just went to his seat and sat down. Did he forget her or was he ignoring her on purpose?

"My Lady." Looking to the side she found Enoch holding the chair out for her.

She thanked him and sat down. Irene and Hazel continued with their chatting, Roshan sat in silence while Enoch served food on their plates.

"Bon appetite!" Irene said when Enoch was done serving and sat around the table as well.

Klara was extremely hungry and the food tasted extremely well so she tried really hard to eat as a civilized person but she probably didn't succeed because she was done before anyone else.

"Do you want some more, My Lady?" Enoch asked.

Feeling embarrassed Klara wanted to say no but found herself saying yes.

Enoch served some more food on her plate and Klara ate till she had enough.

"Your food is delicious," Klara told Enoch.

"Thank you." He smiled looking even more handsome when smiling. Klara was struck by the fact that everyone looked extremely beautiful in this mansion.

Enoch was tall and build, looking like the warrior type. His long blonde hair was tied in a half ponytail and the rest fell to his shoulders in smooth waves. His smooth skin was pale and unblemished and his eyes, a forest green that reminded her of warm summer days. With his extremely good looks and wearing all white, he looked like an angel.

Roshan was quite the opposite. While everything was light with Enoch, everything was dark with Roshan, he was even wearing all black. His dark hair cascaded down his golden skin like waves of midnight framing a masculine face. His eyelashes, the only feminine thing about him were so long and thick they made her jealous. From under those lashes peeked eyes of Hazel that would trap any woman who looked into them. Klara's gaze traveled further down to his lips, but she averted her gaze quickly before she could think of anything stupid.

Then there was Irene. Her beauty was on another level. It was an unearthly, the kind that would stop you in your tracks, the kind that would suck you in, make you forget how to speak or breath, just like Lucians she thought.

"Do you want some dessert?" Irene asked.

"No, Thank you. I am fine."

Standing up Irene helped Enoch and Roshan clean the table. Klara took the opportunity to take Hazel to the side.

"What did she do to your leg?" Klara whispered.

"Healed it with Herbs." Hazel shrugged.

"Are you sure we can trust her? I mean why is she helping us?"

"As I said before because she is a friend," Hazel said shortly.

Klara knew Hazel was hiding something from her. What has she gotten herself into? Helping someone who wasn't telling her everything.

"You are probably tired why don't you rest?" Irene spoke as she neared.

"Yes I need some sleep." Hazel said yawning.

"Come one then I will take you to your rooms."

I lay on the bed thinking about Lucian. Was he alright? And Callum. I felt so guilty for leaving him behind.

"What are you thinking about?"

I sat up on bed and looked at Irene. "I feel bad for leaving Callum behind and I am worried for Lucian."

"I understand that."

"Irene?"

"Yes."

"You still haven't told me why you are helping me? And what did you mean when you said Lucian is different?"

"Hazel..." She began and sat next to me "I wish I could tell you everything as it is but I can't. That's why I need you to figure it out yourself. You already know your husband is different but think, what is he exactly?"

"Why can't you tell me?"

"Because I am cursed."

"Cursed?"

"It's a long complicated story. I just can't tell you."

"So what am I supposed to do?"

"You need to think and figure it out yourself." She said.

I was really confused. So basically she could tell me nothing and I didn't know how to figure things out by myself.

"Alright. I need to meet Lucian. Can you do some kind of magic thing so that I can meet him."

"It will be difficult but I can try. Why don't you rest for now."

I lay back, covered myself with the sheets and closed my very tired eyes to get some sleep. I didn't know when I fell asleep but when I woke up I found Klara in the room.

"What are you doing here?" I asked rubbing my eyes.

She came and sat next to me on the bed. "Are you not worried at all? What if something has happened to Lucian?" She seemed genuinely worried.

"I am sure he is fine." I said to my surprise. How could I know he was fine?

She frowned. "Alright. Let's say he is fine but we can't just stay here."

She was right but what were we supposed to do?

"What should we do then?"

"What did Lucian tell you before he left?"

"He said he would go kill his brothers and I was supposed to stay hidden in Lincoln's house, but they found us and we had to escape."

Klara was quite for a while and seemed to be thinking.

"Hmm then you should stay hidden. I need to leave maybe I can help him." She said standing up.

"Wait! How? You don't know where he is."

"I didn't know where you were when I found you. If he wants to kill his brothers I can probably guess where he is. I will tell him you are safe."

"I will go with you." I said removing the sheets and swinging my legs down.

Klara held her hand up in a stop gesture.

"Can you fight? Can you ride? No, you can't. So why will you follow me? Besides his brothers are looking for you everywhere, you will only make it difficult for me."

Could she be meaner? But she was right.

"Fine do whatever you want." I said but I was actually worried for her. "But be careful."

She looked at me for a while, some kind of emotion swirling in her eyes.

"I will."

Married To The Devils Son.

Chapter 52

"Klara? Where are you going?" Irene stood at the door while Klara packed her weapons.

"I am going to find Lucian." Klara waited for Irene to ask why but she didn't.

"How do I leave? I mean we came through that magic gate." Klara asked.

"You leave through it as well. Do you want me to open it for you?"

"Yes, please."

Klara followed Irene outside and she opened the gate for her.

"Take this." Irene said handing her a bird shaped necklace."It will help you when you are in danger."

Klara looked at the necklace. How would a necklace help her she wondered. "Thank you. I shall go then."

"Yes."

"Wait!" Hazel came running toward them. "Could you give this to Lucian?" She asked holding out a letter.

Klara took the letter. "Yes." She said, "Goodbye." Then entered the gate with her horse.

"Be careful." She heard Hazel call before a force swept her away and she landed flat on her stomach.

"Ouch!"

Standing up she dusted herself off. Her horse, Klara called him Thunder seemed fine, just confused by what was happening.

"It's alright." She said clapping him. "Shall we leave?"

Mounting Thunder Klara rode off to find Lucian.

Klara rode for a while until she came to a crowded place. It was a shopping market she realized, but where exactly?

"Excuse me? Where is this place?" Klara asked a woman walking by.

"This is Xantus My Lady." The woman told her.

Xantus was a city in Decresh. So she was already where she wanted to be.

"Where can I find the royal castle?" Klara asked.

The woman's face turned blue. "You shouldn't go there My Lady. There is blood everywhere."

"Just tell me where it is."

"It's in the north-west a few miles away."

"Alright. Thank you." Klara said and continued her journey.

The sun went down and it became darker and darker till it was difficult to see the road. Klara decided to stop and sleep until the morning light.

"Let's get some rest." She said getting off Thunder and stroking his back. Finding a tree she tied Thunder, then she lay down on the cold ground under the tree. "Goodnight Thunder." She whispered and closed her eyes.

The next morning she woke up from Thunder making a sound. It only meant one thing, horses were nearby which probably meant soldiers. Klara got up quickly and hid behind a cliff then listened to the sound of horses and men nearing.

Slowly she peeked her head from behind the cliff. Soldiers dressed in a black and blue attire were walking past. Black and blue? It was her brother's men. What were they doing here?

Oh, no. Her brother knew she went to help Lucian so of course, they were looking for her here or maybe even looking for Lucian.

If they continued this way they would probably find him and take him to Rasmus. She couldn't let that happen. Getting out from behind the cliff she approached them. As soon as they heard the sound of her footsteps they took their weapons out.

"Your Highness?" A young soldier named Erik looked at her surprised. "We have been looking for you everywhere."

Klara sighed in frustration. Couldn't she just be left alone?

"Well, here I am."

"We have been told to bring prince Lucian."

Of course. Her brother probably wanted to punish him for escaping as if he really didn't have enough problems already.

"No, you won't. You wanted me here I am. Let's go home now."

"I am sorry Your Highness but we have to follow the king's orders first."

She looked around. They were too many to fight on her own. Crazy things she was doing for love, fighting her own men.

"Then I won't come with you." She threatened. "You either take me or him. You decide."

Erik didn't blink once. Rasmus must have told them to bring her no matter what. Klara knew her brother.

"Your Highness please. Don't force us to fight."

"I am not. I gave you an option Erik. Take which option you want."

Erik sighed then nodded toward the soldiers. Klara took her sword out ready to fight.

"Leave the Lady alone." A voice she recognized spoke.

Looking to where the voice came from Klara found Roshan walking from a distance.What was he doing here?

"Do you know him Your Highness?" Erik asked.

Well, she knew him but not really.

"Are they disturbing you?" Roshan asked as he neared. Wearing a long black coat he looked even more bad and dangerous than before. "Do you want me to get rid of them?"

Klara looked around. He was only one, how would he fight all these men?

"Could you do that?" She asked.

He smirked. "You just tell me."

How stupid she was. Of course he could. He was a witch so he would probably just make them fall asleep like Irene did.

"Alright." She said.

Erik raised one eyebrow. "Just kill him and bring her." He ordered unbothered.

A few soldiers took their swords out and aimed toward Roshan. Roshan ducked from the first soldiers' strike and snapped his head off so fast she couldn't even follow with her eyes. The other soldiers stopped in their tracks surprised by what just happened.

Klara was shocked, was he going to fight? She thought he would put them to sleep.

Clearly he wasn't because in a few seconds fight he had already killed everyone using only two small daggers. He reminded her of how Lucian fought, fast and fluid.

Roshan took out a handkerchief from his pocket and wiped the blood from his daggers before putting them back in his pocket all while Klara still was shocked as she looked at the dead bodies of her men. What had he done?

Klara looked at Roshan. He was standing there, unbothered, as if he just didn't kill someone, but was out here on a walk to get some fresh air on a sunny day.

"What have you done?" She asked.

"You don't seem thankful."

"You just killed my men."

"You told me so." He stated simply.

"Well, you could just put them to sleep or something." She said frustrated.

"What? Do you want me to sing them a lullaby?"

Klara glared at him.

"You are not funny. You could use your magic or whatever."

"Magic?" He said confused. "Oh...you think I am a witch."

"You are not?"

"No."

Klara was confused. If he wasn't a witch then what was he? Because she could sense he wasn't a normal human. There was just something different about him.

"Then what are you?" She almost whispered.

He took a few steps toward her. "Do you really want to know?"

"Yes."

He leaned in as if he was going to tell her a secret. "I...am... a man." He said.

Klara took a step back. She knew he was mocking her from the smirk on his face.

"Oh, really? I didn't know." She said sarcastically.

"I could show you." He said letting his gaze rake her body. Usually, she hated when men did that but this time she felt something in the pit of her stomach and her cheeks burned.

Turning around afraid he would notice her reaction she began to walk away.

He followed her.

"Why are you here?"

"The necklace." He explained.

Oh, the necklace. So that's how it would protect her. By sending this annoying man.

"Where are you from?"

"What do you mean?" He asked.

"From which kingdom? Because clearly you are not from here."

"Oh, I am from the Kingdom of Shinai."

Klara stopped and turned around to face him."Shinai?" She had never heard of it.

"It's in Persia."

"You are Persian?" Klara asked surprised.

"Yes."

"Oh,"

"Now let me ask you a question. Why are you risking your life for a married man?"

Klara stopped breathing for a while. She didn't expect him to ask this question.What was she supposed to say? That she had been a desperate bad woman in love and is now trying to make up for the mistakes she made.

"That's none of your business." She said then whistled.

Thunder came galloping toward her. "Thank you for the help. I can take care of myself now, you can go back."

Roshan narrowed his gaze. "Do you even know where to go?"

Truth she didn't know anymore.

"I'll manage." She said.

Klara hoped he would insist following her because she really didn't know where to go and what more dangers she would come across but Roshan only shrugged.

"Alright then."

Angry with herself for even having such hopes she mounted Thunder and rode away.

I couldn't fall asleep, so I got off the bed and decided to get some fresh air. Besides Irene had a beautiful garden and I wanted to see how it looked like when it was night.

As I walked out to the garden I found Irene sitting on the threshold. She sat on the floor with legs crossed and hands stretched out to the sides. On each hand lay a burning candle and several other

burning candles encircled her. She seemed to be mumbling something with eyes closed while melted candles were dripping down her hands. The hot wax must have been burning her skin but she didn't seem to be in pain.

"Irene?" I whispered as I neared, but she just continued mumbling some unknown words. I walked even closer and called once more. "Irene?"

With eyes still closed a tear fell down her cheek. the candles in her hands were burning out and more wax was dripping down her hands. She was hurting herself.

"Irene! What are you doing?" I said as I threw the candles out of her hands. Her eyes shot open and a strong wind put out the candles.

Irene's green eyes were filled with tears as they looked into mine. "Irene? Are you alright?"

"No, I am not." She whispered. I looked at her hands, they were red and covered with dried wax.

"Why are you doing this?"

She looked at her hands. "I do this every day. It's nothing new," she said taking her hands away.

"Why?"

"I am trying to break the curse."

"But who cursed you?"

"My mother. She is the most powerful witch."

"Why did she curse you?" I asked wondering why a mother could curse her own child.

"I can't tell you much. I can only say I broke the rules, I did something forbidden."

"Can't you ask your mother for forgiveness? I am sure she will forgive you."

Irene's eyes widened. "She will not!" She said shaking her head. "My mother has disowned me Hazel."

I looked at her. What had she done that made her mother disown her?

"Can you tell me how she cursed you? What is the curse?"

"That I can't tell you." She said.

Suddenly her gaze shifted to something behind me and I could feel the hair on my back rising. I got goosebumps and a cold shiver went down my spine. I knew someone was behind me, I could feel a powerful presence. My heart began to beat rapidly and the air felt suddenly cold.

"Would you stop love? You are scaring her." Irene said standing up. Love?

I stood up as well and turned around slowly. A tall figure was standing in the shadows, the only thing visible thin was long silver pale hair. Was it hair? I wasn't sure yet.

Slowly the figure stepped out from the shadows and into the light and my breath caught in my throat. I had to blink several times to make sure I wasn't dreaming, or that I didn't die and go to heaven and an angel was standing right in front of me now.

This man, if he was a man, was breathtaking. He was tall, lean with facial features that seemed to be made by Gods own hands. His silver hair, a very odd hair color, matched perfectly with his looks and his eyes a midnight blue seemed colder than the glaciers. Yet as he looked into my eyes I felt as if he could burn me with his gaze if he wanted to.

They say the hottest fire always burns blue.

Irene walked up to him and put her arm through his.

"Hazel, this is Lothaire. I had promised you to meet the man I love, here he is." She smiled.

"Hi," I said as I still stood frozen in the same place. God, I was being rude. "It's nice to meet you." I forced myself to speak.

"The pleasure is mine."

Married To The Devils Son.

Chapter 53

I kept looking down at my hands while sitting in the garden with Lothaire. Irene had left saying she would bring us some tea that would help us sleep. I just hoped she would come back soon because I had never been so nervous in my life before. But since she just left I knew it would take some time before she came back and I couldn't just let this awkward silence continue. Besides I was the one who told her I wanted to meet him so I should say something.

"Irene has told me a lot about you," I said finally looking up.

"I hope it's good things." He said his voice as cool as the air around him.

"Yes, she lights up when she talks about you."

"She is very fond of you as well."

I just smiled not knowing what to say anymore. Irene please come back fast.

"Here I am." Irene came back with a tray of teacups and put it on the table. Then she went and sat next to Lothaire and he immediately put his arm around her shoulders.

For some odd reason, I suddenly missed Lucian. Irene and Lothaire looked at each other as if they heard my thoughts... or maybe they did?

Irene nodded and smiled and I looked down embarrassed.

"I made your favorite tea, it's Lothaires favorite too." She smiled. "Drink."

I took the teacup from the tray and sipped the tea. No tea tasted better than Irenes. She smiled, probably heard my thoughts again.

"I should go to sleep." I said putting the teacup back. It was late and maybe they wanted to be alone.

"Sure," Irene said getting up. "I'll follow you."

"You don't have to." I said, but she just ignored me and led the way.

"Is your...um...is Lothaire also a witch." I asked as we headed back.

"I hoped you would ask." She said.

"Why?"

"Because the answer might help you and me." She explained. "But I need you to be calm and not get scared."

"You are a witch, and my husband is a...I don't know, anyways what could scare me more?" I said. At this point, nothing could scare me, even if Lothaire was a ghost.

We stopped right in front of my room.

"Lothaire is the Devil."

My brain stopped thinking for a moment then got flooded with thoughts. Devil like in Satan? Like the Devil in the Bible? What did she mean?

"Yes, Devil like in Satan."

Huh, right. I just sat and drank some tea with the Devil himself. I began to laugh. Maybe I had already gone to bed and was having a funny dream.

Irene put her hand on my shoulder. "Get some rest, we will talk tomorrow." She said and left me alone.

A witch, a Devil, and maybe Enoch was an angel and Roshan a demon and what could Lucian be? A vampire? This was crazy, has to be a bad dream.

Lucian watched the castle, where he used to live, where he had grown up, from a mountain far away. The castle where heavily guarded. Every gate, every corner, every door were guarded by soldiers with weapons. It would be impossible to enter and kill his brother unless his brother decided to come out.

Lucian sighed. He had spent too many days here waiting for some kind of opportunity for a way in to kill his brother but such opportunity never came.

"We can't stay here forever."

"Then what do you plan to do Your Highness?" Lincoln asked.

"We need to think of another way. A way to lure Pierre out of the castle."

"Well, Pierre wants Her Highness."

Lucians clenched his fists. He wouldn't use Hazel as bait, never.

"What are you really suggesting?" Lucian asked.

Oliver came rushing. "Your Highness. Rasmus has sent soldiers to look for you. They are nearby but... they are dead."

Lincoln and Lucian exchanged looks. "Who killed them?" Lucian asked.

"I Believe Klara did."

"Klara?"

"I found her there and brought her here. She said she knew where Her Highness is and that she has a letter from Her."

"Where is she?" Lucian asked.

"This way Your Highness."

Lucian followed Oliver to where Klara was. She was next to a tree, wearing her armor.

"Klara."

She looked up. "Lucian." She breathed as if some tension got off her shoulders. "Thank god you are alright." She said standing up.

"Where is Hazel?"

"Hazel is fine. She had to leave Lincoln's home because they got attacked, but she is safe now."

Lincoln's home got attacked?

"Where is she?" Lucian asked his heart beating faster inside his chest.

"She is with her friend Irene."

Irene? He had heard the name before.

"Hazel seems to trust her a lot, besides she saved us." Klara explained.

"Where is this Irene?"

Klaras eyes darted.

"Um...I really don't know. She took us through a magic gate."

Magicgate? So this Irene was the maid Hazel believed to be a witch.

Lucian grabbed Klaras arms harshly. "How can you not know?! You left her with a witch, unsafe in some unknown place." He yelled while shaking her wildly.

Klara yelped in pain, both shocked and scared. She had never seen him this angry before and his grip on her arms were hurting. She was sure that either her bones would break or if fortunate she would be badly bruised.

"You tell me where she is right now!"

"Lucian you are hurting me." She said as she couldn't take the pain anymore.

He brought his face closer to hers. "If anything happens to her..." He began his grip tightening even more. The pain stabbed her like knives and she kicked him out of sheer reflex.

He let go of her looking shocked. Blood was on his hands and she realized it was her own blood. She has indeed stabbed my something as she looked at her bloody arms.

"I...I am sorry." He said approaching her slowly. "I don't know..." He began looking as confused as she was. Why was she bleeding?

"I didn't mean to hurt you." He ripped a piece of clothes from his shirt and wrapped it around the wounds on her arms.

"What happened?" She asked still confused.

"I am sorry." He just said.

Klara looked at his hands. She was sure that he hadn't been holding any weapons then what made her bleed?

"What are you doing here? Your brother must be worried." He asked.

"I...I thought I could help."

"I don't want you to get involved in this."

"I am already involved. I can't just get back home without doing nothing."

"There is nothing you can do anyways." He said.

If he only knew that she had saved his wife. Klara took out Hazel's letter and gave it to him.

"Hazel wanted me to give this to you." She said.

Lucian took the letter and opened it immediately. Klara knew what Hazel had written, because she had read it on her way.

Dear Husband

I cannot describe how much I have missed you. I worry every heartbeat and hope that you are doing well. You don't have to worry about me, I am fine and I am staying with my friend Irene. I know I can trust her, she has promised to make us meet and hopefully, I will meet you soon. Until then take good care of yourself and be careful.

I love you.

Your wife.

Lucian wrapped the letter and put it in his pocket. Clearly Hazel trusted her friend but Lucian didn't trust easily. She could be in danger so he decided to do what he had been avoiding all this time. Use his powers. He knew there was a risk in using his powers. He didn't know to which extent he could use them since he didn't use them much. He just hoped he wouldn't hurt innocent people this time.

"You stay here!" He told Klara. She wanted to protest but kept quiet instead.

"Oliver!"

Oliver came running. "Yes, Your Highness."

"I want you to go and find Malia and make sure she is alright. Let's keep this between us."

"Of course, Your Highness."

"Bring me Lincoln!"

Lincoln came shortly after. "Your Highness. There is a problem. Mason has taken away Levi. Pierre ha just left the castle to save his son."

Levi? Levi was in danger. Lucian clenched his fists. He had held Levi in his arms when he was a little and watched him grow up. He shook his head, Hazel was his priority now. He would leave Levi to Pierre.

"Should we attack Pierre now?"

Lucian got suddenly an Idea.

"No! Let Pierre save his son. We will attack the castle and take over while he is gone."

If Lucian took over the castle, half of his problems would be solved. First he and his men would have protection and nothing could protect them more than the castle's walls. Secondly, his brothers would have nowhere to hide once he takes over the castle and therefore it would be easier to kill them.

"But Your Highness, Pierre still has soldiers guarding everyone in the palace."

Lucian smirked. "Don't worry I will take care of them."

Lucian could fully use his powers now because he had no one to worry about. Levi was already outside of the castle and Pierre had no other children.

"Lincoln, I need you to stay by my side no matter what, because you are going to see a side of me you have never seen before."

It was time to let the beast out.

Married To The Devils Son.

Chapter 54

I woke up the next morning with an extreme headache. I had been thinking the whole night about what Irene had told me. I couldn't find a reason for her to lie to me, so she must have been speaking the truth. But then again, how could I believe that I had met the Devil himself?

I shook my head. Think straight Hazel.

Irene wanted me to help her and figure things out myself. She must have had a reason to tell me that Lothaire is the devil, if he truly was. Maybe she was giving me hints. First I had to figure out why Irene wanted to help me at all. Either she was related to me or to Lucian, or maybe Lothaire was related to Lucian. Then if Lothaire is the Devil and Lucian is said to be the Devil's son....no, no. You are being crazy Hazel. How could Lothaire be Lucians father? He seemed to be just a few years older, besides if he was his father then why wasn't he helping his son?

No! It had to be something else. Maybe Lucian was related to Irene instead, but how? She said she wasn't a previous lover then...ughhh. I pulled my hair. I was losing my mind.

There was a knock on the door and shortly after Irene peeked her head through the opening.

"Good morning." She smiled."Can I come in?"

"Yes, of course"

She had a tray with a cup and from the scent I knew it was my favorite tea. I really needed it now that my head felt like exploding.

"Here drink this." She said putting the tray on the nightstand. "I am sure you are not feeling alright. I am sorry I told you like that but I really need your help."

I sighed as a took the teacup. " Is Lothaire really the Devil?" I wanted to laugh again but everything was possible at this moment. I knew Lucian wasn't entirely human so there were probably other beings out there.

"Yes."

"And Enoch?" I said as I took a sip from the tea.

"A demon." A demon? Then... Roshan...

"Roshan is a demon too." She said.

My throat felt suddenly dry and I gulped the tea down even though it was hot.

"Careful." Irene looked at me with a worried expression. "Hazel, do you believe in angels?"

Why was she suddenly asking this? Am I about to meet an angel as well? Can we take one creature at a time?

"Yes,"

"Than why is it difficult to believe in demons?"

Good question, but maybe because I haven't met an angel yet, but I just met demons.

"I am sure you have at least once in your life met an angel, you just didn't know, just like you didn't know that Enoch and Roshan were demons."

Well, it could be true.

"Hazel, I don't want you to be caught in the words demon and Devil, right now you could be the only way for me to break the curse. Then I can help you and your husband."

"Alright, I will try." I said.

Not getting caught in the words demon and devil would be almost impossible but I had to try. For Lucians sake, I had to put the pieces together so that Irene could help, whatever her reason was for helping.

"I'll leave you to get ready. You will find me in the garden when you are done."

Taking the tray she left. I quickly got out of bed and decided to take a bath, then I changed into a light blue dress and decided to find Irene all while thinking about Lothaire. He was too beautiful to be true, so beautiful it was almost frightening. If I thought Irene was beautiful and Lucian breathtaking, than Lothaire was beyond all that. Yet I was supposed to believe that he was the Devil.

I knew Irene wasn't lying but I really had a hard time believing her words. Maybe she believed Lothaire was the devil when he in fact wasn't. Maybe he was something else, but what?

While I pondered I didn't realize that I had reached the stairs and suddenly I was falling.

"Woahhh..." Before I fell an arm came around my waist and stopped me from falling. For a moment I thought it was Lucian, the spicy scent and the strong arm, but I was looking into Lothaires cold eyes.

"You should look where you go." He said with a serious tone. Once again I was mesmerized by his beauty but scared at the same time.

I quickly took a few steps back, "Yes, I...I was just...I mean thank you."

He just looked at me and I felt uncomfortable."I shall go then," I said and excused myself.

I made my way to the garden. Irene was watering the flowers and seemed happy.

"Do you need some help?" I asked as I neared.

"No my dear." She said and put the watercan down."Lets' have some breakfast instead."

She led me to a table in the garden and we sat down.

"Enoch is coming with breakfast soon." She explained.

I nodded.

She looked somehow more beautiful today. Her hair was combed nicely and fell down her shoulders in beautiful waves and her lips were painted a light pink. As my eyes swept over her bare shoulders my eyes caught a mark on her left shoulder, just right beneath her neck. It looked like an animal had bitten her. It could be. I knew she even had snakes at home.

"What happened there?" I asked pointing.

"This?" She pointed at the mark.

I nodded.

"Well..." She frowned and seemed to think of a way to explain. "This is a mating mark. It means I already belong to someone. It's like getting married, but instead of becoming someone's wife you become their mate."

"I...I don't understand." I said. I was really confused.

"Demons mark their partner and therefore they get bonded for life. The mating bond is stronger than marriage, it connects you to your partner on a deeper intimate and emotional level." Her eyes swept over my neck and collarbone as if looking for something. "You will understand one day, right now it will only be too much information." She said.

Demons mark their partner? How?

An animal like roar escaped Lucians throat as he stood between the dead bodies of his enemies. Not all of them were dead yet, but the few that were left alive were so terrified that they didn't dare to attack, even though they had weapons in their hands.

Lucian didn't bother to kill them either. He knew after what they had seen today, they would never dare to lay a finger on him. He had literally snapped heads off, ripped hearts out and burned soldiers alive in front of their eyes.

He looked around. Even his own men were horrified at the sight of him. Lucian wasn't surprised he knew this would happen, he just hoped they would get over it soon and except him for the way he was.

Lincoln approached him slowly. "Your highness what shall we do with the rest?"

Burn, kill, torture, get rid of everything.

"Place guards everywhere, take their weapons and make them look for the royal seal. If they don't find it soon..." He turned to the shaking soldier " It will be an absolute pleasure to rip their organs out one by one."

"Yes, Your highness." Lincoln said, the only one who didn't seem horrified by this whole situation.

The stench of blood and burned flesh filled the air. Lucians hands were soaked in blood, today he had used his hands as swords and it had terrified his enemies which made it very easy for him to kill them.

"Anum!"

Anum shook his head as if waking himself up then swallowed hard. "Y...y...yes, Your highness." He said but his voice broke.

"I need a bath."

"I'll make sure it's ready." He said and left quickly.

The rest of his men stood there frozen as statues. Lucian didn't say anything. What was he supposed to say anyways?

Lucian went to his quarters. To his surprise he had missed the place. When he was younger he always wanted to leave but now when he had been gone for so long he realized that home was always home weather you liked it or not.

He opened the glass door that led to the garden. Everything still looked the same, he was happy for that.

"Your highness." He turned around and found Lydia standing there. It seemed Pierre hadn't killed all their staff. Hazel would be so happy to see her maid alive.

"I am glad your back safe." She said a questioning look on her face. She was probably wondering where Hazel was.

"Hazel is somewhere safe." He said even though he wasn't sure himself. But he had told Klara that if she wanted to help to go and find Hazel and keep her safe.

"I have prepared a bath." She said as she looked horrified at the blood on his clothes. If she only had seen him a little earlier, when his demon had a blood banquet, she would have fainted.

Lucian wondered where Hazels other maid was as Lydia washed his hair, but somehow he felt afraid to ask. If she was dead Hazel would be so heartbroken. Lucian tried not to think about it. Right now he needed to find the royal seal. If he got ther royal seal then he would have command over the largest army, the royal army. But Pierre probably hid it somewhere impossible to find. Where could he have hidden it?

While thinking quietly he heard his men talk a few rooms away. Most of them spoke of how they couldn't believe what they saw today.

"So...he is the devil's son." Ky said.

"It seems so." Anum spoke.

"What should we do?" Luke asked.

"What do you want to do?" Lincoln said.

"Well we can't let the devil's son sit on the throne." Luke responded.

"So what? Do you want us to fight him?" Ky asked. "And get our hearts served on a plate? Or wait maybe you want us to bring a cross and the bible?"

"Shut up Ky!"

"I can't believe you guys. How can you even think of fighting him? We have fought together with him in many battles, we have had each others backs. He never treated us, even one of us badly. Whether he is the devil or his son I don't know, but I know he is not evil and I know he will be a much better ruler than his brothers." Martin spoke.

"I believe so too" Declan agreed.

"Since you are shocked I'll let it go this time. But next time anyone speaks of fighting His Highness or betraying him will have to fight me first." Lincoln said.

Then it was dead quiet. Lucian knew there was some tension between them.

Lydia helped him get dressed and was brushing his hair when there was a knock on the door.

Lincoln came in. "Your Highness, what should we do with the crown princess?"

Kill her he wanted to say but then imagined Levis sad face.

"Just keep an eye on her at the moment. Did you find the seal?"

"No, we are still looking for it."

"Make everyone look for it everywhere and find it quickly Lincoln. These walls won't protect us very long without the seal."

They were of course more protected inside the castle but they could still get attacked. Lucian didn't know how many allies Pierre had, therefore he really needed the royal army.

"Of course Your Highness." Lincoln said and left.

"You may leave as well." He told Lydia. Lydia bowed and left.

Lucian went to bed. He suddenly remembered when he told Hazel he wanted to sleep with her in his arms every night. Today he missed her and his demon craved her. He lay down and shut his eyes but his demon refused to let him sleep. He kept imagining Hazel's n.a.k.e.d body, her soft her, her sweet scent, the taste of her lips. Lucian ignored his bodies response to the images. He was used to this. When his demon spilled blood it always got hungry for flesh, and if it didn't get what it wanted it, then more blood would be spilled.

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Married To The Devils Son.

Chapter 55

Lucian didn't sleep well. His demon was restless, hungry and angry.

"Bring me Lincoln!" He told Lydia who was serving him breakfast.

She nodded and left. Shortly after Lincoln came in. "Your Highness."

"Did you find the seal?"

"No."

Lucian tried to keep his calm but his nails were already elongating and his body itched for blood. "Bring them to me.!"

Lincoln and Anum came back with Pierres soldiers. They got pushed down on their knees in front of him. Lucian stared down at them with arms crossed behind his back.

"So...you don't know where the seal is?" He asked.

They shook their heads.

"Then I have no use of you." Lucian said and slit their throats with his claws. Their bodies fell to the ground with a thud. Lucian grabbed the table clothes to wipe his hands off while the soldiers slowly bled to death.

"That was unnecessary You Highness. You stained the carpet." Lincoln said with a frown.

Lucian was amused. Lincoln still didn't fear him. "I didn't stain the carpet. Their blood did." Lucian said calmly.

"I beg of you to calm down." Lincoln knew Lucian wasn't entirely himself right now.

"I will Your Highness." Lucian mocked.

Klara stared at the necklace in her hand. She needed to go back to Hazel and she had nothing but the necklace to help her. But how? According to Irene the necklace would only help her if she was in danger and she wasn't.

Klara sighed. How would she go back?

"My Lady?"

Klara looked up. "Enoch? How...what are you doing here?"

He pointed at the necklace.

"But doesn't this work only when I am in danger?"

"It works when it senses that you need us."

"Oh..." She said relieved. "I just need to go back."

"This way." He said and she followed him. They went through the magic gate but this time she didn't fall when they arrived because Enoch had his arm around her waist and held her steady.

"Thank you." She smiled. Without a word he walked into the mansion and she followed him inside. He was walking so fast and Klara had a hard time keeping up with him. She wanted to ask where they were going but he looked so serious that she decided not.

He opened the door to a room and gestured for her to sit on a sofa.

"I'll Inform Irene you are here." He said and left.

Klara sat down with a sigh. Enoch was very strange. He never smiled, never waited for her to replay and looked very serious and uninterested all the time.

After a whiles wait Klara heard footsteps and shortly after Irene walked into the room. Klara stood up from her seat.

"Klara." Irene smiled and gave her a hug.

"Hi." Klara smiled nervously surprised by the sudden hug.

"Are you alright my dear?"

"Yes, I am fine thank you."

Irene smiled. "Good. Come!" She said and led her to another room. "Look who is here."

Hazel looked up. "Klara! You are already back." She said surprised.

"Disappointed?"

"Very much." She joked. "Are you alright?"

"Yes. No need to worry."

"And Lucian? Did you meet him? Is he alright?"

Irene laughed. "Let her sit down and breathe for a while Hazel."

"Yes I am sorry. Please sit." She said.

Klara sat down while Irene poured her a drink. "I met Lucian and I gave him your letter. He is alright."

Hazel sighed relieved. Irene sat down as well and handed the drink to Klara.

"Very well then. Shouldn't you go back home? You siblings must be very worried." Irene said.

Klara looked down feeling very guilty. She would go back home as soon as she made sure Hazel was safe. "Is there a way to take Hazel to Lucian?" She asked avoiding Irene's question.

"Yes there is. In fact, I am sending Hazel to Lucian tonight."

Hazel nodded.

Klara took a sip from her drink. Soon everything would be in place, Lucian would take over the castle and hopefully defeat his brother, Hazel and Lucian would meet and she would go back home. She missed home, especially Astrid but she feared her brothers wrath. He never took betrayal lightly and his time she knew he wouldn't forgive her easily.

"Why don't you take a bath." Hazel suggested.

Klara looked at her dirty clothes and hair. She really needed a bath. "Yes, I think I should."

"There is a little bath house with a hot bath outside the mansion. Why don't you go there. It's very relaxing."

Irene nodded, "Yes, I'll bring you some clothes." she said and left.

Hazel and Klara sat in silence for a while when Hazel finally spoke. "Thank you."

Klara was confused. "For what?"

"For helping us escape, for saving my life and for helping Lucian. I know it must have been difficult for you to do that. I know I am useless...I...I am not as brave or as strong or as beautiful as you. I really envy you but I am thankful to you as well."

"Don't thank me because then I would have to apologize and don't envy me because you have far more valuable things than I have. You have a very good heart and a loving husband. It's something people rarely have these days."

"You have a good heart as well and you will find a loving husband I am sure." She smiled.

Klara wasn't sure. In fact she didn't care. She decided to never fall in love again. Getting her heart broken once was already too painful she didn't want to go through that pain again.

Irene came back in with new clothes and a towel.

"Here!" She said, "take a bath and change."

Klara took the clothes then went to find the bathing house. It looked like a small cottage but a beautiful one. She opened the door and peeked inside. She could almost see nothing because of the steam. Entering she closed the door behind her. The steam surrounded her and she already began to feel relaxed. Going further into the room she found where the steam was coming from. There was a little pool of hot water in the middle of the room. Klara already longed to jump inside so she began to undress. She took her steal armor off first then, when she was about to take her clothes off she stopped abruptly. Someone was behind her. Klara quickly grabbed the dagger in her boots and turned around holding the dagger out.

"Roshan?"

A smile curved his lips. "You really need to relax. Not everyone is out to kill you." He said taking a few steps closer.

"What... are.... you doing here?" She asked nervously as she realized he was almost n.a.k.e.d.

Klara swallowed as her gaze traveled along his mesmerizing physique. She had never seen this much of a male body before. He was wearing a piece of white clothes that hung low on his h.i.p.s and covered only half his thighs. Water dripped from his wet hair and down on a chiseled chest and perfectly sculpted abdominals. His golden skin glistened from the water drops that covered his whole body.

Her gaze traveled back to his face, some strands of his wet hair fell over his eyes and cheek. Klara had the sudden urge to remove them with her finger. His lips curved into a smirk. He was fully aware she was admiring his body.

Klara's throat felt suddenly dry. Clearing her throat "You...What are you doing here?" She asked again but accusingly this time.

He raised one brow. "I am supposed to ask that question." He said as he strode toward her.

Why was he coming closer? Klara panicked but didn't move from her place as she still held the dagger out.

"This bathing-house is for males only. The one for females is on the other side." He said walking even closer. Klara waved the dagger in the air in front of her to make him stop from coming closer.

He looked at the dagger in her hand and raised a brow.

"I...I didn't know." She said. She wanted to go back and slap Hazel, especially if she did this on purpose.

He came even closer to her and she took a step back. "Now you know." He said amused.

"Stop or..."

"Or what?" He asked still walking toward her. Klaras back hit the wall. She still held the dagger in front of her and Roshan walked closer until the tip was placed on his chest.

Klara hoped he wouldn't come closer because she really didn't want to hurt him but she didn't want to show defeat either by lowering the dagger.

She looked at where the tip was placed but her gaze moved all over his chest. She felt her heart speed up, why was she staring at his body?

Then everything happened quickly. He suddenly grabbed her hand in which she held the dagger and pinned it to the wall, and her other hand he placed it on his chest. "You can touch if you want." He said as he moved her hand over his chest and down to his abdominal.

Klara froze for a while but then she couldn't help but enjoy the feel of his strong body under her hands. His golden skin was so smooth, his body so strong and warm. She wanted to feel more of his body with both her hands when she realized her other hand was pinned. With a jolt, she came back to her senses and pushed him away with her free hand. "Let go of me!"

He let go of her slowly. Without wasting any time she quickly got away from him, grabbed her clothes and ran out of there fl.u.s.tered.

What in heavens was wrong with her? Touching a mans body and enjoying it, was she crazy? She went back to the mansion still fl.u.s.tered and irritated, she didn't want a hot bath anymore she was already burning.

Walking into Hazel's room she shut the door behind her and let out a breath.

"Is everything alright?" Hazel looked at her confused.

"No. I was just about to undress completely in front of a man." Klara said.

"Who?"

"Nevermind. I will just take a bath here." She said.

Klara took a quick bath and changed then joined Irene and Hazel at the garden.

At another table a bit away sat the annoying Roshan,together with Enoch and another man she couldn't see clearly, but he had silver hair. Silver hair! Strange, she thought.

"So as soon as the sun goes down we can start with the spell and send Hazel away." Irene explained.

Klara nodded.

"Do you want me to send you home as well?" Irene asked.

Klara nodded again. She should go back home if Hazel went safely home to Lucian. There wasn't much she could do for them now anyway.

When the sun went down, Irene began to work on her spell. "Are you ready?" She asked Hazel.

Hazel nodded.

"I have opened a gate right there." She said pointing at some empty place. Hazel and Klara looked confused at each other as they couldn't see the gate Irene was talking about.

"You can't see it so I will lead you through it." She explained.

"Alright."

"Be careful and hopefully we will see each other soon. Don't forget everything I told you." Irene said then she and Hazel hugged each other.

Hazel then turned to Klara and gave her a hug as well. Klara hugged her back. "Thank you again and I hope you reach home safely."

"You too." Klara smiled and she meant it. She never thought she would get along with the wife of the only man she has loved.

Irene took Hazels hand and led her forward. "Farewell." She said before Hazel disappeared, probably as she went inside the invisible gate.

Klara was stunned for a moment but then shook her head. "How do we know she reached there safely."

"That's easy." Irene went to her closet. Opening it she took out a violet box and put it on the table.

"Come here." She ordered.

Klara went to the table and sat down. Irene opened the box a took out a green crystal ball, which she put on the table. She sat down and put her hands on the crystal ball. Closing her eyes she began to move her hands in different motions around it until it began to glow.

"Now!" She said opening her eyes then looking into the crystal ball.

Klara got curious and looked as well but she couldn't see anything.

"I see nothing." She said but Irene kept looking.

"Now here! There she is!" Irene said pointing.

Klara looked into the crystal ball once again and now she could finally see Hazel and she knew she had reached home safely.

Married To The Devils Son.

Chapter 56

I was relieved to find that I was back home. Finally, I could meet Lucian. I walked through the large halls as fast as I could and slowed down when I neared our quarters. There soldiers were gathered everywhere. Some of them seemed stressed, others terrified. The atmosphere felt tense and everyone seemed busy. I got a bad feeling. What was going on?

From a distance, I could see two soldiers coming out of our chamber dragging on a body. A dead body. Right after them came two other soldiers and they were dragging on a dead body as well. My stomach twisted as I watched a pool of blood trailing behind them.

"My Lady?" I almost jumped out of my skin. Turning my head Lincoln I found a surprised Lincoln. "How did you get here?"

"Lincoln." I breathed relieved. "Lucian? Where is Lucian?"

He frowned. "I don't think it's a good Idea for you to meet His Highness right now."

"Why? What's happening?"

"His Highness is not in a good mood." He explained.

"I need to meet him anyways. Take me to him." I ordered.

Lincoln seemed to hesitate but then led me to our chamber. I tried to not step on the blood that covered half the floor. Two guards stood at each side of the door.

"I think I should go in first." Lincoln suggested.

"You don't have to. Just let me in."

"Are you sure you want to go in?" Lincoln asked. Now he was scaring me.

"Yes."

"If anything...if you need anything just shout for help."

I nodded wondering what he meant. He gestured for the guards to open the door and I walked inside.

Good lord, our chamber looked like a slaughterhouse. Not that I had seen one but I have heard of it. There was blood everywhere. The carpet, the sheets, the curtains even the table clothes were covered with blood. Two guards were rolling the carpet and carrying it out. This wasn't how I imagined our chamber to look like when I came back.

I walked further into the room avoiding to step on any blood again but Lucian was nowhere to be seen. My gaze fell on the glass door that led to our personal garden. I stepped out and into our garden. Oh, how I missed it. At least this place wasn't covered with blood.

As I looked further around, I found him. Lucian. He sat at the table, a dark empty look in his eyes as he looked at the garden. He was as beautiful as ever and my heart began to beat faster at the sight of him, but he seemed disturbed. He didn't even notice me as I neared.

"Lucian." I whispered. I didn't know why I was whispering.

He slowly averted his gaze and looked at me. The frown disappeared from his face and got replaced by a look of surprise.

"Hazel." He said standing up slowly as if scared I would disappear.

I smiled at him but I didn't move. He had that dark dangerous aura that I used to feel sometimes at the beginning of our marriage. He didn't move either, he just looked at me. It was very quiet, the only sound I could hear was the breeze and my own beating heart.

"I missed you." I finally said and that's when he crossed the distance between us and wrapped his arms around me. I hugged him back.

"I missed you so much." He said burying his face in my hair and inhaling. I inhaled his scent as well. He smelled as good as always.I almost forgot how good it felt to hug him. I tightened my hold around his waist, never wanting to let go. I felt him shiver slightly and he pulled away.

His eyes scanned my body, carefully. "You are not hurt?"

"No, I am perfectly fine." I smiled at him.

"How did you get here?"

"My friend Irene brought me here. It's a long story, but what's happening here?" I asked.

Lucian frowned. "It's a long story as well and you don't want to know." He said.

"Did...did you kill those men?"

"Yes." He said simply.

"Your Highness?" Lincoln stood at the entrance. They exchanged looks then Lucian turned his gaze to me.

"I will come back. Don't leave this room it's not safe." He said then placed a kiss on my forehead before leaving with Lincoln. Something was odd. Very odd.

I went back to the chamber. Everything had been cleaned up except the curtains. They were being changed by a few maids. I tried not the think that all this was Lucian's doing. He probably had to do what he did.

A maid came in with new curtains. "Lydia!" I almost shouted.

Lydia looked up startled. "My Lady!" She breathed. She stood frozen for a while but then hurried and enveloped me in a hug.

I was surprised. I used to hug her all the time but she used to tell me it was inappropriate and now she was hugging me. All the other maids stared at her surprised.

She pulled away with teary eyes then searched my body with her hands. "Oh, you are alright." She said relieved.

I took her hand. "I am fine Lydia." I assured her with a big smile. I was so happy to see her. "Where is Ylva?"

She wiped the tears away. "She is in the kitchen. She has become a kitchen maid. I'll tell her you are here, she will be so happy."

"A kitchen maid. Who made her a kitchen maid?"

I heard to be kitchen maid was the worst a maid could be. It was really difficult.

"When you left, every maid in this quarter got sent to different places to work and Ylva was sent to the kitchen."

"Bring her here and tell the maids she won't be working in the kitchen anymore." I ordered.

Lydia nodded and left. After a while she came back with Ylva and it started all over again. The hugging, the crying, the thousand questions. I had never seen Lydia and Ylva so emotional before which meant they had been really worried.

"Ylva, you have lost so much weight." It must have been the hard work.

"I am fine now that you are here ." She smiled.

"Come," I said and we went and sat in the garden. "What's been happening here? Tell me everything in detail."

Lydia and Ylva looked at each other. "What is it? Tell me!" I demanded.

"I haven't seen it myself but I have heard." Ylva began. "Everyone has been talking about how His Highness had looked like the devil himself and killed every castle guard with his owns hands, all alone. Everyone here is now terrified of him."

"I am worried about you." Lydia continued. "Especially after seeing all the blood in this room today."

"Don't worry. Lucian would never hurt me." I assured her.

***

The rest of the day I spent reading books about war and fighting strategies. I didn't want to be useless anymore. I wanted to learn everything, how to fight, how to ride and anything else that I could use to help Lucian.

"Why don't you read the art of seduction instead." Ylva who was making the bed suggested jokingly.

"There is a book with such title?" I asked.

She laughed. "Yes. It's there among the books that I brought."

I looked amongst the books on the table. There lay a red book with the title 'The art of seduction' in golden letters. I looked at it for a while but then decided to go back to the art of war. Right now helping Lucian was my priority.

"Shall I prepare you for sleep My Lady?"

"No, I'll read some more and wait for Lucian." I said. Ylva nodded and left.

I kept reading, trying hard not to get bored since I couldn't understand anything most of the time. There was a lot of to me unknown words. Slowly, I was starting to get bored but still forced myself to read a little more. When I thought I couldn't anymore, I picked 'The art of seduction'. I was actually too tired to read but I had nothing else to do while waiting for Lucian.

I opened the book and started reading at first forcing myself but then I got lost in the story. It was a story about an undesirable woman who wanted to learn how to win the heart of a man she had loved for a very long time and a very beautiful woman who could capture any man's heart with just a look. In the book, the beautiful woman teaches the undesirable one how to seduce a man completely, body, mind, heart and soul.

"The art of seduction. Hmm..."

I almost fell off the chair when I heard Lucian's voice. I had been so into my reading I didn't even notice that he was here.

"Lucian!" I said with a gasp and tried to hide the book but I didn't even know where to hide it, so I just fumbled with it embarrassed and dropped in on the floor.

I quickly got out of my chair, bent down to pick it up but Lucian grabbed my wrist and pulled me into his chest. "Are you planning on seducing me, wife?"

Oh good lord, save me.

"No it...it was just amongst the books and I was curious." I said nervously, but it was the truth. I had no plan to seduce him.

Lucian narrowed his gaze. He still had that dark look in his eyes and they gleamed with something.

"I am curious too." He said in a low voice and began to unfasten the straps on the back of my dress. "Curious to know how long it will take for me to get you n.a.k.e.d, m.o.a.ning and screaming." I inhaled sharply at his words and my heart began to beat in excitement.

Lucian leaned down and pressed his lips to my neck, licking and kissing his way up. I grabbed onto his shoulder urging him to not stop as I closed my eyes and got lost in the heat.

Unfastening the last straps of my dress, he pulled it off my shoulders let fall to the floor, leaving me wearing nothing but my chemise. Then he grabbed the back of my head and claimed my lips in a hungry kiss. There was nothing gentle about his kiss. It was passionate, raw, his tongue searching, his lips punishing and soothing at the same time. I leaned into him even more, pressing our bodies together. He groaned and deepened the kiss as if approving. My mind shut down and my body shuddered with want. Without breaking the kiss Lucian lifted me up and carried me toward the bed then let me fall softly on the mattress. I groaned as he pulled away and our lips parted.

He looked down at me, his gaze dark and hot. "Hazel, I won't be gentle this time."

Married To The Devils Son.

Chapter 57

Lucian had waited for this moment, the moment when he reunites with Hazel and takes her to bed. He had imagined making slow, sweet love to her but right now he was delirious with l.u.s.t. All he wanted was to plunge into her, melt into the warmth and softness of her body and drown in the sound of her m.o.a.ns.

"Hazel, I won't be gentle this time."

Hell, he didn't want to. He was already listing all the things he wanted to do to her inside his head. He wanted to take her in every possible way, consume her, devour her. He wanted to tease her and make her beg for release. His body shook at his wild imaginations.

Looking down, Lucian searched Hazel face trying to see if his words had made her scared but as he gazed into her eyes all he saw was a blazing desire, a raging hunger that matched his own. Leaning down he crashed his lips against hers, his tongue exploring her mouth while his hands explored her body. Hazel's fingers clutched his hair as she opened her mouth for him, welcoming his tongue with her own. Lucian dug his fingers into her h.i.p.s as he deepened the kiss even more. Taking her tongue into his mouth he sucked on it. Hazel whimpered as a gasp escaped her lips.

That was it. Lucian couldn't wait anymore, he had no patience today. Pulling away he began to undress. Hazel watched him with curiosity at first but slowly he could feel her becoming nervous. He wondered why she became nervous all of a sudden. When he got completely n.a.k.e.d he grabbed the thin fabric she was wearing.

"I want this off," he said with a raspy voice as he tried to pull it up.

She grabbed his wrists to stop him. "Could you dim the lights first?" She asked, a blush creeping to her cheeks. Her shy behavior was only adding to his arousal.

"No. I want to see you." Her blush deepened but she didn't protest as he pulled the chemise over her head.

Lucian drew in a sharp breath as his gaze traveled over her n.a.k.e.d body. Hazel did an attempt to cover herself with her arms but Lucian grabbed them and pinned them to the sides of her body.

"Don't. You are very beautiful." He said. He could hear the hunger in his own voice.

Leaning down he pressed light kisses over her belly. Her body tensed at the first touch of his lips but slowly relaxed with every kiss. She arched her back as he slowly worked his way up to between her b.r.e.a.s.t and further up to her neck. She was biting her lips to stop herself from making any sounds. It made him determined to change that. He wanted to hear her m.o.a.ns. He licked her neck and stopped at the pulse point were her knew she was sensitive. He sucked lightly and she whimpered as a soft m.o.a.n escaped her lips.

Suddenly a strange feeling came over him and he imagined himself biting into her neck. His gums began to itch and his teeth felt sensitive. Disturbed by the feeling he ignored it and continued kissing her.

My eyes were closed, my heart hammering inside my chest. My breathing came out in pants as Lucians pressed hot wet kisses between my b.r.e.a.s.ts and down my stomach. His fingers grazed the insides of my thighs sending a jolt of heat through my body.

"You taste so good." He said licking his way up, then he took my b.r.e.a.s.t into his mouth.

I shot my eyes open with a gasp and grabbed the sheets as he teased my b.r.e.a.s.t using his lips and tongue. A wave of pleasure washed over me and heat bloomed between my thighs. Letting go of the sheets I grabbed his hair as he moved to my other b.r.e.a.s.t. My breath caught in my throat as he flicked his tongue teasingly over it. Unable to handle the teasing I pulled at his hair urging him to take me into his mouth but grabbing my wrists he pinned them to the sides of my body, again. My body quivered and my breath came out in shallow pants.

"Please Lucian..." I begged embarrassed that I was begging.

He complied and went from teasing to kissing and sucking.

"Oh..." I gasped and threw my head back. My body shook with an uncontrollable need. I struggled underneath him wanting my hands free but he was too strong and held me in place.

I thought I was going mad with want. My body ached for his touch, especially the sweet spot between my thighs.

I struggled again and he hissed. "You make me mad when you do that."

"I want to touch you." I breathed.

He looked up at me, his eyes slowly turning red, then he released my hands. I pushed myself up with my elbows then wrapped my arms around his neck to pull myself up. He wrapped one arm around my waist and helped me up so that I was straddling him.

Leaning in I kissed him on the lips first, his spicy taste made my lips and tongue tingle with a hot burning sensation. Then I worked my lips down his jaw, removing the hair from his neck I pressed kisses down his neck. He trembled slightly and his grip on me tightened. I had always wanted to do that but I didn't think he would like it. I slowly kissed my way down to his chest but he grabbed my hair and brought my face back to his. He was breathing heavily.

"If I let you continue, this might end before it starts and I don't want it to end yet." He said in a gruff voice.

He placed me down on the bed again with him on top. I could feel his desire pressing at my pubic bone and it only increased the aching between my legs. His eyes were still red as he looked at me. I wondered why.

"Your eyes are red."

"Are you scared?"

I shook my head. He leaned down and kissed me more passionate than before while trailing his fingers down my body. I arched my back knowing where they would reach soon. I m.o.a.ned into his mouth as his fingers reached the aching spot between my legs. He began to stroke me gently, igniting a fire that spread to the rest of my body. I dug my fingers into his back, the muscles in my body tightening, my blood flowed as hot as lava in my veins and my body threatened to explode. I thought I was losing my mind until his strokes became faster and just like that my body exploded with a cry.

I felt lightheaded. I didn't know if what was happening to me was normal. No one told me it would feel like this, as of your body didn't belong to you anymore. I was only told about the pain and that it could feel good afterward. No one told me about this feeling of ecstasy.

I looked up to meet Lucian's gaze. His eyes were still red, almost a dark red that I had never seen before. He brought his fingers to my throat and traced a line down to my collarbone, but his gaze focused on my throat. I felt as if his eyes became even darker but I wasn't sure.

He drew back and I almost panicked. "I should stop." He said more to himself than me. He looked confused. I grabbed his arms to stop him from going.

"I don't want you to stop," I said.

Before he could protest I wrapped my arms around his neck, pulling myself up and him down I kissed him. I kissed him hard, wanting him to know how much I wanted him. He kissed me back with the same urgency pushing me back on the bed again.

His arm went behind my back, without warning, lifting my h.i.p.s slightly he thrust into me. I cried out and clutched on to him. His body tensed for a moment before he began to rock into me with a feral passion. I wrapped my legs around his waist never wanting him to stop as he rocked me to madness. He captured my lips with his, muffling the sounds that were escaping my mouth then moved down to my throat.

Abruptly he stopped. "Hazel..." his voice quivered next to my ear, "I don't know why but I want to bite you."

"Do whatever you want just don't stop." I breathed.

Grabbing my hair he tilted my head back. I thought he was going to bite me teasingly before I felt something sharp sink into my neck. I whimpered in pain and tried to push him away but he pinned my hands down. Before I could think of what was happening a wave of pleasure washed over me and I surrendered to it.

After a while, Lucian drew back. He looked at me, "are you alright?"

I was feeling lightheaded so I could barely respond. I nodded as I looked into his eyes that had turned into a frightening black. But that wasn't what caught my attention. It was his teeth. His canines had grown long and sharp and they were stained with blood. My blood.

Married To The Devils Son.

Chapter 58

Lucian stared up at the ceiling. Just what the hell happened last night? He was still confused. He had bitten Hazel, bitten her, and his teeth. He felt his teeth with his fingers, they were back to normal. Was it a dream maybe?

He turned to Hazel. She was sleeping peacefully. His gaze traveled to her neck, he did indeed bite her. He could see the wound which strangely already healed and was now only a faint mark. What he found more strange was that he had wanted to bite her, it had felt so right to do it, as if it was normal to bite a human being. But again he was never normal.

He traced a finger over the scar. The mark felt hot under his finger. Hazel stirred in her sleep and opened her eyes slowly. She rubbed her eyes with the back of her hands and blinked a few times before she could look at him. He found her very adorable when she did that.

"Good morning." she smiled.

"Good morning. Did you sleep well?"

"I slept very well and you?"

"Never slept better." He said as he caressed her cheek.

She smiled happily at him. Last night when he bit her she didn't run away as she should. She had stayed with him, told him to not stop making love to her and he took the chance to take her in every possible way, to love her till she had enough. Could he love this woman more? He was already feeling as if his heart was going to burst.

Suddenly she frowned and brought her hand up to her neck. "Lucian? You bit me last night?"

Well, he did. He nodded.

She seemed to think for a while. "You are not...a ...a vampire?" She shook her head as if refusing to believe it. "You can walk in the sun."

And he had never bitten anyone before. Why her and why now? He wondered.

"If I am...would that change your feelings for me?"

It didn't matter to him anymore what he was as long as Hazel loved him.

Her eyes softened and she shook her head. "Nothing will change my feelings for you."

Yes, he could love this woman more. He would love her more for every day that went by and when he gets old and dies his heart would still beat because of the love he had for her.

He leaned down and gave her a long lingering kiss. "Do you want to have a bath together?"

She nodded and blushed.

Lucian carried me to the bathroom and put me down gently. I was wrapped in the bedsheets with nothing underneath and I held onto it tightly. I was still not comfortable being completely n.a.k.e.d.

I could see that Lucian found it all amusing. "It will be difficult to bath with all that." He smirked.

"I know." I said and forced myself to let go of the sheets. They fell to the ground and I stood there completely n.a.k.e.d. Turning around I slid into the hot water to get some coverage.

Lucian crouched next to the tub. "Are you not coming inside?" I asked.

"Not yet." he said. "First let me take care of you."

He grabbed the soap that lay next to the tub and poured it on his hands instead of a washcloth. "Wet your hair then lean your head back."

I dipped my hair in the water and rested my head against the rim of the tub, then he began to rub the soap into my hair. He massaged my skull while washing my hair and it felt so relaxing. After rubbing for a while his hand slowly moved lower to my neck, he slowly massaged my neck with his thumbs then moved further down to my shoulders and massaged them as well.

"Bend slightly," he ordered and I did as he said, He poured more soap into his hand and rubbed it into my back, then around my stomach and up my b.r.e.a.s.ts. His touch was light, almost like a caress making heat blaze between my thighs.

"Does it feel good?"

"Yes." I breathed.

He slid his hands into the water and grabbed one of my legs. He began to wash my feet and for a moment I panicked. This was something my maids did, not something a prince should be doing. I pulled my leg away. "You shouldn't be doing this."

He grabbed my ankle in a strong grip and looked into my eyes. "Everything you have belongs to me wife, even your body. Now... let me take care of what's mine."

He continued washing my feet carefully as if they were glass that could break then he moved down my legs and further down to my thighs. I leaned my head back again and closed my eyes as his hands slowly

slid up and down my inner thighs turning the heat between my legs to fire. I clasped my legs together, with his hand still there.

"I am not done yet, wife. Open your legs for me"

With a silent prayer, I slowly opened my legs.

"Good." He whispered next to my ear and his hands slid further down until he was touching me where I was aching and a gasp escaped my lips.

His fingers slowly began to move in circles and I shut my eyes tightly and grabbed on to the tub knowing what was coming soon.

"Lucian..." I began but didn't know what I wanted.

Lucian on the other hand knew and his stroking became faster. My pulse quickened with it and every nerve in my body prickled. Before I could start begging his fingers slid inside me and my body quivered at the intrusion. His fingers sliding in and out felt like waves in my body, slowly increasing until they washed over me and my body was left trembling with bliss.

"One more time?" Lucian asked.

I shook my head. The thought was very tempting but I needed a moment to recover.

"Why don't you come inside now?" I suggested.

He stood up and stripped then slid into the water.

"My turn." I said grabbing the soap and pouring it onto my hand. I leaned closer to him and began to rub the soap into his shoulders. His body was drool-worthy and I enjoyed the feel of it especially his strong and broad shoulders. And his neck of course, how could I forget it. My hands slid up to his neck and he tilted his head back to give me better access. He looked at me while I smeared the soap onto his skin. I didn't know which one of us was enjoying this more. It felt somehow sensual to bath together and caress each other's skin. My fingers moved further up and I traced his jawline with my thumbs then my gaze fell on his lips.

"Go on!" He urged with a husky voice.

Without hesitating I leaned down and kissed him. His hands slid around my waist and he pulled me into his embrace. I m.o.a.ned into his lips as our bare bodies touched each other. I continued kissing him, both surprised and scared at how much I craved him, how much my body l.u.s.ted for his touch. I knew I wouldn't stop if nobody stopped me and just then someone knocked on the door, making both of us stop.

"Your Highness, it's an urgent matter." Lincoln spoke from the other end.

I removed myself from Lucian's hold. Lucian frowned then looked at me.

"Your Highness?"

"It's fine you. You can go." I told him.

Stepping out of the tub he wrapped a towel around his waist. Turning to me he leaned down and kissed my forehead. "I'll see you later." Then he left.

I washed away the soap, wrapped myself in a towel then walked out and into our chamber. Ylva was already there and greeted me with a smile.

Ylva was usually the one to dress me and make my hair while Lydia took care of other needs like food and sleep.

"I really miss how you make my hair." I said as she combed it nicely.

"I miss doing your hair." She smiled. "How would you like it today?"

"Just let it loose."

Ylva did as I said. "You look happy today." She pointed.

"I am." I smiled. I just didn't know it would be so obvious but again I was never good at hiding my feelings.

"I can understand that. His Highness must love you very much that he even chose to not have any mistresses."

"What do you mean?" I asked confused.

"Didn't he tell you?" She looked surprised.

I shook my head.

"Well, when you left the crown prince requested to see everyone who lived and worked here so we went to see him. Clearly, he was interested to see prince Lucians Mistresses and was confused when he found none. The head maid told him that His Highness got rid of his mistresses soon after he got married to you. That's when the crown prince took interest in you. He was more eager to find you than His Highness."

Lucian got rid of his mistresses? Why? Then who did he go to when he hadn't been with me?

"I have heard a lot of frightening things about His Highness these last few days but I don't care about those things anymore. I know he is a good husband."

Yes, he was. Which man would get rid of his mistresses for his wife when he could have both and more?

"I'll leave you now. Lydia is coming with breakfast soon." She said and left.

Lucian, Lucian. He was still a mystery to me. I was so confused.

Standing up I looked myself in the mirror, turning back and forth I made sure that everything was perfect and that I looked good. When I was satisfied I grabbed one of my favorite scented oils and rubbed it into my hands and neck. As I massaged my neck slowly I felt sore in a specific place. It almost burned when I touched it. Removing the hair from my neck I leaned into the mirror to inspect the place.

There, just between my shoulder and neck I found a mark. I leaned even closer and my eyes widened at the realization. The mark looked just like Irene's.

I drew back surprised. Lucian didn't just bite me, he marked me. What was it Irene had said? Yes, mating mark. I was his mate and he...he was...he was a demon. Lucian was a demon!

Oh good lord.

I sat down and took a moment to accept that Lucian was a demon. It all made sense now, but something was missing. I still didn't know Lucian's connection to Lothaire or Irene. Could Lothaire really be Lucian's father? And maybe he wasn't helping him because...?

Lydia and another maid came in with breakfast. "Where would you like to have it, My Lady?"

I waved my hand, "Just serve it there." I said. I had just now been hungry but I couldn't even think about food right now.

They served the food on the table and left. I paced back and forth in the room as different theories flooded my head. Why was Irene cursed? And why am I the one who can help her break the curse? Is Irene maybe related to me? She had been so nice and loving from the first day I met her and she had been helping me a lot.

Ignoring my theories I sat at the table. I looked at the food but didn't feel like eating at all. I just wanted to see Lucian and talk to him, but before that, I had to think of how to tell him he was a demon. He would probably laugh or take it badly and get hurt. Who would like to be called a demon?

I sighed. Grabbing a fork I picket a piece of the egg omelet before putting it into my mouth. It tasted good. Blocking all thoughts out I decided to enjoy my breakfast when someone knocked on the door.

"Come in." I called. I heard the door open.

"Good morning, Your Highness."

Startled I looked up. I knew this voice. Callum!

I hastily stood up from my seat almost making the chair fall. "Callum, I am so glad to see you. Are you alright?"

"No, thank you for your concern."

"I am sorry I left you behind."

His eyes widened. "Your Highness, please do not apologize to a mere servant like me." He said looking down. "It's my duty to protect you and I shall die doing so."

I just smiled. It was a typical soldier behavior. "I am glad you are safe."

"I shall excuse myself. Enjoy your breakfast." He said and left.

I looked at the breakfast table then decided to leave. I left the room remembering Lucian's words to stay in the room, but as impatient as I was now I couldn't listen.

The two guards who were placed at the door began to follow me. Lucian probably told them to keep an eye on me.

"Where is His Highness?" I asked.

"At the crown princess quarters." One of them said.

I made my way to Pierre's quarters and just as I arrived I witnessed the most horrifying thing. Lucian had his hand buried inside a soldier's chest and with a jerk, he pulled it out holding something bloody. It looked like a heart and it was still beating.

Married To The Devils Son.

Chapter 59

I didn't know when a gasp escaped my lips because it felt like I could barely breathe, let alone make a sound. Lucian turned his head and when he saw me standing there his eyes widened. Unconsciously I

took a few steps back then turned around and ran back to my room. My heart was beating wildly and I felt like throwing up.

A heart? I just saw a beating heart. My head began to spin and I sat slowly down on the bed so that I wouldn't fall. I realized I was shaking slightly. I had seen people die before but I had never seen anything like this.

My heart suddenly jumped at the sound of the door opening. Lucian closed the door behind him and just stood there watching me intently. I tried to avoid his gaze.

After a while I could hear his footsteps coming closer until he stood right in front of me. He grabbed my chin and lift my head up so I that I was looking at him.

"Are you afraid of me?" He asked with a soft voice.

I shook my head. "No." and I wasn't lying. I knew he would never hurt me but I just...I didn't know what it was but I was very disturbed.

He sat next to me on the bed and put his arm around my shoulder. "Hazel, you know and I told you, killing comes easily to me."

"I know."

"Then?"

"Then...I don't know Lucian. It was just a disturbing image. Did you have to kill him that way?"

"No, but right now I have to use fear to reach my goal."

I just nodded. I knew it wasn't the first time he had done that.

"Hazel" He grabbed my ching again to make me look at him. "I told you there is darkness inside of me. No matter how much I try to resist that part of me it's still there and it will always be."

Was it maybe because he was a demon? Should I tell him about it? I turned to him completely while thinking if how to tell him without sounding crazy.

"Lucian...I...I need to tell you something." Maybe he would feel relieved to know that he was a demon, because maybe he would understand himself better then. It made me at least understand him better.

I looked at his face. Gazed into his golden eyes, or to be correct his flaming eyes. Flames of hellfire, I thought. I had grown up to fear hell and demons. I had learned that they were Evil, to protect myself from them but guess what? I fell in love with one.

"You wanted to say something?" He said breaking my train of thoughts.

I shook my head. "Yes...I...I." But the words just refused to come out.

"You what Hazel?"

No I needed some more time to think of how to tell him.

"I...your...your mistresses. I want to see your mistresses?" I said. I wanted to see his reaction and if what Ylva told me was true.

He raised one brow. "My mistresses? Hmm...why do you suddenly want to see them?"

"I just want to." I shrugged.

He grabbed my chin and made me look at him. "Want to see if anyone is prettier than you?" He had that look when he enjoyed the conversation.

"Will you let me see them?" I asked ignoring his question.

"Alright then." He said standing up. My heart dropped inside my chest. I had really believed Ylvas words but of course, he still had mistresses. Jealousy hit me like a knife. Why was I suddenly jealous when I had known all this time?

"Follow me." He said grabbing my arm and leading me toward the door to his personal room.

Wait! Was she inside his room. No!

I panicked as he opened the door and pulled me inside. I didn't want to see any mistress anymore. I pulled my hand away from his grip but we were already inside.

His personal room was almost as big as our chamber, decorated beautifully with rich material. I looked around but the room was empty

"What are we doing here?" I asked.

"You wanted to see my mistress. I plan on showing you the most beautiful one of them." He grabbed my arm and pulled me further into the room.

"I don't want to anymore." I protested.

He stopped. "You don't want to?"

I shook my head.

"But I want to show you!" He said and kept dragging me until I was standing in front of a mirror with my back against him.

He put his hands on my shoulders. "Do you see her?" He asked nodding toward the mirror.

"I only see myself." I said confused.

He nodded.

"I thought you were going to show me your mistress."

"I am. There she is." He said pointing at my reflection.

"But...that's me. I am not your mistress."

"No. But you are my everything, and when I have everything in the world, why would I need something else?"

He really knew how to make my heart melt but then I realized he had been teasing me all those times.

I turned around to face him. "Where you mocking me all those times?"

He chuckled. "I thought you had already figured that out."

I crossed my arms over my chest and gave him a glare.

"Alright, alright. I am sorry." He smiled.

"But where did you go when you were hurt and said you would go to your mistress?"

His face turned serious. "When my wounds are deep the healing can be quite painful so I just wanted to be alone."

I remembered his voice in my head that night. It had been filled with pain and agony. Was the healing that painful.

"You should have let me stay with you."

"Remember you were angry with me?" He reminded.

"Yes, because you kept teasing me with your mistresses." I reminded him in return.

He sighed with a smile as if accepting defeat. I felt relieved that we addressed this issue even though I shouldn't. Even if he didn't have any mistresses now it would be impossible to stay without mistresses or worse several wives if he becomes a king. The thought of him spending the whole night with his other wives or mistresses made my stomach hurt.

"What is it?" He asked lifting my chin.

"Nothing." I shook my head.

"Hazel, I know something is disturbing you. Is it...the woman in Gatrish?"

Oh...I had almost forgotten the blonde seductive dancer in Gatrish, but it didn't matter anymore. As a woman, a princess and maybe a queen this was my fate, to share my husband with other women.

"I was desperate and..."

"You don't have to explain. I know I will never have you entirely for myself but at least your heart, I wish to be the only person in your heart."

He took my face in his hands. "And I will grant every wish of yours."

Lucian and I walked hand in hand around our personal garden after eating lunch. We didnät say much, just enjoyed each other's company.

"It's safe for you to walk outside the room now. None of Pierres men are left and his staff are kept in his quarters."

"What do you plan to do with them?"

"Send them home eventually. There are young girls and old women, people with families, I can't just kill them." He explained.

I smiled at him. "You made a good decision."

We came to my favorite place. The beautiful white swing. Lucian and I sat down and he put his arm around my shoulders while I rested my head on his chest.

"Lucian?"

"Yes."

"You know I love you for who you are? No matter what you are, even if you are a vampire I will love you."

"I know." He said.

It was quiet for a moment and I thought of a way to tell him.

"Lucian..." I pulled away from his hold to look at him. "What if I told you that you are a...demon?"

He looked at me with a narrowed gaze. "Am I?" He asked.

I nodded slowly as my heart pounded inside my chest.

"How do you know?" He asked.

I straightened myself and decided it was time to tell him everything. I began to tell him how I met Irene, what she told me, about Lothaire, Roshan and Enoch. Lucian listened carefully and nodded sometimes.

"So Irene is a witch, Enoch and Roshan are demons and Lothaire is the devil?" He asked.

I nodded. "I know it sounds crazy, even I couldn't believe it at the beginning but I could just feel it. I felt strange when I met Lothaire, something about him...his aura, his eyes...I don't know exactly what...and he had silver hair."

Lucians eyes widened as if in shock. "Did you say silver hair?"

"Yes." I said confused. "What is it?"

"I have met him Hazel."

Lothaire and Lucian met?

"When?"

"When we were in Gatrish."

So it wasn't recently? If Lothaire went to meet Lucian then maybe he was Lucian's father but why wasn't he showing himself? Why wasn't he helping?

"Did he tell you something?" I asked.

"Nothing special. He just wanted me to win this war because he didn't like my brothers." Lucian said with a frown.

Lothaire the devil went to see Lucian who is rumored to be the devils son, it only made sense that Lothaire was Lucian's father even if it didn't make sense at the same time.

"Lucian I think..." I began, turning to him but stopped.

He was holding his heart and grimaced in pain. "Lucian what's happening?" The veins on his neck and forehead popped out and his face turned read. I panicked.

"Lucian? What's happening to you?" He fell from the swing, still squeezing his chest. It looked like he was in extreme pain. "Lucian?" I tried to run and bring some help but he grabbed my arm to stop me from going.

He shook his head violently. "Don't!" He said then took a deep breath. "I am fine now."

He took a few more deep breaths then the color on his face slowly returned to normal, just then Lincoln came rushing. I didn't hear him knock.

"Your Highness Pierre..." He began but when he noticed Lucian on his knees he hurried toward us and fell to his knees.

"Your Highness...What happened to you?"

"Nothing..."Lucian waved his hand. "What is it with Pierre?"

Lincoln frowned. "Pierre is here with his army, inside the castle." He spoke fast.

Lucian's eyes widened and he stood up quickly.

"Callum, take Hazel away from here safely. Lincoln you follow me." He said.

I didn't even realize that Callum was here. "But Lucian..."

"Just think about getting safely out of here. I will be right behind you so don't worry." He said then left quickly with Lincoln.

I stood there frozen for a while when Callum grabbed my arm and shook me slightly.

"My Lady we need to leave!" He said.

Leave Lucian? How could I?

"You can be used as a weapon against His Highness. You are helping him by escaping." He assured as if he read my mind.

Married To The Devils Son.

Chapter 60

Never had a sword touched him before and now he was feeling his flesh being cut time after time. Never had he missed to hit right before but now he was failing miserable. Rage filled his chest. Pierre would never have been able to enter the castle without help from inside which meant some of his men betrayed him. They even dared to poison him and now the poison was starting to do it's own magic.

His heart was slowing down painfully making it difficult to breathe. His limbs became weak and his vision blurry. He tried to use his powers, but none of it was working.

Another cut on his back and he fell to his knees. Two soldiers grabbed each of his arms and dragged him on the floor then threw him in front of a pair shoes. As his heart painfully squeezed inside his chest Lucian tried to get up.

"Look who his one their knees."

Lucian knew this annoying voice, it was Pierre. "I thought you were already dead." He spoke then he was speaking to someone else. "I thought you gave him the deadliest poison."

"I did, Your Highness."

This voice, the one who betrayed him. Lucian lift his head slowly to look the betrayer in the eyes. Luke looked away quickly afraid to meet his gaze.

"You are really something brother. Still alive after getting poisoned. Anyway I am glad you are still alive because now I can kill you with my own hands." His brother mused.

Lucian heart squeezed harder inside his chest, the pain knocking all air out of his lungs. He began to cough and realized he was coughing blood. Something burned inside his skin, it was as if his blood vessels were filled with lava instead of blood. It was an excruciating pain.

Pierre laughed. "I see the poison is beginning to work."

Lucian was in agony, he wanted this to end. He wanted to curl on the ground, to crawl, to scream but he didn't want to give his brother that satisfaction.

"Oh look who is here." Pierre continued then Lucian heard Hazel's voice.

No no no. Lucian forced himself to look up and found a soldier holding a dagger at Hazels throat. An anger like no other filled his chest and suddenly he was on his feet lurching toward the soldier who held her when another cut landed on his back. This one was so deep he could feel the steel touching his bones. Hazel's scream filled the air as he fell on his knees again. Two guards grabbed each of his arms to hold him in place.

"I see you are very protective about her." His brother said crouching to his level. Lucian could feel how his hearts slowed down even more. He had losing too much blood.

His brother grabbed his face and leaned in. "Don't worry I will take good care of her." He whispered.

Lucian could barely hold himself up. The pain in his heart was unbearable. He wanted to rip his own heart out and end this pain. "And your men…" Pierre continued loudly "Don't worry I won't kill them. I will make them my loyal dogs and those who refuse I will enjoy torturing them forever." He chuckled darkly.

Lucian lift his gaze to look at his men, the loyal ones. His gaze fell on Lincoln, he was on his knees, tied, beaten badly but he was looking back at him. Lucian understood the emotions in his eyes, he was apologizing for failing to protect him. His eyes searched for Hazel, she was crying and fighting to get to him.

His throat became suddenly tight, as if he was being choked, he knew he was going to die.This pain had to be death. He wanted to see Hazel one last time, hold her one last time.

"Hazel!"

I could hear my name. Lucian was calling me inside my head. I looked at him but he wasn't looking back at me. His face was red, his clothes torn, blood seeped from everywhere, from several cuts, from his stomach where he got stabbed, from his nose and even from his mouth as he coughed. His head hung low down as if he couldn't hold himself up. He was in extreme pain, I knew it.

"I think you have suffered enough…" Pierre said. "Lets make you suffer some more."

Lucians head still hung down and his hair covered his face.

A soldier came with a water container. "Do you know what this is? It's salted water, to help you heal. Am I not nice brother?"

"Stop it!!! Please! Stop it!!" I cried some more.I had been screaming and crying so much but to no avail. I knew it wouldn't help but I couldn't stop myself.

I fought some more with the soldier and he probably got tired of holding me so another soldier came to help.

Pierre Took the container from the soldier then threw the salted water on Lucian. I screamed but Lucian didn't, he just shook voilenty.

Pierre chuckled almost nervously. "What are you?" He asked. "Still not dying after being poisoned, not making a sound even though you are in much pain. Really what are you?" He frowned but then shook his head, "Doesn't matter. You are going to die anyway. Kill him!"

I don't know where I got the sudden strength from but I freed myself from the soldiers and ran toward Lucian enveloping him in a hug before the guards tried to pull me away from him.

"Let her be." Pierre ordered. "We should let the love birds say their goodbyes."

The soldiers released both me and him. Lucian couldn't hold himself up so he fell to the ground. I put my arm behind his neck and pulled him into lap.

"Lucian!" I called carefully removing some wet hair strands from his face.

He opened his eyes slowly and looked into mine. "Lucian…" Don't die and leave me alone I wanted to say but he seemed to be in so much pain I couldn't bring myself to say anything. I just kept crying.

"I am sorry..." He spoked inside my head. "I wasn't able to keep my promise and protect you."

"No I am sorry." I cried. "I wasn't able to do anything for you."

He raised his trembling hand and I took it in mine. "That is not true. You did so much for me Hazel. I thought when I die that I was going to die alone, without ever being loved, without ever feeling happy. You loved me, and you brought so much happiness into my life." He coughed more blood and I held him closer to me while my heart broke.

"Hazel. I don't want you to remember today. Just remember the happy moments we had together."

"You are not going to die and we are going to have more happy moments together." I cried.

He brought his other hand up and wiped some tears from my cheek. "I love you and I have never deserved you."

I shook my head. "It's not true."

"If ...if there is a life after death... I ...I wish you to be in it, as my wife again."

I cried uncontrollably,

"I will be watching over you." He said then I felt his body become lifeless in my arms. A loud cry escaped my lips before I fell into an ocean of darkness.

The Devil watched as some soldiers dragged the dead body of his son on the ground. Yes, his son. The son he was supposed to kill after birth if that witch hadn't gotten involved. He wondered if he really would kill his son then? Even though he didn't want to admit it, he knew deep down he wouldn't be able to kill him. Nyx would never forgive him and he could never do anything that would upset her. He couldn't bear to see a tear on her eye and now he would have to watch her while she cried tears of blood.

The soldiers stopped when they saw a well. "Hey, water. I am so thirsty." One of them said and made his way to the well. He sighed, "it's empty."

The other soldiers sighed as well. "Do we really have to go far to get rid off his body?"

"I say we throw his body in here. Even if he lived he would never be able to get out of here." One of them suggested. The other agreed.

The Devil decided not to watch anymore of it. Using his powers he teleported back home to Nyx. He cursed inwardly. Nyx already knew, he could sense her anger, feel her pain and sorrow. She was blaming herself, she was blaming him.

He teleported himself to her room. She sat on the floor as tears rolled down her cheeks. She wasn't looking at him but she knew he was there.

"He is dead. Isn't he? Our son is dead."

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What happens NEXT now that Lucian who is rumored to be the devils son is dead? Do you think he will be offered a chance to come back or maybe he his not destined to the throne, and if he doesn't come back what's the fate of his beloved WIFE? hazel..

Well we will find out in part 2 ... Brace your self for what unfolds next.. 🤗

RETURN OF THE DEVILS SON

NOT FOR SALE!!!!!!